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NEW YORK

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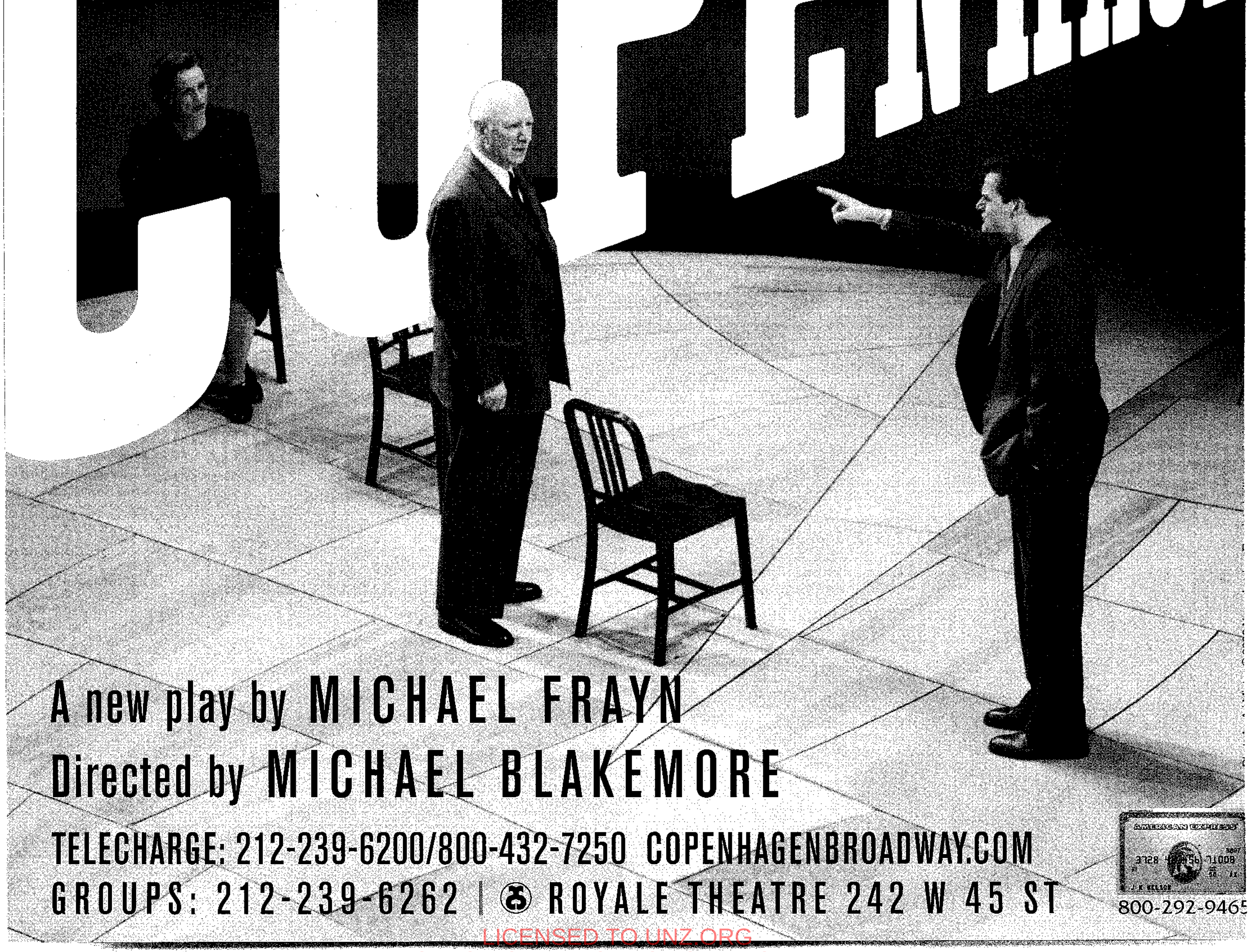

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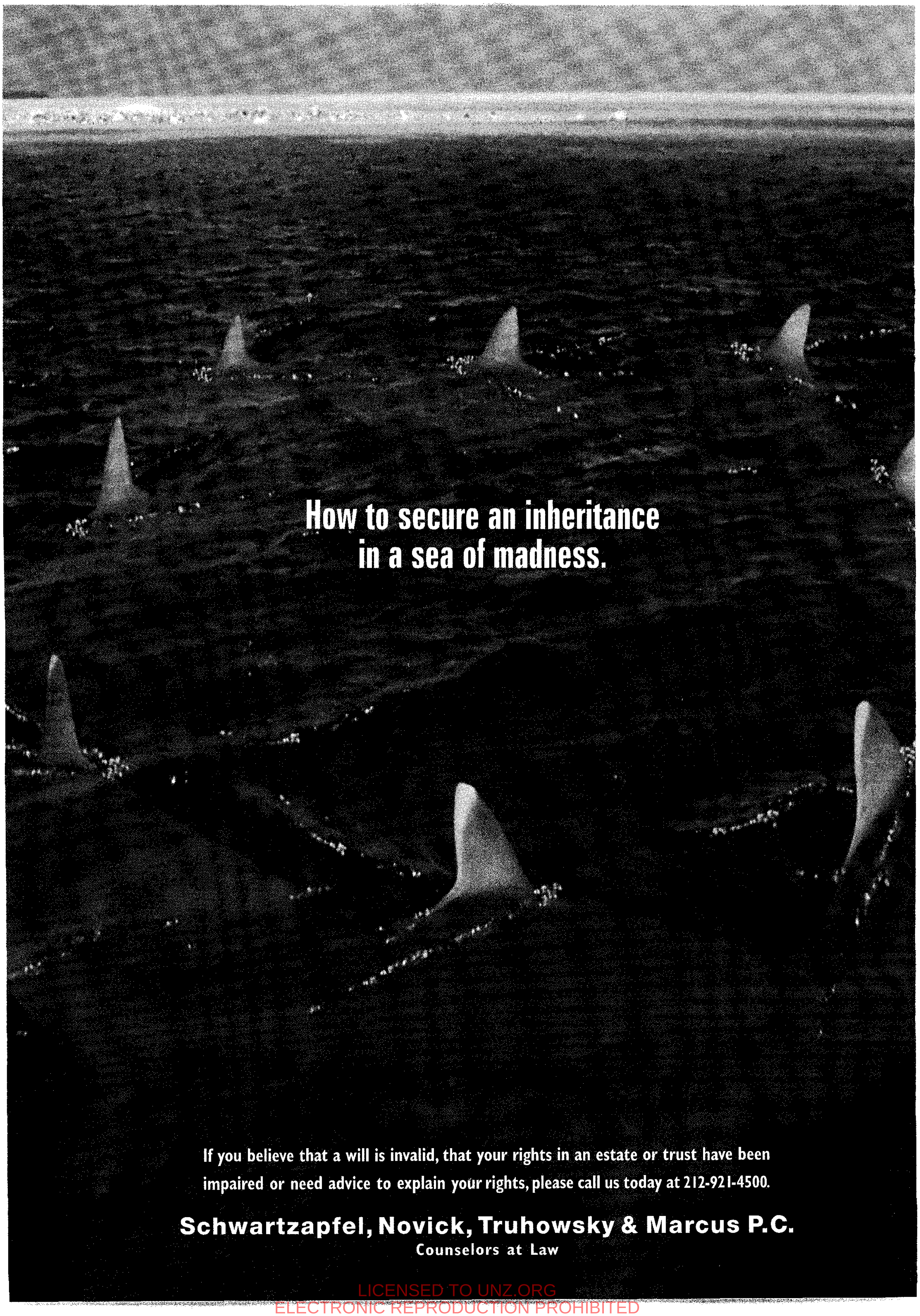
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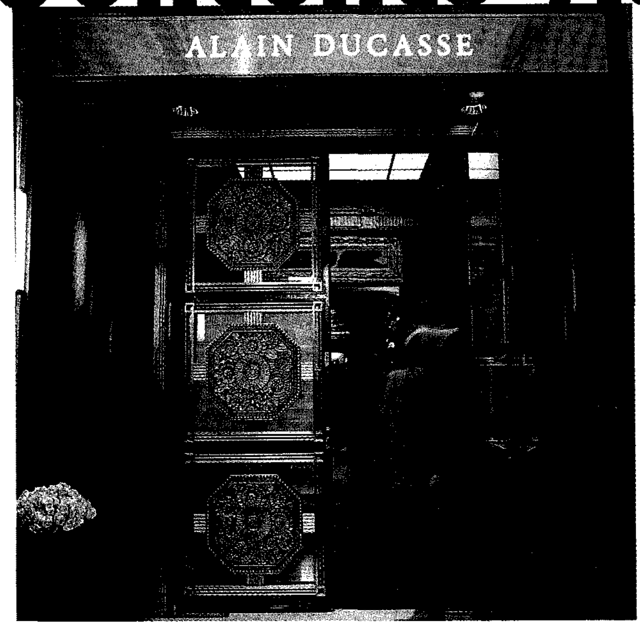

> *"Frank Lucas was as bad as they come. But the guy was a pisser. A pisser and a killer. Easy to like. A lot of those guys were like that. It's an old problem."*
>
> JUDGE STERLING JOHNSON, PAGE 36

30 Plat Ducasse By Gael Greene

You already know that Alain Ducasse is a French folk hero. That he's opened the most outrageously expensive and fussy restaurant in the city, with ranks of Stepford servers and an assortment of twenty pens to choose from to pay your bill. But price and pedigree and pretensions aren't the point: For the Insatiable Critic, the proof is in the *amuse-bouche*. Can a globe-trotting chef produce a consistently sublime meal? We ask Gael.

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By Mark Jacobson

Frank Lucas ran the most legendary dope ring in Harlem, smuggling heroin from the poppy fields of Vietnam in the coffins of dead soldiers. Even the prosecutor who put him away can't help liking him. Now, after the fancy cars, the opulent furs, the pricey pads, and the offshore accounts, all he has left are the stories—like the one about Kissinger's jet.

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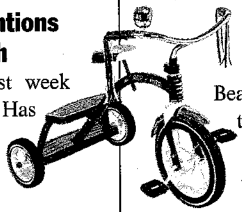

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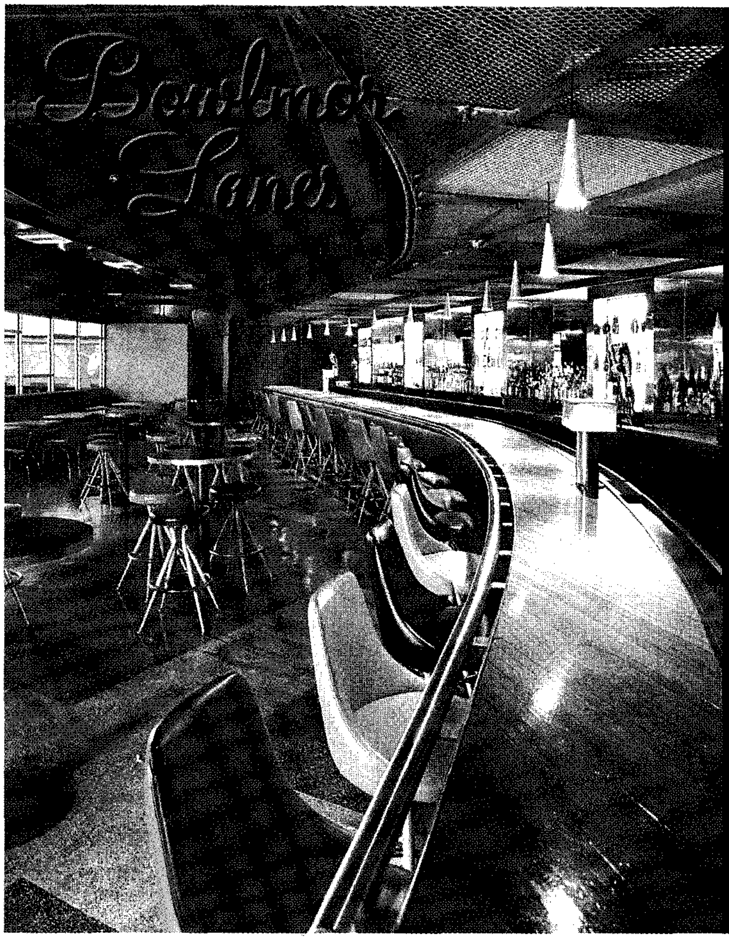

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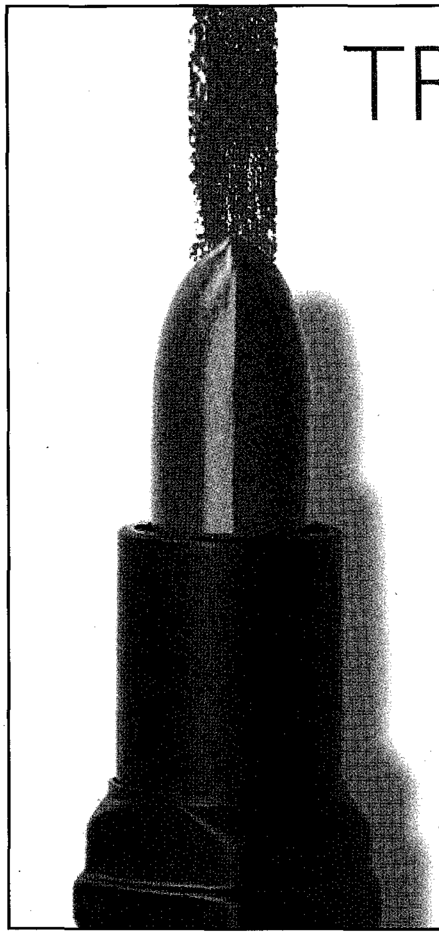

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The X-Files

Clinical depression, memory loss, risky sex, and other buzz-killers; who pays most dearly for the War on Drugs; a defense of the "intelligent" ecstasy user.

YOUR ARTICLE ON ECSTASY PROVIDED a great look at this emerging drug ["E-commerce," by Ethan Brown, July 24], but it missed a major point—the drug is toxic to the central nervous system. We know that this is hard for anyone to accept, because, as the article states, E makes people feel just wonderful. Recently, one of our daughters came back from a rave and said, "Tell me exactly just what is wrong with E. These were the nicest people I have ever met." Here's what's wrong: Ecstasy makes people feel good by releasing massive amounts of the brain chemical serotonin—the same chemical through which antidepressants like Prozac work. But unlike Prozac, ecstasy can damage the cells that release serotonin. So after repeated exposure to E, the brain has less ability to release serotonin. Imaging studies in humans confirm damage to the serotonin system. When primates, who have brains very much like humans, are given ecstasy, they show anatomical and physiological effects lasting as long as they are allowed to live. Why is this neurotoxicity a problem? Human ecstasy users are found to have cognitive problems long after they stop using the drug. The brain uses serotonin for multiple functions ranging from temperature regulation to appetite control. Scientists think that decreased serotonin function can lead to clinical depression. Young humans have more serotonin than the elderly, so losing some serotonin now may not cause obvious problems beyond the transient depression described in the article. However, as we age, we lose the serotonin-containing brain cells, so today's toxicity may become tomorrow's clinical depression.

Wilkie A. Wilson, Ph.D.
Cynthia Kuhn, Ph.D.
DURHAM, N.C.

READING ETHAN BROWN'S ARTICLE, I couldn't help thinking that Mr. Brown might be using ecstasy himself, and that one of the drug's effects must be irresponsible journalism. The story practically reads like an ad for "E," complete with poetic descriptions of "waves of euphoria and heightened physical sensations," with some key selling points thrown in: "fairly harmless, hangover-free, inconspicuous, and physically non-addictive." The younger, more impressionable among your readers might get the message that they'd better not miss out on this incredible drug.

Gene P. Bloch
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

YOUR STORY CHRONICLES THE WIDESPREAD use of the drug but unfortunately glosses over its long-term health consequences. Years of research studies in laboratory animals, and more recently in humans, have documented that frequent ecstasy use produces long-lasting, possibly permanent damage to brain cells, particularly the neurons that release serotonin. And this brain toxicity is associated with long-term behavioral changes such as reduced memory processing. Other dangerous effects of ecstasy use include dehydration, hypertension, heart or kidney failure, confusion, depression, sleep problems, anxiety, and even paranoia. Ecstasy may be everywhere. But so are its risks.

Alan I. Leshner, Ph.D.
Director, National Institute on Drug Abuse
POTOMAC, MD.

AS THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF POSITIVE Health Project in New York City, I think it is misleading to state that harm-reduction advocates are only concerned about heightened penalties for ecstasy dealers. We recognize the reality of drug use—it will not go away because people are told to say no. We have addressed the growing trends of drug use and risky sexual behaviors among people who frequent dance clubs and bars by launching a club drug-education initiative. Many individuals have no idea how ecstasy will affect them or what type of adverse interactions will occur when it's combined with prescription medications.

Jason Farrell
MANHATTAN

ANY CHANCE YOU CAN PUBLISH THE CONtact information for the drug dealers you profiled in your article? After reading that glowing testimonial to the miracle of ecstasy, I'm sure many of your readers will be eager to give it a try.

Jonathan Forstadt
MANHATTAN

THANK YOU FOR A VERY THOROUGH AND informative article on ecstasy. The most informative and revealing sentence in the whole article, I thought, was the quote from the DEA official who said, "Ecstasy itself might not cause violent crime, (but) there will be a rise in violence associated with organized crime as a result of the ecstasy trade." Once again, the moral, legal, and logical bankruptcy of the War on Drugs is made perfectly clear: The only people who benefit are the unbelievably well-funded G-men and the unbelievably well-funded drug smugglers and dealers. Theirs is a love affair for the ages. One can't exist without the other, and we, the taxpayers, are funding them both.

Jim Houghton
ENCINO, CALIF.

AS SOMEONE WHO HAS USED ECSTASY FOR almost four years now, sensibly and in intelligent moderation, I must say that I have never experienced any of the side effects or aftereffects noted in the piece nor the crash and "Suicide Tuesday" that Dr. Klitzman speaks of. Those who use responsibly should be left alone. And unfortunately, young club kids who use drugs to steel themselves against the horrors of techno music are not to be included in this group.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

YOUR ARTICLE MISTAKENLY IDENTIFIED ME as the Drug Enforcement Agency's special narcotics prosecutor. I am the special narcotics prosecutor for the City of New York, the head of an independent agency established by the New York State legislature almost 30 years ago. While I have great respect for the DEA and work closely with the agency, I have never worked for it.

Bridget G. Brennan
MANHATTAN

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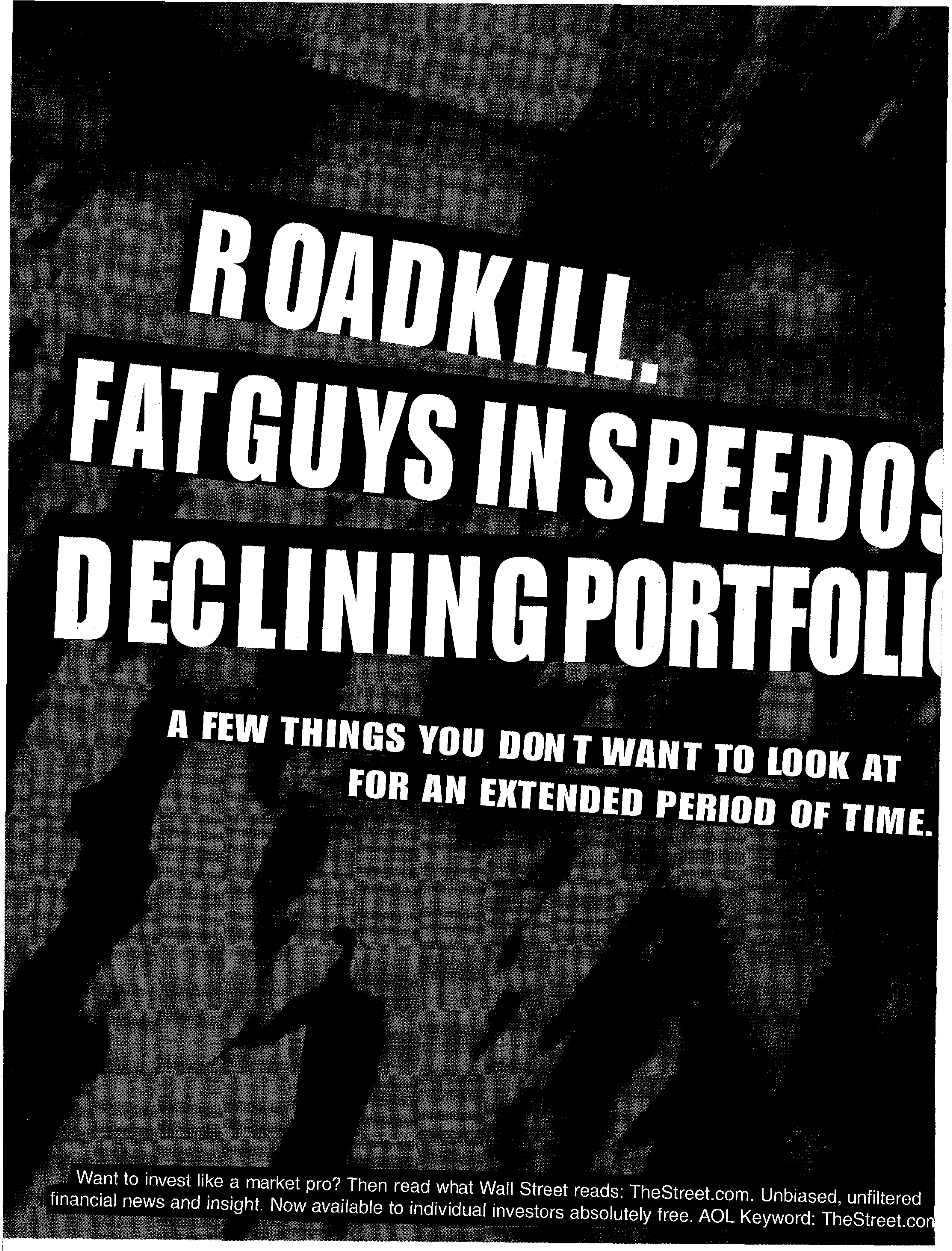

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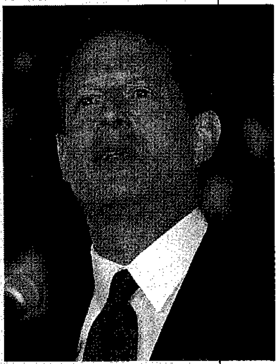
INTELLIGENCER

BRET EASTON ELLIS EVADES HISTORY

Bret Easton Ellis has always had a knack for getting press, but young writers looking to hitch their wagons to his publicity mule should look elsewhere. The *American Psycho* author tells us he is refusing to cooperate with an oral history of his life and work being written by fellow Bennington alum **Jamie Clarke**. According to Inside.com, Clarke intends to interview such literary folk as **Tama Janowitz**, **Jay McInerney**, and **Joan Didion**. So why won't Ellis touch the project with a ten-foot pen? A friend of his tells us, "He just isn't in the mood." But another tipster says that Ellis was put off when he found out that a character in Clarke's upcoming debut novel, *We're So Famous*, is Brian Metro—a character from Ellis's *The Informers*. More bad news for Clarke (who could not be reached for comment) comes from an editor at a top publisher who's been pitched the project: "We saw the proposal and we were like, 'No. It does not make any sense to do this,' " says the insider, explaining that Ellis is too young for his bio to make a good read. "The literary biographies that work are about the range of a person's life. Unless you've got a writer in an older stage, it's hard to see any evolution." Well, we're sure Clarke will dig up *something*.

AL GOES HUNGRY AT THE MERCER

Most people don't have trouble finding something to eat at the Mercer Kitchen, but then again, most people aren't **Al Gore**. The vice-president was breezing through town last week when his motorcade made a spontaneous pit stop at **Jean-Georges Vongerichten**'s sleek downtown eatery. A staff member of the politician's approached one of the managers, explaining that a famished Gore was outside in his car hoping a simple lunch could be whipped up in a jiffy. The executive order? A standard tuna-fish salad and some diet-friendly chocolate dessert. Unfortunately, such items as tuna salad—prized as they may be in the Corn Belt—are not abundant in the Mercer's kitchen. The manager politely explained this to the go-fer, suggesting some nearby spots to quell Gore's growling stomach. . . . And in other Vongerichten-related news, the chef is taking his culinary wizardry to Paris. He recently signed a lease on a Right Bank space adjacent to Christie's, where he plans to open Taboo, a casual French-Asian place. Is he worried about taking on the world's capital of cuisine? "No way," he says. "After all, New York is the food capital, *not* Paris."

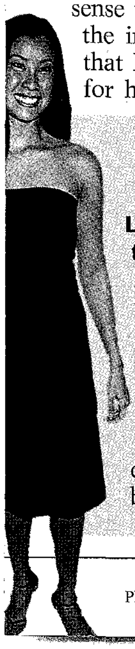


DREW STAR *SAVE*D FROM SITCOM HELL

Add *The Drew Carey Show*'s **Craig Ferguson** to the list of people who survived exposure to a member of the Osmond clan. At the premiere party for Fine Line Features' *Saving Grace*—in which Ferguson stars as a gardener who grows pot to help a cash-strapped widow—we asked the actor to describe the most desperate thing he's ever done for money: "I did a sitcom for Disney with **Marie Osmond** and **Betty White**," he told us. "That's pretty desperate. Actually, I liked Marie and Betty, but the show was truly awful." The little masterpiece Ferguson referred to was called *Maybe This Time*, "about two old bags and a bloke," the Scotsman explained. As for his current sitcom, Ferguson says, "I have two seasons left on my contract, and then I'll be done." He quickly amended that statement with "I'll do it as long as Drew does it—he's my mate." In Hollywood, fidelity is everything.

DIVE BAR GETS *60 MINUTES* OF FAME

For a couple of guys who come off preternaturally uptight on the air, *60 Minutes* co-editors **Mike Wallace** and **Steve Kroft** sure know how to unwind. Last week the CBS veterans joined most of the show's staff at Hogs & Heifers, the divey meatpacking-district saloon, to celebrate the birthday of Wallace's assistant, **Morgan Hertzan**. Proving that he hasn't been irrevocably hardened by years of journalism, the octogenarian Wallace generously ordered in a couple of pizzas for the horde of young revelers before calling it a night. Kroft stuck around, enjoying the company of some giggly young ladies who introduced him to the phenomenon known as the kamikaze shot.



LISA LING *VIEW*S WRITING GIG

Lisa Ling will soon have to work afternoons. *The View*'s Gen-X representative has just signed on as a contributing editor at *USA Weekend*, the syndicated newspaper insert that claims a readership of over 40 million. Ling's last print-media gig was for the New York *Times* Syndicate last year, but she dropped it after just a few articles because "they only wanted me to do ethnic issues." This time, Ling says, she'll be writing on everything from voter apathy to exile groups in America raising money for foreign wars. "It will give me a chance to do some journalism, which is what I was doing for seven years [before *The View*]," she told us from the Republican National Convention, where she was researching her apathy piece. What will Ling's morning-talk family think of her moonlighting? "I think they'll be proud of me," she says. "I *hope* they will be."

Additional reporting by David Amsden.

Photographs: top, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; bottom, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

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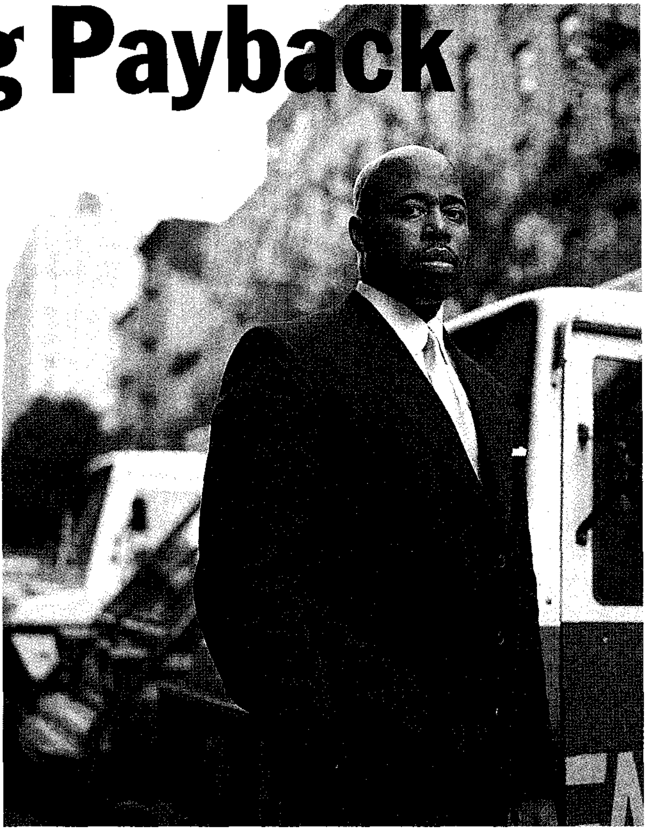
THE PAST IS A SHAME—*V. S. PRITCHETT*

GOTHAM

The Big Payback

Eric Adams and his team of watchdog cops, 100 Blacks in Law Enforcement, are about to come in from the cold.



SIXTEEN YEARS AGO, A computer-science geek from Queens named Eric Adams was about to graduate from New York City Technical College when he was asked to infiltrate the New York Police Department. The 23-year-old was pretty floored, and he wasn't the only one: About a dozen young black men got the instruction at a meeting of the National Black United Front—a sort of precursor to Al Sharpton's National Action Network led by the Reverend Herbert Daughtry out of Brooklyn's House of the Lord's Church. "I remember all of us looking around at each other and saying, 'Are they *kidding*?' " Adams says now, chuckling. "But we idolized these men, and we were scared we would lose their respect. It was an awkward situation."

No, they weren't kidding, and, yes, Adams really did join the force—the lieutenant works midnight shifts in Bedford-Stuyvesant's 88th Precinct. And recently, after five years of strident press conferences blasting police racism, Adams's group, 100 Blacks in Law Enforcement Who Care, has won some friends in odd places. Last month, Commissioner Howard Safir actually shook hands with Adams in a meeting at One Police Plaza and candidly admitted investigating Adams in vain for allegedly consorting with a known felon. But Safir also denied (and still denies) investigating the 100 Blacks organization, a claim contradicted by the court testimony of a high-ranking internal-affairs officer. When Adams went public about the probe last week, he had another new friend with him, in what *Newsday* called an "unholy alliance": the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. "It's the right thing to do," PBA president Pat Lynch confided to his rank and file—and of course it can't hurt the coming contract negotiations, either.

Until recently, a PBA presence at a 100 Blacks press conference was about as expected as a Duff-Perelman family reunion. But in a town where the police have been losing the benefit of the doubt, Adams and 100 Blacks are starting to leave the fringe behind. "Being able to have his name next to the PBA, that's a major development," says NYCLU chief Norman Siegel. "Once Giuliani and Safir are gone, Eric and the group will be invited in more and more."

Adams's infiltration has been slow and not without missteps. He rose up in the Guardians, the NYPD's official black fraternal order, before helping form 100 Blacks, designing it to be elite, secretive, and unaffiliated with the force. The group's structure, Adams says, "came from years of experience understanding how law enforcement, with COINTELPRO and other tactics, infiltrated organizations of color." There's no open enrollment and no actual leader, only an Arthurian ten-member council of co-founders,

>

POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

After fast in-and-out in Philly, Ricky bags McCain for quick L.I. swing. We prefer the Straight Talk Express to its "Mainstream" spawn, but John is a sure bet to shore up shore vote. ●

Bob Grant's radio show? *Bob Grant!?* Huh? A "good man" who can be Lazio's "ambassador" (in Rick's words)? For such a risk-averse guy, he chooses strange ways to roll the dice. ●

Chelsea joins Ma on the Island, her mere presence showing HRC's all-too-rarely-seen nurturing side. Just remember, girlfriend: The *Post* is tailing you, so watch your back. ●

After months of "we're coming," Hill finally does Bill Mazer's WEVD morning-drive show. A hit, but why'd it take this long to do the only liberal talk show in town? ○

otographs: top, Kareem Black; bottom, Richard B. Levine (2). Illustration by Ingo Fast.

100 Blacks *continued from page 11*

with Adams as spokesperson. From the start, though, Adams proved to be something of a loudmouth: During David Dinkins's failed re-election effort, he questioned Giuliani ally Herman Badillo's commitment to Hispanics by pointing out that his wife was Jewish, only to be disowned by Dinkins in the press. In 1994, he ran for Congress against Major Owens in Brooklyn, losing the primary after the Nation of Islam endorsed him.

But the times may have finally caught up with Adams. After the Diallo shooting, the group had one rancorous meeting with Safir where, Adams remembers, "we volunteered to spearhead the recruitment drive. We tried to establish a liaison with his top brass to prevent another Amadou by changing police training. But he didn't want any of that—he was the commissioner, and he knew what he was doing." A year later, the post-Diallo, post-Dorismond NYPD is a place where recruitment is an acknowledged failure and police training is under fire—but the climate is a little less explosive. Adams has changed a bit, too. At the "cordial" July 18 meeting, Adams says, he was moved to wish Safir well with his "health issues." "There was disagreement, but little to no hostility," Adams reflects. It's a sign, perhaps, of Adams's own evolution as a leader.

"He needs to learn more about the dynamics of police-community relations," says Siegel, "but he's becoming more nuanced on that. And he's learning to work in multiracial coalitions." Now that he's won a little affirmation, Adams says he'd like to "get my hands dirty" again in a congressional campaign. And, naturally, he's writing an autobiography. Someday soon, in a courtroom or a morning talk show or at One Police Plaza, Eric Adams's infiltration will be televised.

ROBERT KOLKER

FOOD

Four-Star Coleslaw

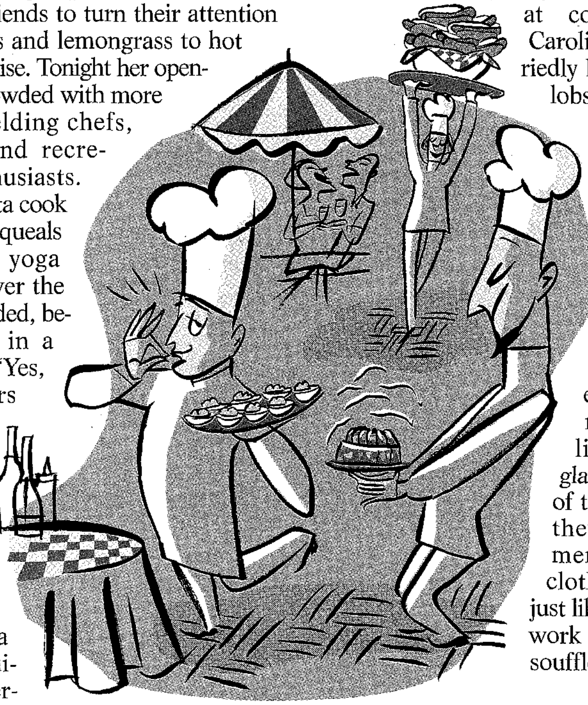
When the city's restaurant royalty get together for a Hamptons potluck dinner, béarnaise gives way to barbecue sauce.

'ANYTHING BUT A POTLUCK DINNER!" wails a flustered Alison Hurt (owner of Alison on Dominick), arriving at a Bridgehampton beach house with wild-rice salad in hand on a recent Saturday evening. "How on earth do you decide what to bring to this?" "Count yourself lucky," whispers Sheila Lukins (co-author of *The Silver Palate Cookbook*), nervously dressing her hacked-chicken-and-peanut-butter salad. "I got stuck bringing an entrée!"

The annual summer potluck hosted by Flavors caterer Pamela Morgan provides a chance for her food-world friends to turn their attention from langoustines and lemongrass to hot dogs and mayonnaise. Tonight her open-plan kitchen is crowded with more than 30 pan-wielding chefs, restaurateurs, and recreational food enthusiasts. "So *you're* the pasta cook for the evening!" squeals an overexcited yoga teacher, nosing over the shoulder of a bearded, bespectacled man in a black turtleneck. "Yes, indeed," murmurs Union Square chef Michael Romano, his eyes firmly fixed on his lobster linguine.

Out on the terrace, dusk has brought on a swarm of mosquitoes almost as persistent as the horde of admirers buzzing around CBS celebrity chef Bobby Flay. "Oh, Bobby, you *have* to taste my Moroccan tagine chicken," pleads Karine Bakhoum, a bubbly food publicist in a leopard-print blouse. "It would be my *dream* to work for you!"

"We're ready!" Morgan announces, ferrying Steve Hanson's chocolate cake (the same one served at Ruby Foo's) toward the lantern-lit buffet table as Romano emerges from the kitchen and makes for the barbecued ribs. "Oh, they're *Caroline's*? Really? I thought they were Bobby's," he mutters, glancing at comedy-club owner Caroline Hirsch and hurriedly helping himself to a lobster roll.



Watching guests elbow one another to get at Flay's lobster rolls, Romano's pasta, and Hanson's cake, Hirsch's guest, comedian John Priest, shakes his head. "I've never been around so many foodies in my life," he whispers, *glancing at the creators* of the clear favorites as they collect compliments at a pastel-clothed table. "They're just like a bunch of out-of-work actors pushing their soufflés as head shots."

NAN DE GIRONDE

MEDIA

Old Punch's Book of Practical Eats

DOES THE NEW YORK *TIMES* DARE TO EAT A PEACH? THE literary wasteland of West 43rd Street has improbably cultivated an anonymous poet of the T. S. Eliot school, masticating away on the copy desk at the Wednesday "Dining In, Dining Out" section. Below, a comp-lit quiz: Separate the recent *Times* headlines from the verses by the Nobel laureate.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

1. DULL ROOTS WITH SPRING RAIN
2. ARRIVING NOW, FROM EVERY COAST
3. I REMEMBER A SLICE OF LEMON, AND A BITTEN MACAROON
4. OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, THE STREETS OF EUROPE
5. DON'T THROW AWAY THAT SAUSAGE, IT'LL COME IN HANDY
6. A WHISPER OF SPRING IN A SPROUT
7. DELICATE ALGAE AND THE SEA ANEMONE
8. ON A ROLL: COMBINATIONS IN ELEGANT SIMPLICITY
9. THE LIFE OF SIGNIFICANT SOIL
10. RHUBARB, FAREWELL
11. I'LL CONVERT YOU! INTO A STEW.
12. THE SECRET LIFE OF SORREL
13. GARLIC AND SAPPHIRES IN THE MUD
14. LET'S SHOW OFF OUR BEETS
15. THE WAITER BRINGS IN ORANGES
16. WHAT PEPPERCORNS OFTEN DREAM OF BEING

Answers: The odd-numbered lines are Eliot; the evens, the *Times*.

Illustration by Tom Bacht

BIG DEALS

Upper West Side

33 Riverside Drive

Three-bedroom, three-bath, 1,800-square-foot co-op. Asking: $1.475 million. Selling: $1.425 million. Maintenance: $1,662. Time on market: one week.

Serenity now: 33 Riverside Drive gets Zen treatment.

THE BUYERS OF THIS PREWAR classic six (the formal dining room has been converted into a third bedroom) asked their broker to show them apartments with "a friendly layout," in which the kitchen and dining area ease into the living space. "They entertain," explains their broker, William B. May's Brett Grabel, who adds that he thought of them immediately when he saw the place, and showed it to them first. The couple had had a deal fall through shortly before, so they pounced. Now they're renovating—"kind of a Zen design," says Grabel—before they move from their apartment on West 79th Street. In true Zen fashion, the buyers and sellers knew each other from yoga class. The sellers, represented by Corcoran's Jeff Levitas, have Eastern designs of their own: They're moving to Japan.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Going for Brokers

Internettlesome issues surround Corcoran-Elliman alliance.

DOES REAL-ESTATE INFORMATION WANT to be free? On August 1, the two biggest brokerages in town, Corcoran Group and Douglas Elliman, announced a Web-based version of a suburban-style multiple-listing service that provides one-stop shopping for apartment hunters. (Previously, listings of what was for sale were faxed around between brokerages—usually.) But the gesture of unity has pitched an already fractious industry against itself.

"It's diabolical!" said a real-estate executive the next day. "The two largest companies got together and they're going to control everything, know every deal in New York, how much everyone is making." You thought Barbara Corcoran's mug (far right) was ubiquitous already? Now she's *watching.*

"It's been on the back burner for ages," says Elliman chief executive Alan Rogers (near right), calling from Corcoran president Pamela Liebman's office before meeting with some of his restive competitors. It's an odd alliance considering he and Corcoran have spent much of the current real-estate boom poaching staff (Elliman just grabbed its onetime biggest seller Robby Browne back from Corcoran) and keeping listings from each other.

Then, earlier this year, a group backed by Goldman Sachs unsuccessfully attempted to create its own MLS with the New York *Times.*

The Real Estate Board, a local trade association, had already been working on an information-sharing plan—slowly. Corcoran and Elliman realized they could move faster. "We have the content that everybody's looking for, and we should keep it in the industry," says Liebman. When she and Rogers sprung their plan on the other brokerages, the Halstead Property Company signed on that day. Then the backlash set in.

"Sharing listings electronically is inevitable," says Peter Marra, president of William B. May. But while most MLSs are nonprofit, he notes that this one is "run by our competitors." This leads to "issues of confidentiality, who controls it. And I don't know that Alan and Pam have thought about this."

Another broker grouses that "they got together and bought off the Real Estate Board." Brokers were outraged when they heard that the board's president knew about it but had signed a confidentiality agreement.

"I think that anybody who's confident in their own abilities shouldn't be afraid of sharing information," says Rogers. Sniffs another broker, "Elliman and Corcoran are middle-market, and they want the high-end information" about which luxury co-ops are for sale and how much they sell for. Legally, co-op figures don't have to be disclosed.

Brokers say Brown Harris Stevens is leading the resistance, which is asking brokers not to join the MLS. Most are waiting to see who comes out on top. As one broker worries, "Our listings are all we have." CARL SWANSON

REEL PROPERTY

Liv Here!

LIV TYLER, WHO PLAYS THE FAIRY Princess Arwen in the live-action *Lord of the Rings* movies that begin coming out next year, is buying a 4,200-square-foot hobbit hole of her own at 30 Crosby Street. The daughter of Aerosmith's Steven Tyler and his former Playmate Bebe Buell, Tyler turned 23 on July 1 and celebrated by agreeing to pay about $2.5 million for the loft. It's in a new conversion that, according to promotional materials from its sales agents at the Corcoran Group, sports "antique long leaf pine flooring," nickel-plated bathroom counters, fireplaces with "French limestone surrounds," and "hydronic perimeter heating." (Corcoran refused to comment.) It should prove convenient: Like her mother, who dated Todd Rundgren, Iggy Pop, and Elvis Costello, Liv likes the rocker boys, and it's only a short stroll to Arlene Grocery. Even better, Lenny Kravitz is thinking about letting love rule in another loft in the building. C.S.

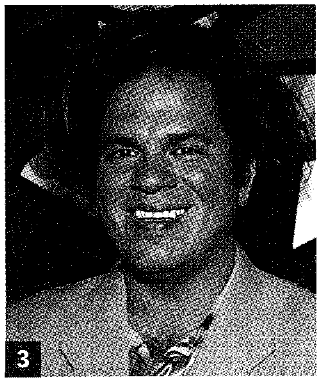
Photographs: clockwise from left, Sean Hemmerle; courtesy of Corcoran Group; courtesy of Douglas Elliman; Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

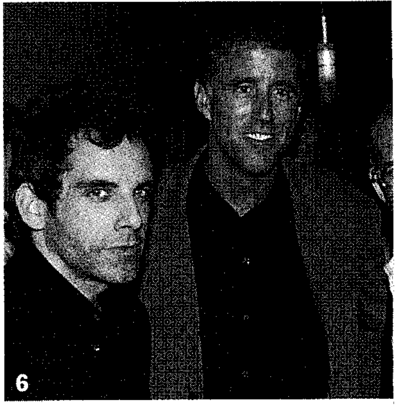
THE SCENE

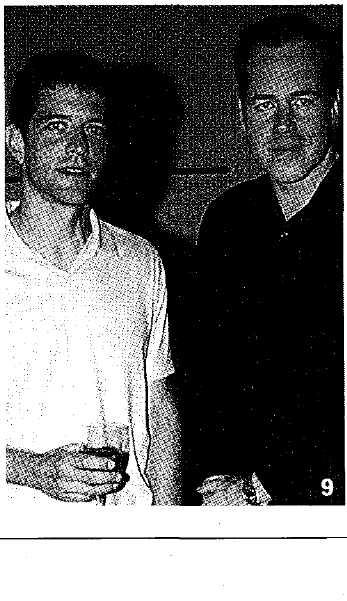
Ugly Ducklings

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE STARS OF *COYOTE UGLY* ARRIVED AT THE JULY 31 PREMIERE after-party in stretch limos; partygoers rode New Jersey Transit. Touchstone Pictures hired a bevy of beer-hall babes to stand in for the actresses and give the re-created East Village dive at Roseland a shot of peanut-shell-stomping authenticity. Cast members Piper Perabo, Maria Bello, LeAnn Rimes, and Adam Garcia threw smiles to the paparazzi and kept a safe distance from the scores of other Jersey girls—a tribute to Perabo's character's home state—who were outfitted in tight *Coyote Ugly* tees and sent into the crowd to urge unsuspecting strangers toward lubricated licentiousness. "I work at a bar in Belmar," teased a scantily clad girl with rhinestone stickers on her neck. "*We* dance on the bar, too." Two tanned vixens stopped flirting with advertising suits to watch the leather-clad chicks two-stepping on the bar. "Isn't it slippery up there?" one asked as a brunette pirouetted while spitting alcohol and setting it on fire. At the other end of the bar, several hunky guys lined up to have a buxom blonde splash tequila into their mouths. One hottie from Harrison commiserated with another, both miffed that the line wasn't for them: "Honey, it has *everything* to do with the alcohol." KRISTINA RICHARDS







1. Piper Perabo and Tyra Banks at the *Coyote Ugly* premiere. 2. Marisa Berenson and Henry Buhl at Buhl's home for the Sunflower Festival, benefiting the SoHo Partnership. 3. Romero Britto at the Artmosphere Gallery to view his offerings for the Rush Philanthropic Foundation's Art for Life benefit. 4. Katie Ford and Wyclef Jean at Spa for the Ford Music launch. 5. Richard Belzer, Paul Shaffer, Dean Winters, and Chris Noth at Centro-Fly for Winters's birthday party. 6. Ben Stiller, Chris Lawford, and Scott Greenstein at Emanuel Stern's private screening of *Nurse Betty* at the Tribeca Grand Hotel. 7. Victoria Leacock and Christina Oxenberg at Luna Farm for the Love Heals benefit. 8. Regine Traulsone and Gloria Gurney at Alberto and Stefania Sabbadini's party for the Parrish Art Museum at Club Colette. 9. Brad Gooch and Bret Easton Ellis at Diane Von Furstenberg's home to toast Gooch's new book, *Zombie 00: A Fable.*

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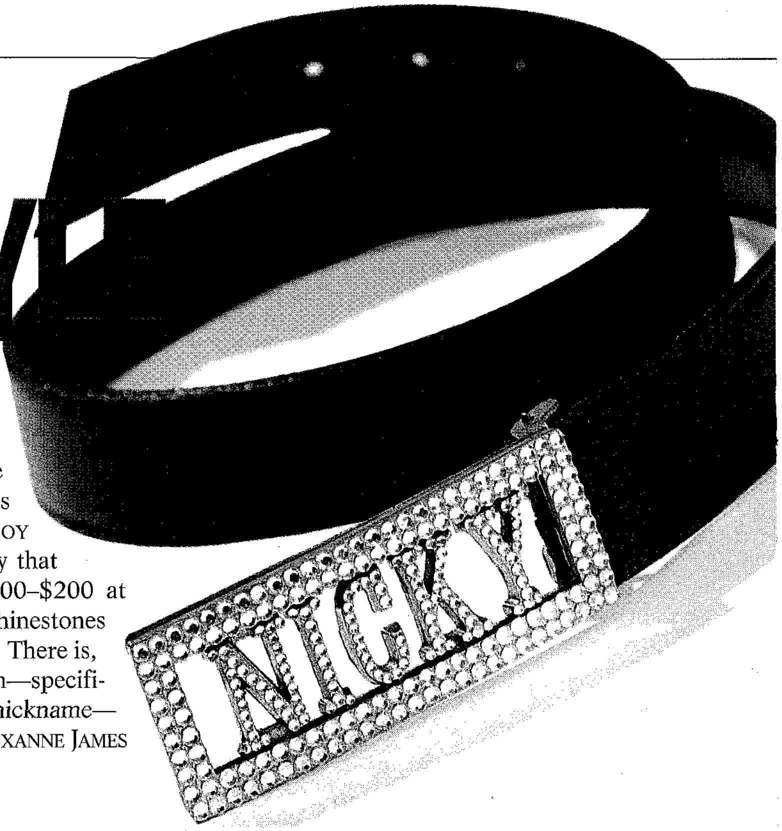
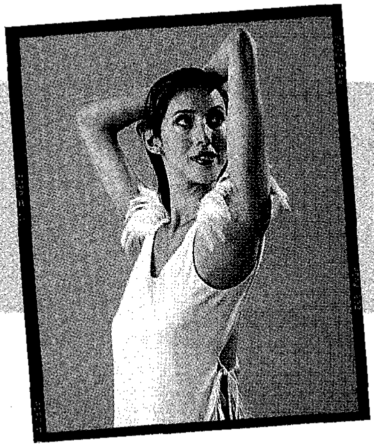
GOTHAM STY



Name Dropping

Now that nameplate pendants are as passé as pashminas, narcissists need to advertise a little farther south. The last time name belts, now spotted on the hips of Britney Spears and Queen Latifah, got this much attention was when Madonna sported her BOY TOY buckle in 1984. Noir by Catalan, the company that designs the custom-made billboard pictured ($100–$200 at Henri Bendel), attaches letters in clear or colored rhinestones to the buckle of a leather belt or silver or gold chain. There is, however, a limit to how much name you can claim—specifically, eight letters. More than that and you'll need a nickname—Samantha Ronson went for LIL' RED. ROXANNE JAMES

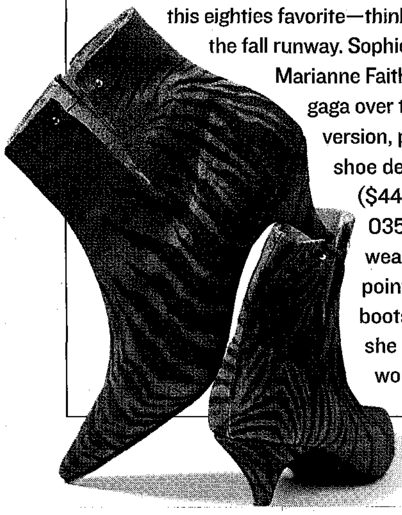


Wings of Desire

Roxi Suger's label Angelrox has been a hit with the patrons of Tunnel and Twilo for some time, but now the placement of her winged tank top in some distinctly unclubby locations, namely hip Lower East Side boutiques, is making the label a crossover hit. The tank ($80) is floating off the shelves of Zao, Patch 155, and Suger's own shop, 18 Orchard. Move over, Charlie: With this shirt, Suger's making *everyone* an angel. KRISTINA RICHARDS

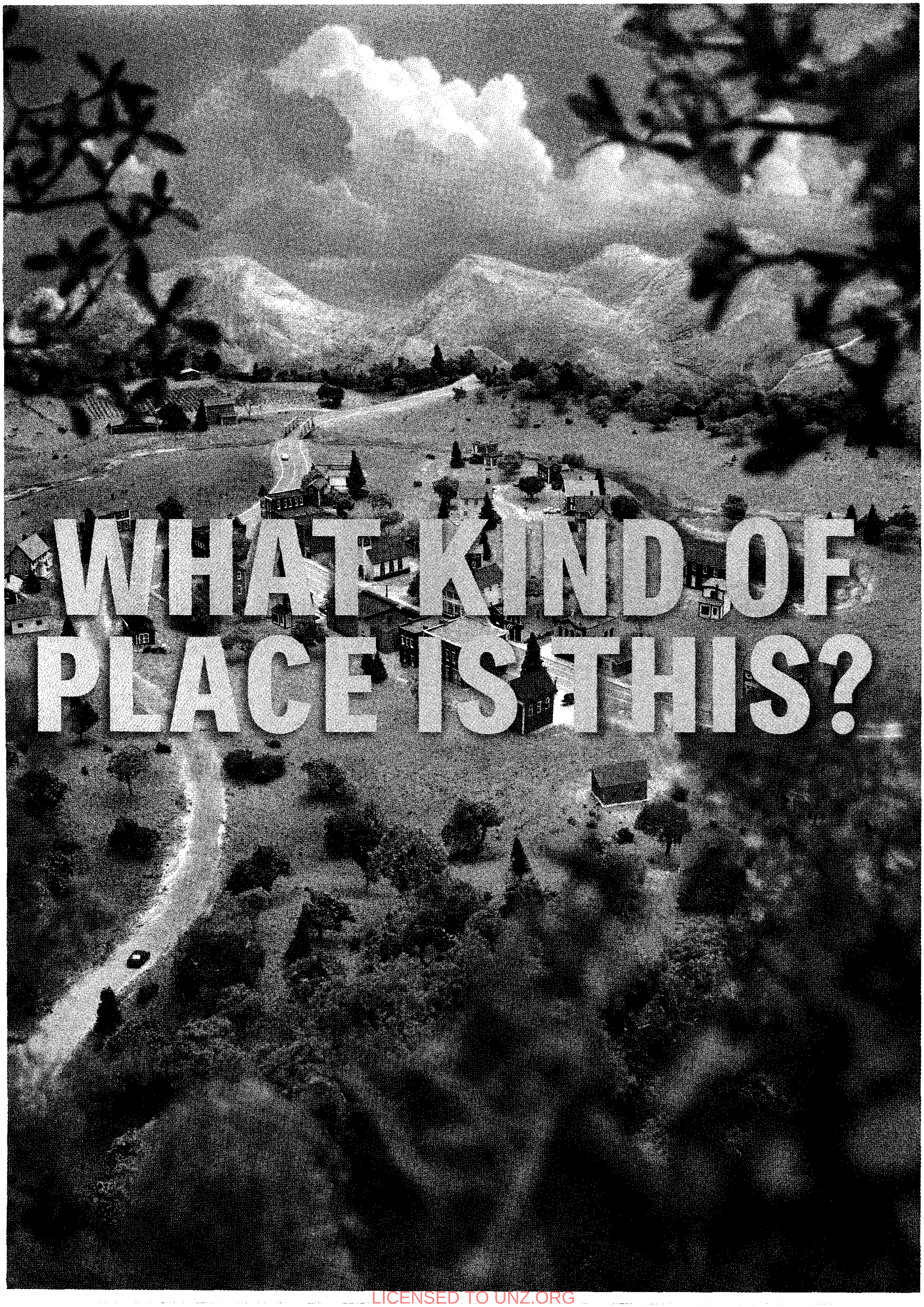
Low Rise

While most New Yorkers are dressing for summer's monsoons in flip-flops, a few fashionable feet are already rocking this fall's fetish: the shoe-boot. Nearly every designer from the appropriately named Kitty Boots to Celine, Chanel, and Dolce & Gabbana sent a version of this eighties favorite—think Pat Benatar—down the fall runway. Sophie Dahl, Kate Moss, and Marianne Faithfull have already gone gaga over the made-to-measure version, pictured, by British shoe designer Olivia Morris ($440; 011-44-020-8962-0353). Morris's advice for wearing the new look is as pointed as the toes of her boots: "Chunky ankles," she says firmly, "don't work." DANICA WILCOX

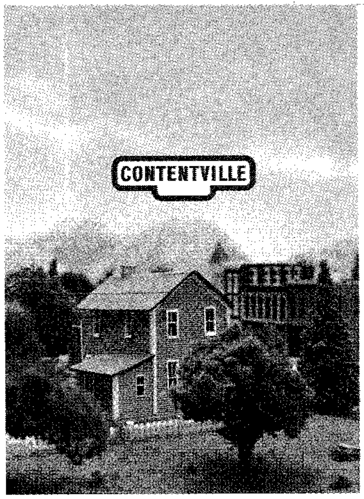


Reduction Theory

Even though most of the stores in the Amagansett outlet center have closed, East End shoppers looking for a bargain don't have to venture far from home: Betsey Johnson has carved out a nook in her new East Hampton store (54 Park Place; 631-329-5797) that houses her threads of yesteryear. Most of the collection is from Johnson's golden years in the eighties, when Lycra equaled luxury, and the clothes go for less than they did the first time around ($25 to $300). That's the kind of designer deal you'd expect to find at, say, Woodbury Commons, but at least after shopping *this* outlet you're sure to find a decent lunch. K.R.



WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?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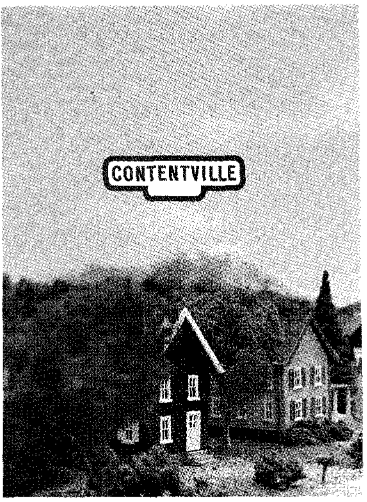

Along with our other experts and contributing editors, this esteemed group of booksellers will post their commentary so you can learn why *Jennifer James* of the famed **Curious George Goes to WordsWorth** bookstore in Cambridge thinks Lois Lowry's *The Giver* is "without doubt the most disturbing, powerful, memorable children's book I have ever read."

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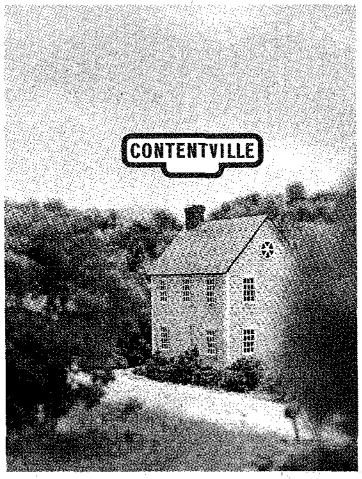

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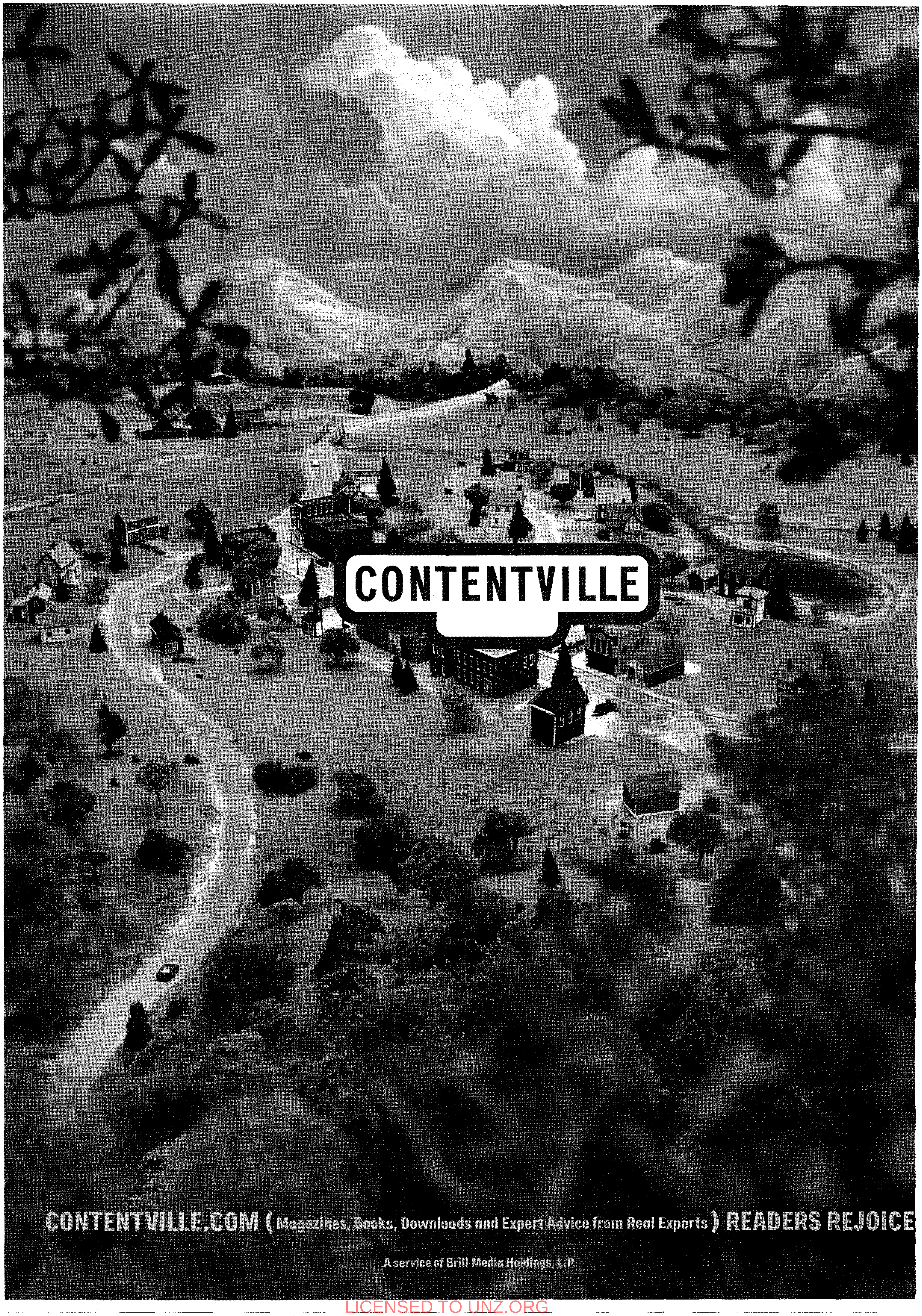
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THE NATIONAL INTEREST LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

Speech Therapy

America wasn't exactly transfixed by the GOP convention, but the Philly confab did produce some worthy rhetoric—as well as plenty of podium pentathol.

Center stagecraft: From left, John McCain, Colin Powell, Laura Bush, George W. Bush, and Dick Cheney.

CONVENTIONS NO LONGER FEAture suspense-filled battles for the nomination, or even minor floor fights over planks in the platform, for that matter—just speeches, speeches, and more speeches. And the prime-time speeches, usually one per night, are the only ones that really matter. Here's how the major players fared:

Best speech ever by a First Lady-in-waiting: Laura Bush. Who knew Laura Bush would be good enough to have her speech interrupted 30 times for applause? And if you think that reaction comes easily in a convention hall, just ask the senators and governors who take a turn at the podium, as Bill Clinton did in 1988, and get none. The acoustics are terrible, and the in-house audience is composed entirely of professional politicians and jaded reporters who already know the speeches will be boring. Laura Bush locked in the crowd's attention with a couple of cute jokes, and found a perfect pitch between confidence and humility that allowed her to convey the gee-I-never-expected-to-be-standing-here subtext that Hillary Clinton, the determined career politician, never could. As a former public-school teacher, she even hammered home the Bush education program with authority. (Yes, contrary to media reports, she and other convention speakers did discuss policy proposals.) Even though the conventions now have all the visibility of spring training, they're good for forecasting the regular season, so put your money on Laura Bush for the fall campaign's Rookie of the Year. *Best line:* "George's opponent has been visiting schools lately. And sometimes when he does, he spends the night before at the home of a teacher. Well, George spends *every* night with a teacher." *Worst line:* "George never loses sight of home plate."

Best convention speech of the television age: Colin Powell. Even the most liberal reporters had trouble naming a convention speech more inspiring than Powell's. A few argued for Mario Cuomo's 1984 keynote address, fewer still for Jesse Jackson's '84 and '88 speeches, but Cuomo and Jackson were preaching to the converted. At times, Powell was preaching to the reluctant—sometimes even the hostile—and converting them on the spot. You can't ask for more excitement than an African-American successfully making a case for affirmative action in front of a crowd of Republicans: "We must understand the cynicism that exists in the black community, the kind of cynicism that is created when, for example, some in our party miss no opportunity to roundly and loudly condemn affirmative action that helped a few thousand black kids get an education, but you hardly hear a whimper when it's affirmative action for lobbyists who load our federal tax code with preferences for special interests." As one of the highest-paid players on the lecture circuit, Powell has been giving variations on this speech for years, so he worked the stage with the confidence of Sinatra. If Powell were on the Republican ticket, it would get two thirds of the vote; if he were on top, the Democrats might not even poll the 5 percent required to qualify for federal funding. *Best line:* the affirmative-action bit above. *Worst line:* none.

Biggest choke: John McCain. Spending his entire speech staring straight at the TelePrompTer, McCain made his traditionally conversational tone so soft he ended up sounding perfunctory. When he began, the audience was silent, ready for another ride on the Straight Talk Express. A few minutes in, when it became clear McCain wasn't going anywhere, people resumed chatting among themselves. He left the conventioneers feeling confident, probably for the first time, that they were better off without him on the ticket. *Best line:* "National pride will not endure the people's contempt for government." *Worst line:* "I am haunted by the vision of what will be"—a badly chosen paraphrase of Tocqueville that left former Republican presidential speechwriter Peggy Noonan shaking her head in bewilderment.

Most mischaracterized: Dick Cheney. Even before Cheney was offstage, a Gore press release lied that he "delivered one of the most negative Republican convention speeches since Pat Buchanan." But though California senator Barbara Boxer and a gang of

(continued on page 28)

iotographs: AP Wide World Photos.

THE CONVENTIONS CHRIS SMITH

Call In Powell

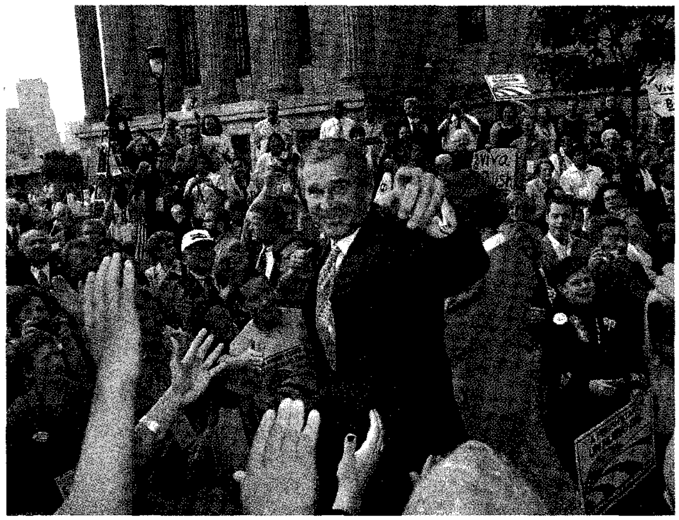
Showcasing a Benetton ad's worth of moderate conservatives, Bush has embarked on a journey to the center. Will the right stay quiet for the ride?

FOR THE FIRST HOUR, THE PARTY for the New York State media sponsored by Bloomberg and hosted by Governor George Pataki at a wood-paneled Philadelphia restaurant on the night before the opening of the Republican National Convention was a standard insider schmoozefest: twisting to avoid sticking your elbow in John McLaughlin's drink, watching George Stephanopoulos attempt to grab a couple of bites from the buffet while women begged him to pose for pictures, plenty of feigned-friendly handshakes between Pataki and reporters.

Then Colin Powell walked in. Celebrity gravity propelled him through the clotted crowd and directly into the center of the room. David Gergen, *U.S. News* editor and a man of nimble political allegiances, dropped his conversation in mid-sentence to intercept the former general, and was quickly joined by ABC's John Cochran and Bruce Shapiro, a writer from *The Nation*. And me. Raising his voice to be heard over the jazz trio while remaining assuredly soft-spoken, Powell joked about how every head in the room turned to see his son, Michael, who lingered quietly a step behind him.

Powell dove right into the reasons for his growing comfort with George W. Bush. Agreement on military issues helped, as did the prospect of a job in W's Cabinet. But asked whether he really believes there's any new fabric in the GOP's much-rhetoricized big tent, Powell was even more blunt than he'd be on national television 24 hours later. "A supporter of affirmative action, a man who has always believed in a woman's right to control her own body?" Powell scoffed. "A few years ago, the Republicans didn't want me!"

Many still don't, at least as anything more than an electoral weapon or an obedient Cabinet secretary. On the convention floor, to the right of the stage in the South Carolina delegation, Powell's scolding speech drew polite applause; it provoked nowhere near the frenzy of Newt Gingrich's Tuesday-night visit to the adjoining Georgia delegation. Jenny Costa, a sunny-faced 20-year-old delegate from Charleston, politely praised Powell's "different ideas," not for the ideas themselves but for the way they advertised the new Republican tolerance. Like many other delegates who also seemed to have received the same memo, Costa pointed out—correctly—that such bold dissent wouldn't be allowed in prime time at the upcoming Democratic convention. Still, the speaker she really wanted to hear on the Philadelphia stage was Alan Keyes. "He's the kind of ultraconservative role model that we're trying to get across to minority voters," Costa said brightly. "A man who stands for personal responsibility. I'm disappointed he won't be here."



Bienvenidos: **Señor Bush is hailed at a Hispanic rally in Philadelphia.**

IF POLITICAL DRAMA IS DEFINED AS STIRring oratory or open fighting about platform planks, the 2000 Republican convention was a complete dud. Not even the sight of an Oklahoma congressman "rocking out" on electric guitar could redeem this spectacle as entertainment. But there was plenty of theater beyond camera range.

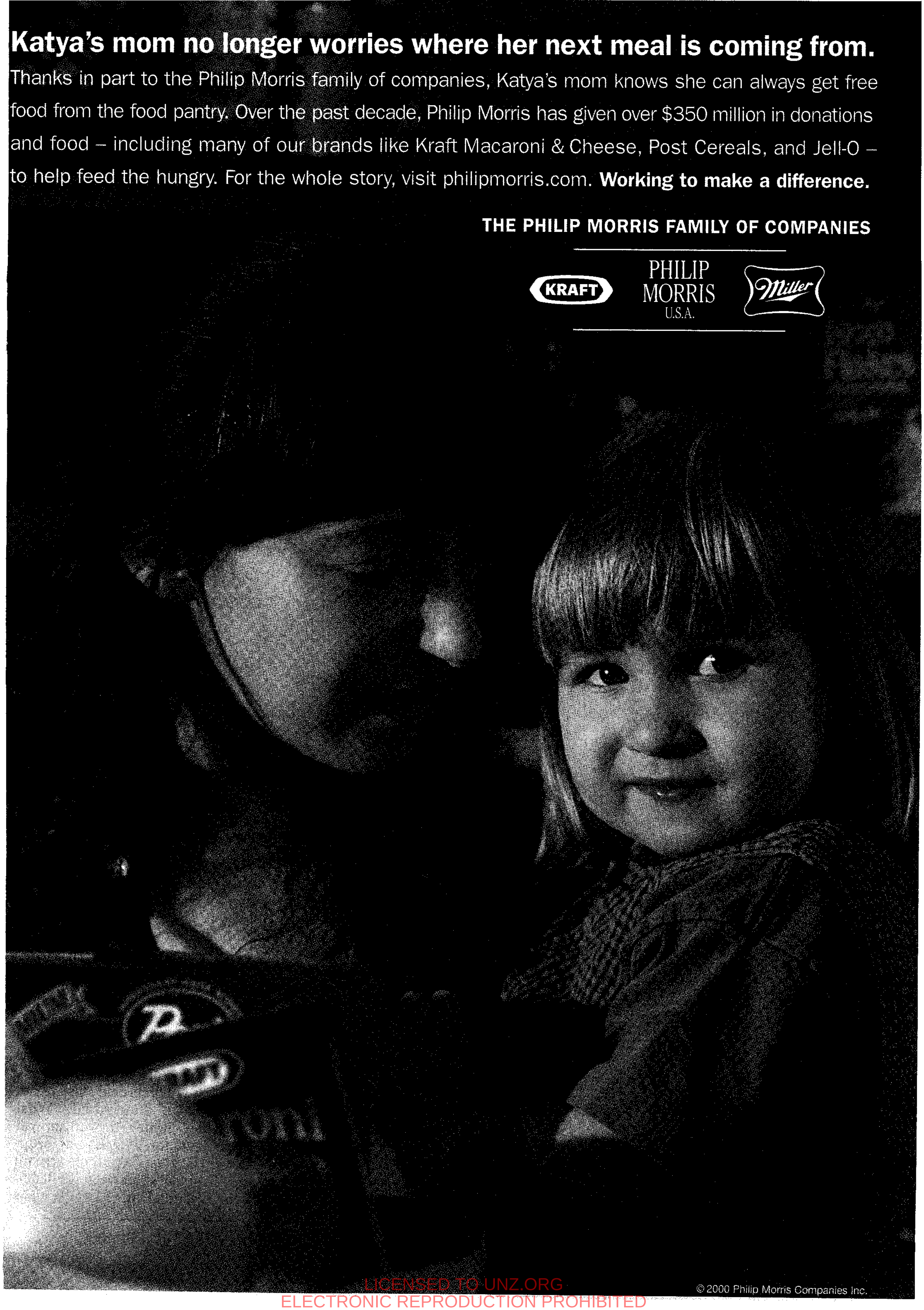
There were the desperate thrashings, like a tarpon's on a boat deck, of the dozens of political Websites that set up expensive booths in the Philadelphia media center and went hours gasping for hits.

There were Bush's attempts to talk about helping people in flush economic times, whether with school-voucher experiments or with prescription-drug benefits. Bush is going where the votes are, or course, but it's a hopeful sign for the level of debate. It won't last.

There was the inside-politics tale of New York political consultant Russ Schriefer—fired by Rudy Giuliani during his losing 1989 mayoral run—who became one of George W. Bush's main image-makers, and one of the very few non-Austinites who crafted Bush's seamless we-are-the-world nomination pageant.

Simply by putting the words *George Bush* and *diversity* in the same sentence—indeed, in many of the millions of sentences beamed from Philadelphia—the Republicans have made Bush more palatable to white suburban swing voters. But that was only part of a larger marketing effort. Last week was all about answering doubts about whether Governor Bush can be trusted to be president. Swing voters are skeptical of Bush's frat-boy intellectual lightness, and even his most dedicated supporters refer to "Big Bush" and "Little Bush" in a way that suggests doubts about his executive stature. W's acceptance speech tried to chip away at those doubts, promising a new "responsibility era" led by a true son of his father's "greatest generation," and recasting his own youthful restlessness as optimistic

Photograph: AP Wide World Phot



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THE NATIONAL INTEREST

continued from page 25

Democratic spinners complained that Cheney said "It is time for them to go," he did so in the kind of dignified tone seldom heard from a convention podium. Almost every headline writer in America called the speech an "attack," but few articles mentioned that Gore used that same line about Bush-Quayle in his 1992 convention speech and even led Madison Square Garden in chanting it. *Best line:* "And now, as the Man from Hope goes home to . . . New York?" *Worst line:* "Does anyone, Republican or Democrat, seriously believe that under Mr. Gore, the next four years would be any different from the last eight?" In other words, a continuation of the longest economic expansion in history.

> *"Worst Bush line: 'Does anyone, Republican or Democrat, seriously believe that under Mr. Gore, the next four years would be any different from the last eight?' In other words,* **a continuation of the longest economic expansion** *in history."*

Best joke: George W. Bush. "Growing up, she gave me love and lots of advice," George W. Bush said of his mother. "I gave her white hair." After that, his writers mostly failed him; he harped on character so much you'd think he was a candidate for Mount Rushmore instead of the White House. Still, he did what he had to do: not screw up. Expectations were so low that his performance was something of a triumph—especially at the end of such a well-executed convention. Indeed, he looked so comfortable and confident you could begin to see how he might even settle into looking presidential in a year or two. *Best line:* "[Gore] now leads the party of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but the only thing he has to offer is fear itself." *Worst line:* "For eight years, the Clinton-Gore administration has coasted through prosperity. And the path of least resistance is always downhill." Now it's up to Al Gore to convince the country that he can keep us coasting. ■

THE CONVENTIONS

American energy that leads to nothing but Reaganesque sunrises and limitless skies. Yet by referring to himself as "a white man in a suit" during an anecdote about a conversation with a teenage inmate, Bush boldly showed himself willing to push the conversation about race inside his party.

AHEAD IN THE POLLS, BUSH HAS SO FAR masterfully quieted his party's cultural conservatives by promising them victory. "He says to the right, 'You want a winner? Come with me,'" says Al D'Amato. "It's that simple."

Not really. Conservatives hate Gore with a passion, and the prospect of a Republican restoration is so sweet they lined up early and pragmatically with Bush. But there were plenty of signs that the dynamic between Bush and the right is much more complicated. Vermont delegates complained that Bush didn't rip their state's blasphemous "civil unions" legislation. A spokesman for Colorado's powerful Focus on the Family grumbled that Bush is "running away from Evangelicals." Janet Parshall, the Scripture-quoting talk-radio host, said her callers are alarmed that Florida congressman Charles Canady wasn't given a speaking slot to denounce partial-birth abortion. At a Christian Coalition breakfast rally, Pat Robertson cautioned his followers to be patient until November.

This is a plot that's been unfolding for nearly a decade: Movement conservatives never truly trusted George Bush the elder, and they remain dubious about Dubya. Selecting strident pro-lifer Dick Cheney as his running mate was palliative, and Cheney's euphemistic attacks on Bill Clinton drew the week's most visceral cheers. (With his pitch-dark suits and hands folded primly in front of his waist, Cheney looked like a local bank president who secretly enjoys delivering bad news about mortgage applications.) But Cheney wasn't enough, especially after a convention programmed with Latinos, Asians, blacks, a rabbi, and, most disturbing of all for the right, an openly homosexual congressman. So Bush included a vow to sign a ban on partial-birth abortions in his acceptance speech.

Al Gore and his surrogates will try to demonize Bush, reminding voters that when Bush was floundering in the primaries, he turned to Pat Robertson and Bob Jones University. Bush will try to keep the right-wingers at arm's length without alienating them. Ralph Hudgens, a Republican delegate and Georgia state representative from "a deeply conservative district," says he loves Bush, but he also has a warning for him. "What happens when you move to the middle is, you don't lose your core votes, but you lose your conservative activism," Hudgens says. "They sit on their hands, they don't turn out their friends. It can lose you an election."

WHILE BUSH WAS WENDING HIS WAY TO the convention via airplane and satellite hookup, John McCain was throwing the best party of the week. Inside a sleek city-center restaurant called Buddakan—insert your own Cheap Trick joke here—Ed Rendell, the exuberant former mayor of Philadelphia and the current Democratic national chairman, shredded Bush's compassion-and-diversity offensive as a "hoax," then slapped the Arizona senator on the back. Journalists reminisced about those golden days aboard the Straight Talk Express. Die-hard McCain donors groused that their hero was forced to be too deferential to "that wimp" George W. Bush. Up on the balcony stood a jolly businessman named John Burris, the Republican candidate for governor in Delaware. Burris calls himself a Bush Republican and low-tax social moderate who says he's had his own tangles with hard-core conservatives. And as ebullient a mood as Burris was in—and as glorious a week as the soon-to-be presidential nominee was having—Burris fretted about the trouble the religious right could cause Bush. "They eviscerated his father eight years ago," Burris said. "What else do they want? If we can get through Thursday without any eruptions, we'll be great." But there are still twelve Thursdays between Philadelphia and Election Day. ■

> *"What happens when you move to the middle is, you don't lose your core votes, but you lose your conservative activism.* **They sit on their hands***, they don't turn out their friends. It can lose you an election."*

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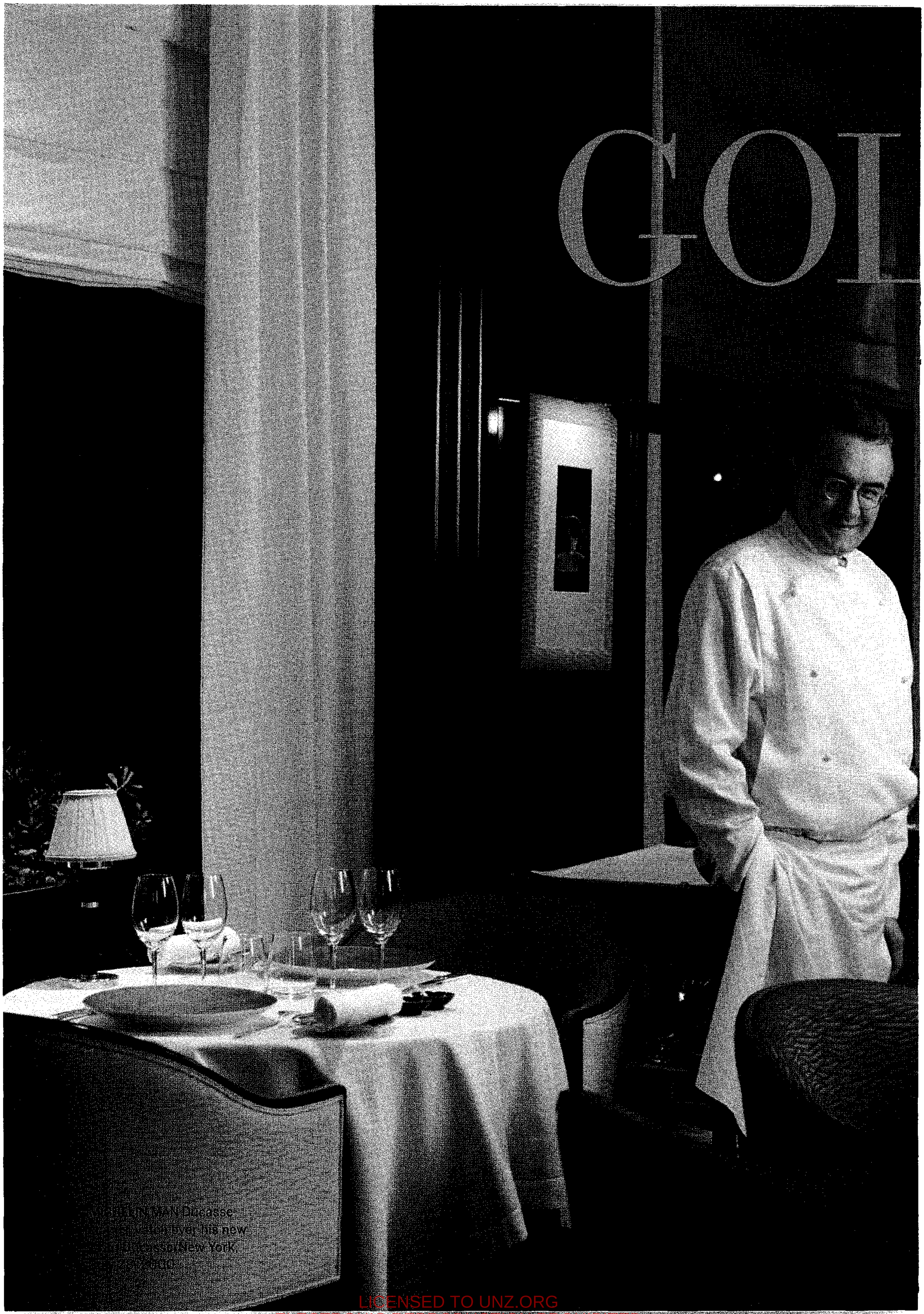

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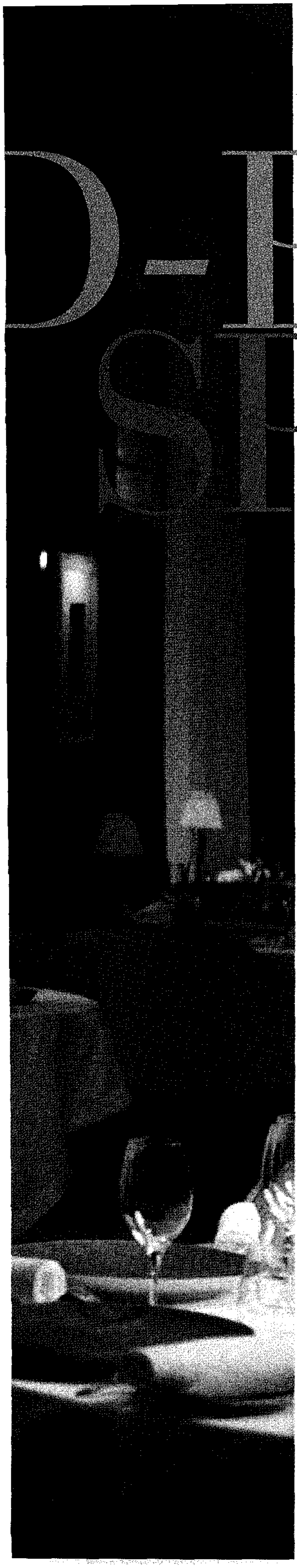
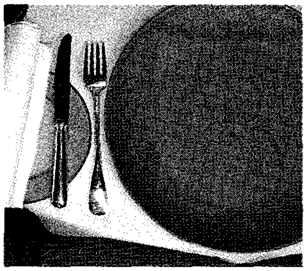


D-PLATE SPECIAL

At his sky-high-priced new restaurant, Alain Ducasse is redefining the term 'value meal.' But are these really the best frogs' legs money can buy? By Gael Greene



WHY IS NEW YORK SO FROSTY TO ALAIN DUCASSE? Can this be the warm and bumptious city that has welcomed millions of immigrants—the hungry, the persecuted, outcasts and dreamers, saints and rapscallions—to our streets paved with gold? We embrace Cuban baseball players and Italian tenors and Indian novelists-on-the-run so warmly yet offer France's emperor of haute cuisine the cold shoulder and a poke in the eye with his own *fourchette.* ● Buoyed by . . . what is it now? . . . eight Michelin stars that carry him like wings from one restaurant debut to another, Ducasse didn't mean to sound arrogant when he agreed to create the thrill of three-star dining in the freshly gussied-up cocoon that was once Les Célébrités in the Art Deco nostalgia of the Essex House. There would be only one sitting per night and a server for every customer. Veterans of the chef's growing army would drill local recruits in the Ducassian gospel: perfect products, precise cooking, proper service, and, *after* dessert, lollipops and at least three different flavors of caramels. (He is the Baskin-Robbins of caramels.) He never mentioned price. But rumors ricocheted. It hit the *Daily News:* dinner for two, $500. Type as big as V-J Day or Martians hovering over Times Square. ● Well, we have always had this little problem with the French. Remember that first trip to Paris? How they made us feel like boobs. So no surprise: On opening day, the alligators slithered into Ducasse's gaudy rose-gold-black brocade banquettes. The porcupines tensed their quills as they nibbled the $160 prix fixe.

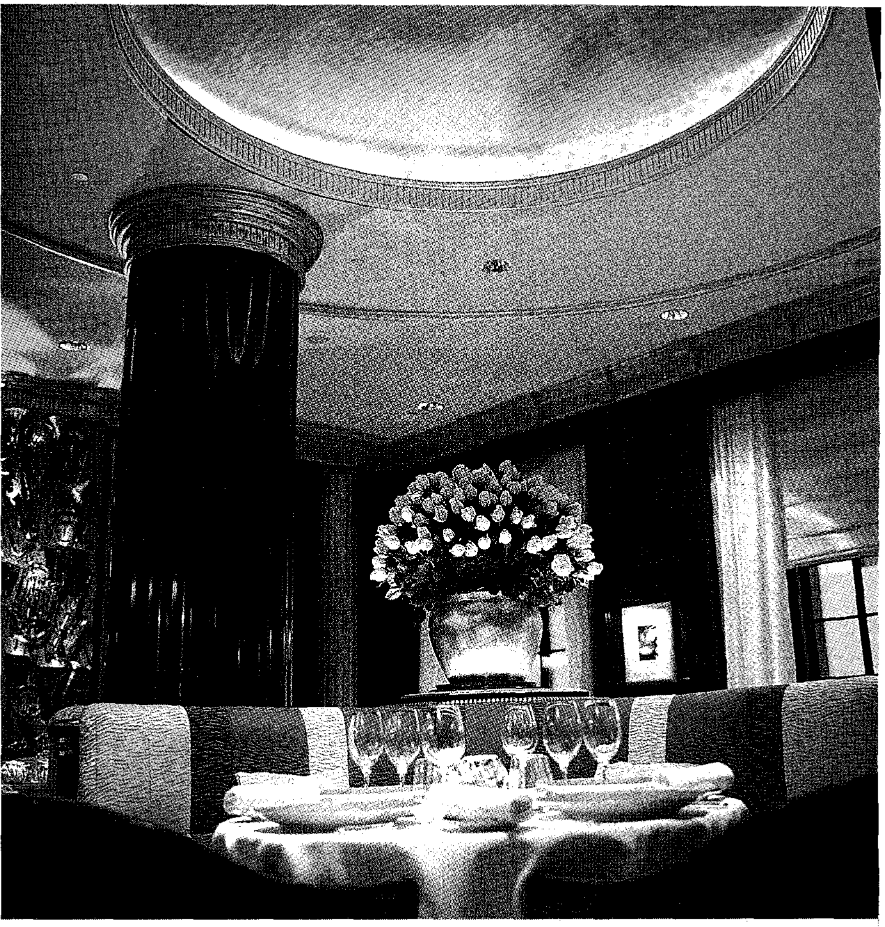
Photographed by Robert Wright

OPENING WEEK, A SEASONED ADVANCE TEAM is still wading through 2,700 reservation requests. With his usual just-descended-from-Mt. Sinai portentousness, Ducasse announces, "There will be no special treatment for the press. Only for *les clients* of Alain Ducasse/Paris and Louis XV in Monte Carlo." There are 1,750 in New York, he claims. "If they come only once a year, that's 600 tables." Aha, I am one of them. True, I had been conflicted about floating a second mortgage to finance my first dinner at the outrageously rococo-on-rococo Louis XV, $250 for two in 1988. But I loved the Marie Antoinette insouciance of his Provençal ditties and Italian borrowings in all that pomp. Loved the pigs' feet and leeks, the Pecorino ravioli in his coconut soup, the herb-flecked risotto with frogs' legs; loved the spit-roasted lamb served with a ragout of its innards.

I'd also paid my respects when Ducasse moved into the gloriously overwrought maisonette at the Hotel Le Parc vacated by the shocking retirement at 51 of Joel Robuchon. "Half-baked," I wrote of those five meals at Alain Ducasse/Paris in 1996. As for the jet-setting on his wearying eight-hour biweekly commute between Paris and Monaco, I wrote, "We've gone from Robuchon to Robo-Chef." Even so, you might say I am a loyal client. I get my table on the second night.

We are tucked into our grand, circular VIP booth—there are only four, back to back—under a gold-leafed dome that broadcasts whispers from faraway tables. Instead of prudently hanging one's handbag on one's knee or nesting the precious Judith Leiber on one's lap as a reasonably paranoid New Yorker must, women are urged to recklessly leave their purses on a low upholstered stool, as we did without fear in Monaco. I ask for ice water, New York water, tap water. Eyes fly wide. This may be a first. But without a sneer, water is poured from a silver pitcher. (I've saved $20 or $30 already.)

The attempt to evoke Louis XV luxe (and justify Louis XV prices) feels a bit claustrophobic in such close quarters. A clash of colors and cushions, with a riotous mosaic of trumpets and saxophones by the clearly music-loathing sculptor Arman. So many captains and waiters and majors. So many cadets, ramrod-stiff, toting long rectangles of silver on one shoulder. So many classic uniforms. Yet the staff is surprisingly loose and engaging, not at all forbidding. And hooray, no one once utters the word "Enjoy." Voluptuous bouquets of roses stand at the entrance and above our heads, a few already wilting, but none on the table. And the plates created just for New York are somber stoneware. For a moment I read ADNY etched on the knife as *anno Domini.* With an exaggerated flourish, two small cone-covered dishes are placed on the table. The cones, cup size A from a fifties Maidenform bra, are set at an angle so the waiter can identify the butters. "This is sweet," he says, pointing. "And this is salt." Getting it backwards. And the butter is so warm, we send it back.



TRUFFE OR CONSEQUENCES Clockwise from above, prime tables at the center of the Ducasse dining room; the seaweed-steamed halibut fillet; a table sculpture by Folon.

A cadet halts at our table, swivels, presents arms. The waiter removes the single dish from the long silver tray. "The chef sends you an *amuse-bouche* to tease your taste." We stare at a plate of small brown wafers. "Rye tuiles to set the theme. Sweet, salt, citric, and bitter—sun-dried tomato, Parmesan, lemon zest, and cracked pepper." I taste. I let one melt in my mouth. I taste another just to be sure. It's not even a big nothing. It's a small embarrassing nothing. "Maybe it's supposed to be the host," suggests one of my guests. "The body of our Lord Ducasse."

No serious critic would judge a kitchen's cooking the second night. But even we, four obsessed foodniks confounded by Michelin's obeisance to Ducasse, are shocked. Chicken wings and frogs' legs "in green and white," a joke. Santa Barbara prawns muffled in thick mucilage on muddy citrus purée. The simperingly bland salmon and overcooked halibut. Our Stepford servers are so relentlessly programmed, they tremble in fear of the master's wrath because my mate, the Roa Food Warrior, won't let them slice hi steak. Pièce de boeuf de l'Arizona grillée i hardly the feisty prime we take for granted You're talking New York, buster. Don't tr to fool a steak man.

Still, a luscious scallop with a topkno of Iranian caviar in a pool of slightly bitte greens impresses. A teacup of hauntin sea-urchin royale is jealously shared. I'n enchanted by a wondrously melting glob of sweetbreads. The sommelier's chivalrous selection of a delicious $82 Concha Toro Cabernet from Chile (as the red wax-sealed wine card lists it). Th caramels. "Take more," says the waite "We have to eat everything you leave.

We chuckle over the choice of twenty pens presented on leather to sign the check. "Choose your weapons," the waiter cries. I total it $860 for four with my sleek Cartier ballpoint, a respectable discount on the rumored $1,000. Each couple is given a farewell goody bag with a yeasty almond-crusted brioche Riviera wrapped in tissue, perfect for breakfast. Two meals for the price of one.

I NEVER BELIEVED DUCASSE WOULD REALLY come to New York. Not even Robo-Chef could juggle three ambitious houses so far apart. He was already spending half his time aloft on the tedious commute between Monaco and Paris, with an occasional helicopter spin to check out his inn at Moustiers. And several critics blasted him for his chutzpa (French for audacity). He is more fax machine than poet, wrote one.

I see a faint light at the end of this tunnel. I sense the kitchen FINDING ITS EDGE. I'm eager to return.

But the starched and stuffy Michelin gave Ducasse his double three-star epaulets anyway. One year later, at the age of 41, Ducasse crowed, "Michelin has accepted that it's possible for a chef to do something besides get fat behind his stove." No wonder he thinks he is the chosen one. Critics all over the world now hail his celebration of a lettuce leaf as the mark of a second coming (or first if that's your position). "We are like a machine," Ducasse likes to boast. The machine is ambidextrous. Between authoring (more or less) a parade of cookbooks, Ducasse opened a surf-and-turf joint called Bar & Boeuf in Monte Carlo, and three months later it had Michelin's "macaroon." As the consultant at Il Cortile, an Italian spot in Paris, he can claim yet another star.

He startled Parisians with macaroni and cheese, chicken wings, and bubble-gum ice cream at Spoon Food & Wine, then exported it to the Seychelles and to Ian Schrager's Sanderson Hotel in London, where it quickly became a canteen for the usual boldface names. Bergdorf and Le Printemps peddle his Objets: Saveurs kitchen equipment and tableware. Even eskimos in wired igloos can explore the world of Ducasse on his Website. Restaurant critic Gilles Pudlowski, looking at what makes Alain run in *Le Point,* calls him *Ducasse le boulimique* —"perpetually unsatisfied." Having survived the plane crash that killed four companions in 1984, "he fights himself, trying to astound the world."

NOW HE CANNOT SIT STILL. Mr. Spoons wiggles and twitches and muses. We are having breakfast at Petrossian. Wonderful croissants. He might do a Spoon in Dubai. "Fabulous city, have you been?" He loves the Basque country. He is thinking of what to do next in New York. Maybe an inn. "I love the Inn in Little Washington, Virginia." Alain Ducasse/Paris, transplanted to the Plaza Athénée, reopens in September. A new restaurant, 59 Avenue Raymond Poincaré, devoted to fruits, vegetables, lobster, and beef, takes its place at Le Parc. "You are the first to know," he confides, as if he were giving me an emerald. (And he's already dispatched an aide to buy one of those painted cows on our sidewalks to graze outside the door of the new gambit.)

"You are the talk of New York, Alain," I begin. He grins. He is almost adorable when he smiles, actually sexy. "Everyone wants to know who is my *cabinet de P.R.* Who does my *publicité*? I do not have a *cabinet de P.R.* I am only a *petit artisan. Petit petit petit.*" He lowers his hand toward the carpet, thumb and index finger less than half an inch apart. "I am a *petit artisan* in a *petit* restaurant in a giant city." He sits there, his leg bouncing a little, picking his nails, which seem to be bitten. "Have you read my books? Well, I will send them this afternoon. If you read the books, you will know the real me."

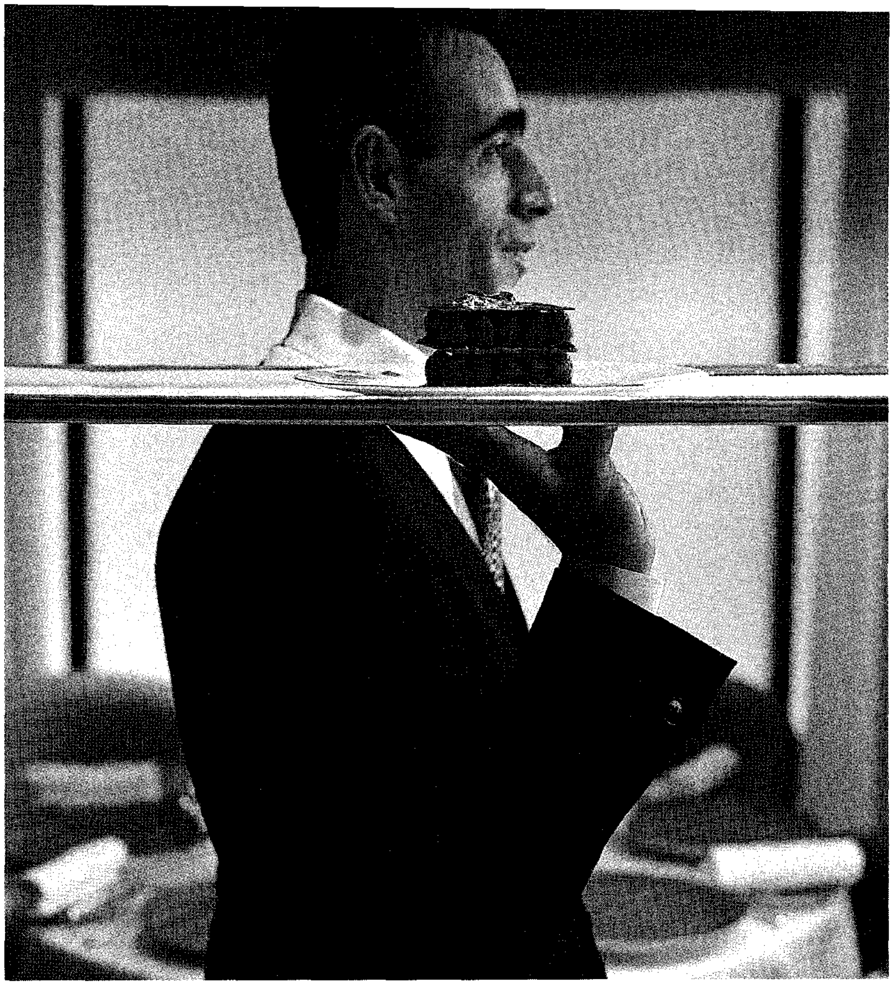
ON TUESDAY, JULY 10, I CALL TO BOOK A TABLE anonymously for lunch the next day. Very humble. The reservationist studies her schedule, murmuring, "Ah . . . mmm . . ." Infinitely polite, she sounds amazed but pleased to find a table for two tomorrow at noon. Though we've been warned the room is booked for eight and a half months, there can be empty tables, especially at lunch. No-shows. (From now on, the house will charge a $150 deposit on your credit card when you reserve.)

I arrive in time to catch a uniformed courier delivering baby carrots. The bronze whimsies of Parisian sculptor Folon have arrived, too. In the entrance, an urban man in a fedora, split down the middle. I chew on that symbolism till we're at table, with our own Folon mini—a man with the Empire State Building for his head. Suddenly a figure in white leaps into the room. It looks like Jim Carrey. But no, it's Ducasse, advertising his presence, greeting an Asian couple in French. Is this the Ducasse who never goes into the dining room? He swivels and smiles. Aha. Fooled you, didn't I? Kisses my left air. Kisses the right. "Is it really you?" I ask. "Or is it your evil twin brother?" He smiles. He understands some English, but not everything.

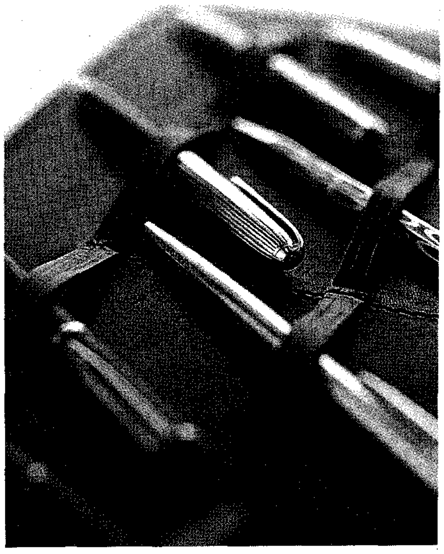
Then he's gone, like a brief apparition. And in his place are those nebulous rye tuiles again, offered like rare collectibles. But the bread seems fresher, and once again the young Belgian sommelier knows his lines, quickly offering a glass of the inexpensive Cabernet I liked last time when I reject his $30 glass of Pinot Noir as "too expensive." A drop spills. The waiter rushes over with a linen napkin to hide the scandal. And then another chef's *amuse-gueule.* Small and delicate bites of lobster en gelée with intense lemon cream, salted with more of that fabulous caviar, and for the first time I'm seeing stars, maybe even rainbows.

Granted, butterfly pasta with bits of ham and Parmesan is a yawn, and the pathetic roulade of sole reminds me of childhood at Longchamps. By mistake, the waiter brings Santa Barbara prawns—a chance to note that they're remarkably livelier this time. Now I am asked to choose a knife for my squab from the dozen or more arrayed in a leather case. I feel like an idiot . . . if there's a best knife for squab, surely Ducasse should choose it.

"Give me a nice feminine knife, please," I say. There's no time to brood. Two per-



FEAST OF BURDEN Clockwise from above, a waiter totes a chocolate-and-raspberry dessert topped with gold leaf; frogs' legs with a green sauce; pen selection offered with every check.



fect ovals of exquisitely rare squab arrive and I'm soaring again. I ask for a reprise of the tart and citric apricot compote topped with melting bitter-almond ice cream I fell for at that first shaky dinner. Dismissing my guest's pedestrian soufflé, I go for its partner, a refreshingly tangy tropical fruit on custard spiked with a faintly bitter splash of coco-Malibu liqueur. Then from the rolling goody cart: cherry claufouti, nougat, and too many caramels. Now I see a faint light at the end of this tunnel. I sense the kitchen finding its edge. I'm eager to return.

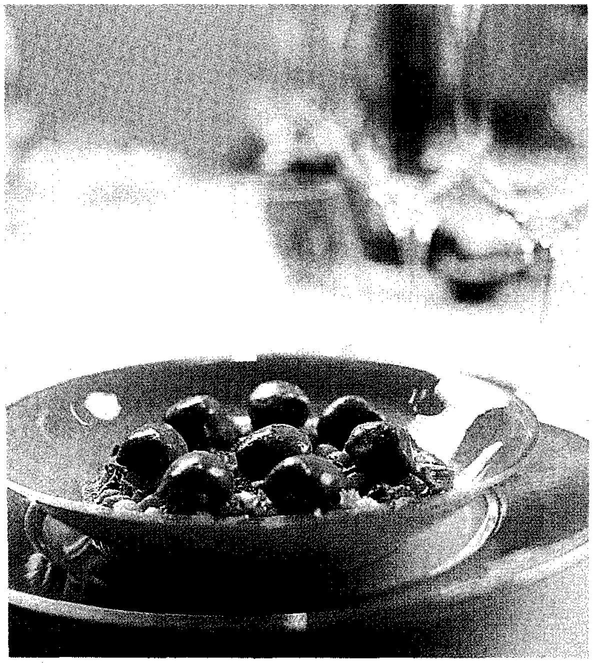
NEW YORK HAS GONE BERSERK. BY week three, we are consumed with rage against this monomaniacal intruder who thinks we will line up to pay $1,000 or more for a clever riff on the tomato that is not as thrilling as Jean-Georges's or Daniel Boulud's at half the price. We sneer at his $50 foie gras in a pepper bouillon and the $74 fillet of striped bass and suddenly find Alfred Portale's supernal roasted lamb chops a bargain at $36. Nonetheless, we join the line, scheming for a table. Could our grasping, aggressively insecure burg have given hotter press to Elvis if he'd been discovered dishing up fried eggs at the Essex? *W* predicted a feeding frenzy in June, surely feeding it. Ducasse was charm personified in Charlie Rose's hands. Then the *Times* critic chimed in with a "sneak preview" he said was not a review but read like a personal ad seeking someone with a reservation at Ducasse to invite him along. I guess that's a welcome of sorts to our town. What's so unthinkable about a $500 dinner? the chef wanted to know. Great products cost money. "When you go to see the Knicks to sit on the floor, it's very expensive, $500," he told the *Times*. "*C'est fou, c'est extraordinaire,* but it's a wonderful moment."

And in fact, the kitchen at the Essex House is demanding products that no one else in New York asks for, says his devoted supplier, Ariane Daguin of D'Artagnan. "Alain wants the foie gras wrapped in parchment, delivered on ice, not vacuum-packed. The most expensive squabs, strangled. Organic chickens air-chilled with the feet on. I had to get special permission from the FDA. It's costing him double the usual price. They are the most focused, the most demanding."

MY FRIEND ELIZABETH CALLS IN TRIUMPH. HER connection in Paris has pulled a few strings. We have a table at 8:45 tomorrow. The Road Food Warrior, having sworn never to return, decides to join us. ("I like that crack about the Knicks. Whoever fed him that line was clever.") We've got yet another VIP booth. The four of us feel rich and glamorous already. The crowd tonight is neither hip nor beautiful nor brand-name, but the chat is amusing. "Did you hear So-and-so was charged with killing his wife and children?" we overhear a woman ask. A man responds: "They are getting less and less tolerant about that kind of thing these days." Hoping to shed the absentee-chef charge, Ducasse now swoops into the dining room once or twice a night—Escoffier only knows where he goes in between. Tonight he's a blur of white moving past my line of vision until he's sure I've noticed. A gift from the kitchen, silvery Iranian caviar piled on a perfect round of potato in buttery potato purée, is instantly disarming.

There is still much genuflecting over those ditzy rye discs, but we're caught up in the thrill of yet another *amuse-bouche,* tomato four ways: intense molten slices on creamy salad greens in a pungent tomato vinaigrette, with a saucer of satiny tomato sorbet on green-tomato preserve. Flushed from the sommelier's warm and rounded $32 Malbec from Argentina, we giggle over the possible uses of the odd gynecological-looking implement a waiter has left for Elizabeth. It's an asparagus lifter, we learn, so she need not dirty her fingers eating the crab croquette that comes with the pea soup—for the first time, transcendent. Dishes I'm tasting for the second or third time are all tuned up a notch. The vegetable lasagna. Long, thin slices of lobster with a kicky ginger-tinged salsa. Exquisitely poached foie gras with apple confit and raw apples slivered razor-thin on a truffle slicer at the table. The thick salmon again, perfectly cooked, firm and expertly seasoned. I'm knocked out by the pow of its spooned-on condiment, caramelized sweet pepper and onion. The halibut is still overcooked, but its haunting sea-urchin custard and a crunch of seaweed salad are fair recompense. Even a breast of chicken, invariably abused and boring, shows mastery at the stove. I can't stop eating the voluptuous macaroni in cream and cheese that comes with the chicken. And the sautéed grenadin of veal with a chunk of steamed veal breast wins over our table's fussiest carnivore.

We're all quite high now, on both the theater of the absurd and the first intimations of authentic three-star indulgence. We trip through a portion of truffle-doused goat cheese, an exquisite salad of just-born leaves, and desserts (how courageous, no crème brûlée). Then sorbets, chocolates on a silver compote, little macaroons, and the candyman with his rolling treat cart, doling out pear-shaped essence of pear in a gel, pistachio caramels, cookies, and yet more pastry. (Another laugh for the silly fountain-pen shtick.) I'm in a waltz now with Fred Astaire. I'm cuter than Ginger, sexier than Rita, more graceful than Cyd. The only blip is the check: $663.73 before the tip. "What's wrong with us?" cries the Road Food Warrior. "It's not enough. It's embarrassing."



> Ducasse SWOOPS INTO the dining room once or twice a night—Escoffier only knows where he goes in between.

DO I REALLY WANT TO BELIEVE THE CHEF IS personally squirting basil-oil polka dots on my plate? Must the chef of an eminent restaurant be in the kitchen every night? On Tuesday, July 25, at 8:25 P.M., I stop by to see Jean-Georges in his big telltale open kitchen. He's at Vong in London. Daniel Boulud is vacationing in Lyons. At Daniel, his *chef de cuisine,* Alex Lee, is driving a huge crew to feed a full house and 150 in the private-party room. At Le Bernardin, Eric Ripert is vacationing, too. "We try to be sure one of us is always here," says owner Maguy LeCoze. I follow manager Walter Krajnc through the kitchen of Danube into the kitchen of the Bouley Bakery on the trail of David Bouley—"He was here just a few minutes ago." "I'm looking for Nobu," I tell the woman at the podium. "I was looking for him myself today," she says. "He's in Tokyo." Only Gotham Bar and Grill's Alfred Portale, deeply tanned from Hampton weekends, is in his kitchen. "You caught me cooking," he says. "We're working on new dishes for the summer menu. I work behind the line every night I'm here, four nights a week, five days."

Next day the all-stars check in. "I am 95 percent of the time in the kitchen, 300 days of the year," Boulud tells me. "I'm only gone two weeks. I have to follow my daughter's school schedule. I trust my staff very much." From London, Jean-Georges Vongerichten assures me he is in his kitchen every night when he is in New York. "If you want your meal to be 100 percent Jean-Georges, I could only have six seats and do everything myself."

Bouley calls. "I was away cooking a dinner someone won at a benefit," he tells me. "But normally I'm like a tennis ball between the two kitchens. It's only 37 steps. I spend 80 percent of my time doing spontaneous tasting dinners for regulars during the service, actually cooking." Eric Ripert on the line. "I'm never away more than two weeks at a time. I don't cook during service, anyway. I expedite. I don't see how you can control both the kitchen and the dining room if you're cooking."

"I HAVE A VERY MODERN WAY OF THINKING," Ducasse likes to say. "The chef is there to lead the team and not just to sit behind the piano." So let's give him his frenetic wandering. After all, AD/NY is closed weekends, ideal for dashing off to open his latest Spoon in Tokyo. Maybe we are grown-up enough, we fussy New York eaters, that we don't need either Ducasse or Jim Carrey jetéing through the dining room. I have eaten two lunches and three dinners at Alain Ducasse/New York, and his presence doesn't seem to matter. Remembering the euphoria of that one dinner, I recall my mate observing: "I get what it's about now. An evening of indulgence. Where you won't mind paying $500 because you're not coming if you can't afford it." Many New Yorkers may be less demanding, but for me the food must be seriously good.

And it isn't. In that last lunch, even the holy tuiles are a mess, with bits of melted Parmesan flying. Without whatever gave the tomato cocktail its sublime aura a few nights earlier, it is fussy, a foolish stretch that may remind you that the tomato is a fruit, but it lacks even a slice of fresh tomato. Prawns à la royale is simpering baby food. The special raw scallops have a crude taste unmitigated even by caviar. And now the $66 breast of chicken tastes no better than any other delivered minus its feet. This $76 veal chop is not as good as many I can name in New York, certainly not twice as good. The chocolate, "hot and strong in taste, iced with coffee crystals," is not the swamp it was on first tasting, but it's lost the ice, and the caramelized brioche cubes are a reach. At dinner that same night, the spaghettini is actually less sodden but still much ado about nothing. The frog's legs have no redeeming social value. The gossamer sweetbreads would be so much better discovered inside a crunch of crust.

I'm not really amused being forced to choose my knife or my pen just so the house can show off how many it's assembled. I'm annoyed. It's an intrusion and it's vulgar. Were Ducasse to try that gimmick in Paris, I think they'd roll him through town to the guillotine. It doesn't really matter much if I say the $500 dinner for two is obscene when our neighbors don't get enough to eat. I think $500 Knick tickets are obscene, too (by the way, Alain, they're $1,500 on the floor), not to mention $1,200 handbags (I bought mine at a sample sale and feel wanton enough). So on questions of what's worth what, maybe I can't be trusted. In certain circles now, nothing succeeds like excess.

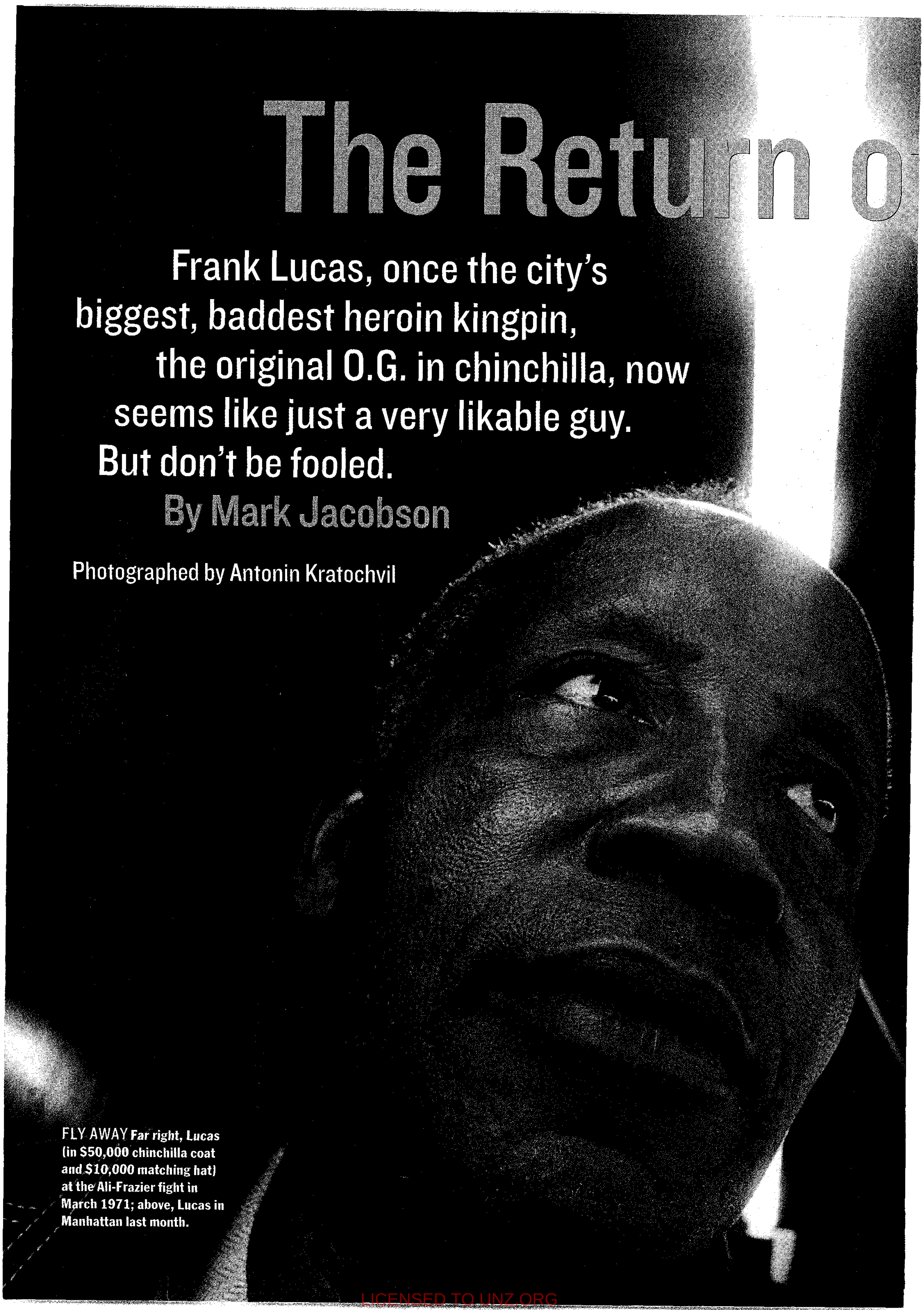
But the kitchen desperately needs to be brilliant, and soon. These recipes he claims to create in his head . . . they are too intellectual, too contrived. Narcissus is in love with his own gimmicks. The food has no emotion. If the emperor is naked, we will drape him in a tablecloth to give him time to get his ermine back from the Laundromat. Open to anything? Yes, we are. But in the end, we're not so easily fooled. ▬

The Return o

Frank Lucas, once the city's biggest, baddest heroin kingpin, the original O.G. in chinchilla, now seems like just a very likable guy. But don't be fooled.

By Mark Jacobson

Photographed by Antonin Kratochvil



FLY AWAY Far right, Lucas (in $50,000 chinchilla coat and $10,000 matching hat) at the Ali-Frazier fight in March 1971; above, Lucas in Manhattan last month.

Superfly

DURING THE EARLY SEVENTIES, WHEN FOR A sable-coat-wearing, Superfly-strutting instant of urban time he was perhaps the biggest heroin dealer in Harlem, Frank Lucas would sit at the corner of 116th Street and Eighth Avenue in a beat-up Chevrolet he called Nellybelle. Then living in a suite at the Regency Hotel with 100 custom-made, multi-hued suits in the closet, Lucas owned several cars. He had a Rolls, a Mercedes, a Corvette Sting Ray, and a 427 muscle job he'd once topped out at 160 mph near Exit 16E of the Jersey Turnpike, scaring himself so silly that he gave the car to his brother's wife just to get it out of his sight.

But for "spying," Nellybelle was best.

"Who'd think I'd be in a shit $300 car like that?" asks Lucas, who claims he'd clear up to $1 million a day selling dope on 116th Street.

"One-sixteenth Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenue was mine. I bought it. I ran it. I owned it," Lucas says. "When something is yours, you've got to be Johnny-on-the-spot, ready to take it to the top. So I'd sit in Nellybelle by the Roman Garden Bar, cap pulled down, with a fake beard, dark glasses, long wig . . . I'd be up beside people dealing my stuff, and no one knew who I was . . ."

It was a matter of control, and trust. As the leader of the heroin-dealing ring called the Country Boys, Lucas, older brother to Ezell, Vernon Lee, John Paul, Larry, and Leevan Lucas, was known for restricting his operation to blood relatives and others from his rural North Carolina area hometown. This was because, Lucas says, in his down-home creak of a voice, "a country boy, he ain't hip . . . he's not used to big cars, fancy ladies, and diamond rings. He'll be loyal to you. A country boy, you can give him any amount of money. His wife and kids might be hungry, and he'll never touch your stuff until he checks with you. City boys ain't like that. A city boy will take your last dime, look you in the face, and swear he ain't got it . . . You don't want a city boy—the sonofabitch is just no good."

Back in the early seventies, there were many "brands" of dope in Harlem. Tru Blu, Mean Machine, Could Be Fatal, Dick Down, Boody, Cooley High, Capone, Ding Dong, Fuck Me, Fuck You, Nice, Nice to Be Nice, Oh—Can't Get Enough of That Funky Stuff, Tragic Magic, Gerber, The Judge, 32, 32-20, O.D., Correct, Official Correct, Past Due, Payback, Revenge, Green Tape, Red Tape, Rush, Swear to God, PraisePraisePraise, KillKillKill, Killer 1, Killer 2, KKK, Good Pussy, Taster's Choice, Harlem Hijack, Joint, Insured for Life, and Insured for Death were only a few of the brand names rubber-stamped onto cellophane bags. But none sold like Frank Lucas's Blue Magic.

"That's because with Blue Magic, you could get 10 percent purity," Lucas asserts. "Any other, if you got 5 percent, you were doing good. We put it out there at four in the afternoon, when the cops changed shifts. That gave you a couple of hours before those lazy bastards got down there. My buyers, though, you could set your watch by them. By four o'clock, we had enough niggers in the street to make a Tarzan movie. They had to reroute the bus on Eighth Avenue. Call the Transit Department if it's not so. By nine o'clock, I ain't got a fucking gram. Everything is gone. Sold . . . and I got myself a million dollars.

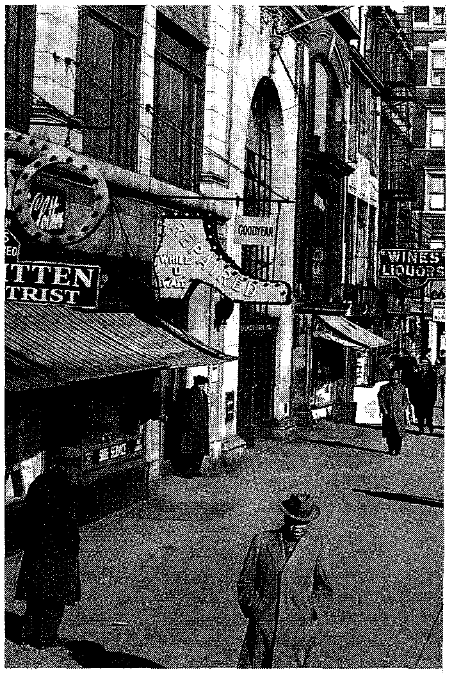
"I'd sit there in Nellybelle and watch the money roll in," says Frank Lucas of those near-forgotten days when Abe Beame lay his pint-size head upon the pillow at Gracie Mansion. "And no one even knew it was me. I was a shadow. A ghost . . . what we call down home a *haint* . . . That was me, the Haint of Harlem."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER THE END OF his uptown rule, Frank Lucas, now 69, has returned to Harlem for a whirlwind retrospective of his life and times. Sitting in a blue Toyota at the corner of 116th Street and what is now called Frederick Douglass Boulevard ("What was wrong with just plain Eighth Avenue?" Lucas grouses), Frank, once by his own description "tall, pretty, slick, and something to see" but now stiff and teetering around "like a fucking one-legged tripod," is no more noticeable than when he peered from Nellybelle's window.

Indeed, few passersby might guess that Lucas, at least according to his own exceedingly ad hoc records, once had "something like $52 million," most of it in Cayman Islands banks. Added to this is "maybe 1,000 keys of dope on hand" with a potential profit of no less than $300,000 per kilo. Also in his portfolio were office buildings in Detroit, apartments in Los Angeles and Miami, "and a mess of Puerto Rico." There was also "Frank Lucas's Paradise Valley," a several-thousand-acre spread back in North Carolina on which ranged 300 head of Black Angus cows, including a "big-balled" breeding bull worth $125,000.

Nor would most imagine that the old man in the fake Timberland jacket was a prime mover in what federal judge Sterling Johnson, who in the seventies served as New York City special narcotics prosecutor, calls "one of the most outrageous international dope-smuggling gangs ever . . . an innovator who got his own connection outside the U.S. and then sold the stuff himself in the street."

It was "a real womb-to-tomb operation," Johnson says, and the funerary image fits, especially in light of Lucas's most culturally pungent claim to fame, the so-called Cadaver Connection. Woodstockers may remember being urged by Country Joe & the Fish to sing along on the "Fixin' to Die Rag"—"Be the first one on your block to have your boy come home in a box." But even the most apocalyptic-minded sixties freak wouldn't guess the box also contained a dozen keys of 98 percent–pure heroin. Of all the dreadful iconography of Vietnam—the napalmed girl running down the road, Calley at My Lai, etc., etc.—dope in the body bag, death begetting death, most hideously conveys 'Nam's spreading pestilence. The metaphor is almost too rich. In fact, to someone who got his 1-A in the mail the same day the NVA raised the Red Star over Hue City, the story has always seemed a tad apocryphal.



But it is not. "We did it, all right . . . ha, ha, ha . . . " Lucas chortles in his dying-crapshooter's scrape of a voice. "Who the hell is gonna look in a dead soldier's coffin? Ha ha ha."

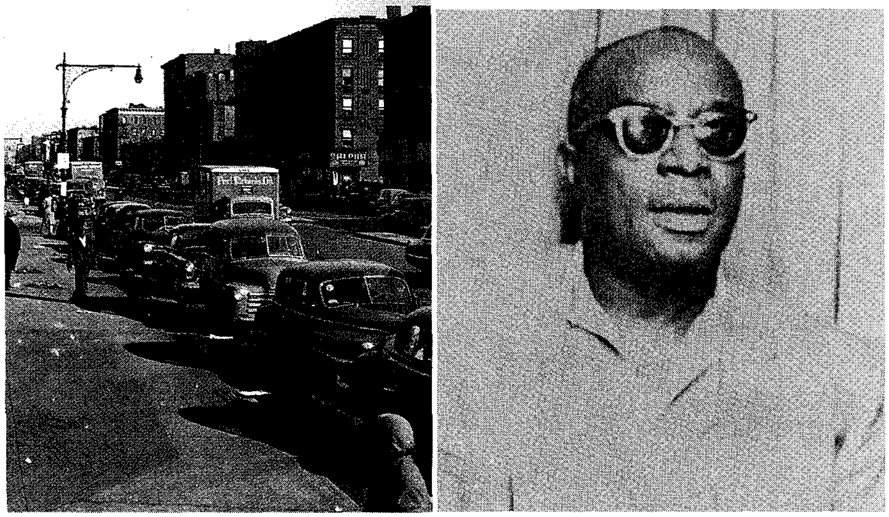
"I HAD SO MUCH FUCKING MONEY—YOU have no idea," Lucas says, riding around Harlem, his heavy-lidded light-brown eyes turned to the sky in mock expectation that his vanished wealth, long since seized by the Feds, will rain back down from the heavens.

Aside from the hulking 369th Infantry Armory, where Lucas and his boys unloaded trucks they'd hijack out on Route 1-9, little about Harlem has remained the same. Still, nearly every block summons a memory. Over at Eighth Avenue and 113th Street, that used to belong to Spanish Raymond Marquez, the big numbers guy. On one Lenox Avenue corner is where "Preacher got killed"; on the next is where Black Joe bought it. Some deserved killing, some maybe not, but they were all dead just the same.

In front of a blue frame house on West 123rd Street, Lucas stops and gets nostalgic. "I had my best table workers in there," he says, describing how his "table workers," ten to twelve women naked except for surgical masks, would "whack up" the dope, cutting it with "60 percent mannite and 40 percent quinine." The petite, ruby-haired Red Top was in charge. "I'd bring in three, four keys, let Red go do her thing. She'd mix up that dope like a rabbit in a hat, never drop a speck . . . Red . . . I sure do miss her . . ."

At 135th and Seventh, Lucas stops again. Small's Paradise used to be there.

BUMPY ROAD Below, 125th Street in 1950, shortly after Lucas arrived; right, Harlem O.G. Bumpy Johnson was Lucas's boss.



"Then he broke for me, but he was too late. I shot him, four times, *bam, bam, bam, bam.*"

Back in the day, there were plenty of places—Mr. B's, Willie Abraham's Gold Lounge, the Shalimar. But Small's was the coolest. "Everyone came by Small's . . . jazz guys, politicians. Ray Robinson. Wilt Chamberlain, when they called the place Big Wilt's Small's Paradise . . ." At Small's, Lucas often met his great friend the heavyweight champ Joe Louis, who later appeared nearly every day at Lucas's various trials, expressing outrage at how the state was harassing "this beautiful man." When the Brown Bomber died, Lucas, who once paid off a $50,000 tax lien for the champ, was heard weeping into a telephone, "my laddy . . . he's dead." It was also at Small's, on a winter's night in the late fifties, that Frank Lucas encountered Howard Hughes.

"He was right there, with Ava Gardner . . . Howard Hughes, the original ghost—that impressed me."

In the end, the tour comes back to 116th Street. It's now part of Harlem's nascent real-estate boom, but when Frank "owned" this street, "you'd see junkies, nodding, sucking their own dicks . . . heads down in the crotch. People saw that, they knew that shit was good."

A moment later, Lucas looks up. "Uh-oh, here come the gangstas," he shouts in mock fright, as a trio of youths, blue kerchiefs knotted around their heads, go by blaring rap music. Lucas is no fan of "any Wu-Tang this and Tupac that." Likewise, Lucas, who thought nothing of spending $50,000 on a chinchilla coat and $10,000 on a matching hat, doesn't go for the current O.G. styles. "Baggy-pants bullshit" is his blanket comment on the thug-life knockoffs currently in homeboy favor.

"I guess every idiot gets to be young once," Lucas snaps, driving half a block before slamming on the brakes.

"Here's something you ought to see," the gangster says, pointing toward the curb between the Canaan Baptist Church and the New Africa House of Fish. "There's where I did that boy . . . Tango," he sneers, his large, squarish jaw lanterning forward. "I told you about that, didn't I?"

Of course he had, only days before, in minute, hair-raising detail.

For Lucas, the incident, which occurred in "the summer of 1965 or '66," was strategy. Strictly business. Because, as Lucas recalls, "when you're in the kind of work I was in, you've got to be for real. You've got to show what you're willing to do."

"Everyone, Goldfinger Terrell, Willie Abraham, Hollywood Harold, was talking about this big guy, this Tango. About six five, 270 pounds, quick on his feet . . . He killed two or three guys with his hands. Had this big bald head, like Mr. Clean. Wore those Mafia undershirts. Everyone was scared of him. So I figured, Tango, you're my man.

"I went up to him, asked him if he wanted to do something, some business. I gave him $5,000 worth of merchandise. Because I know he was gonna fuck up. That's the kind of guy he was. Two weeks later, I go talk to him. 'Look, man,' I say. 'Hey, man, when you gonna pay me?'

"Then, like I knew he would, he started getting hot, going into one of his gorilla acts. He was one of them silverback gorillas, you know, you seen them in the jungle. A silverback gorilla, that's what he was.

"He started cursing, saying he was going to make me his bitch and he'd do the same to my mama too. Well, as of now, he's dead. No question, a dead man. But I let him talk. A dead man got a right to say what he wants. Now the whole block is there, to see if I'm going to pussy out. He was still yelling. So I said to him, 'When you get through, let me know.' "

"Then the motherfucker broke for me. But he was too late. I shot him. Four times, right through here: *bam, bam, bam, bam.*

"Yeah, it was right there," says Frank Lucas, 35 years after the shooting, pointing out the car window. "The boy didn't have no head. The whole shit blowed out back there . . . That was my real initiation fee into taking over completely down here. Because I killed the baddest motherfucker. Not just in Harlem but in the world."

Then Frank laughs.

Frank's laugh: It's a trickster's sound, a jeer that cuts deep. First he rolls up his shoulders and cranes back his large, angular face, which, despite all the wear and tear, remains strikingly handsome, even empathetic in a way you'd like to trust but know better. Then the smooth, tawny skin over his cheekbones creases, his ashy lips spread, and his tongue snakes out of his gate-wide mouth. Frank has a very long, very red tongue. Only then the soundtrack kicks in, staccato stabs of mirth followed by a bevy of low rumbled cackles.

Ha ha ha, siss siss siss. For how many luckless fools like Tango was this the last sound they heard on this earth?

Hearing tapes of our conversations, my wife leaned back in her chair. "Oh," she

hotograph by Corbis (left).

said, "you're doing a story on Satan . . . " She said it was like hearing the real interview with a vampire.

"After I killed that boy," Frank Lucas goes on, gesturing toward the corner on the other side of 116th Street, "from that day on, I could take any amount of money, set it on the corner, and put my name on it. FRANK LUCAS. I guarantee you, nobody would touch it."

Then Frank laughs again, putting a little extra menace into it. This is just so you don't get too comfortable with the assumption that your traveling partner is nothing but a limping old guy with a gnarled hand fond of telling colorful stories and wearing $5 acetate shirts covered with *faux* NASCAR logos.

Just so you never forget exactly who you are dealing with.

WHEN ASKED ABOUT THE RELATIVE morality of killing people, selling millions of dollars of dope, and playing a significant role in the destruction of the social fabric of his times, Frank Lucas bristles. What choice did he have? he demands. "Kind of sonofabitch I saw myself being, money I wanted to make, I'd have to be on Wall Street. On Wall Street, from the giddy-up. But I couldn't have even gotten a job being a fucking janitor on Wall Street."

Be that as it may, there's little doubt that when, on a sweltering summer's afternoon in 1946, Frank Lucas arrived in Harlem, which he'd been told was "the promised land," his prospects in the legitimate world were limited. Not yet 16 years old, he was already on the run. Already a gangster.

It couldn't have been any other way, Lucas insists, after the Ku Klux Klan came to the shack where he grew up and killed his cousin. "I couldn't have been more than 6. We were living back in the woods near a little place they call La Grange, North Carolina. These five white guys come up to the house one morning, big rednecks . . . they're yelling, 'Obadiah . . . Obadiah Jones . . . come out. Come out, you nigger . . .' They said he was looking at a white girl walking down the street. 'Reckless eyeballing,' they call it down there.

"Obadiah was like 12 or 13, and he come out the door, all sleepy and stuff. 'You been looking at somebody's daughter. We're going to fix you,' they said. They took ropes on each hand, pulled them tight in opposite directions. Then they shoved a shotgun in Obadiah's mouth and pulled the trigger."

It was then, Lucas says, that he began his life of crime. "I was the oldest. Someone had to put food on the table. I started stealing chickens. Knocking pigs on their head . . . It wasn't too long that I was going over to La Grange, mugging drunks when they come out of the whorehouse. They'd spent their $5 or $6 buying ass, head jobs, then I'd be waiting with a rock in my hand, a tobacco rack, anything."

By the time he was 12, "but big for my age," Lucas says, he was in Knoxville, Tennessee, locked up on a chain gang. In Lexington, Kentucky, not yet 14, he lived with a lady bootlegger. In Wilson, North Carolina, working as a truck driver at a pipe company, he started in sleeping with the owner's daughter. This led to problems, especially after "Big Bill, a fat, 250-pound beer-belly bastard" caught them in the act. In the ensuing fight, Frank hit Bill on the head with a piece of pipe, laying him out.

"They didn't owe me but $100, but I took $400 and set the whole damned place on fire." Told by his mother to run and keep running, he bummed his way northward.

"I got to 34th Street. Penn Station. Then took the bus to 14th Street. I went over to a policeman and said, 'Hey, this ain't 14th Street. I want to go where all the black people are at.' He said, 'You want to go to Harlem . . . 114th Street!'

"I got to 114th Street. I had never seen so many black people in one place in all my life. It was a world of black people. And I just shouted out: 'Hello, Harlem . . . hello, Harlem, USA!' "

PEOPLE TOLD HIM TO BE SMART, GET A JOB AS an elevator operator. But once Frank saw guys writing policy numbers, carrying big wads, his course was set. Within a few months, he was a one-man, hell-bent crime wave. He stuck up the Hollywood Bar on Lenox and 116th, got himself $600. He went to the Busch Jewelers on 125th Street, stole a tray of diamonds, broke the guard's jaw with brass knuckles on the way out. Later, he ripped off a high-roller crap game at the Big Track Club on 110th. "They was all gangsters in there, Cool Breeze, a lot of them. I walked in, took their money. Now they was all looking for me."

The way he was going, Frank figures, it took Ellsworth "Bumpy" Johnson, the most famous of all Harlem gangsters, to save his life. "I was hustling up at Lump's Pool Room, on 134th Street. Eight-ball and that. So in comes Icepick Red. Red, he was a tall motherfucker, clean, with a hat. A fierce killer, from the heart. Freelanced Mafia hits. Anyway, he took out a roll of money that must have been that high. My eyes got big. I knew right then, that wasn't none of *his* money. That was *my* money . . .

" 'Who got a thousand dollars to shoot pool?' Icepick Red shouted. I told him I'm playing, but I only got a hundred dollars . . . and he's saying, 'What kind of punk only got a hundred dollars?' I wanted to take out my gun and kill him right there, take his damn money.

"Except right then, everything seemed to stop. The jukebox stopped, the pool balls stopped. Every fucking thing stopped. It got so quiet you could've heard a rat piss on a piece of cotton in China.

"I turned around and I saw this guy—he was like five feet ten, five feet eleven, dark complexion, neat, looked like he just stepped off the back cover of *Vogue* magazine. He had on a gray suit and a maroon tie, with a gray overcoat and flower in the lapel. I never seen nothing that looked like him. He was another species altogether.

" 'Can you beat him?' he said to me in a deep, smooth voice.

"I said, 'I can shoot pool with anybody, mister. I can beat anybody.'

"Icepick Red, suddenly he's nervous. Scared. 'Bumpy!' he shouts out, 'I don't got no bet with you!'

"Bumpy ignores that. 'Rack 'em up, Lump!'

"We rolled for the break, and I got it. And I wasted him. Icepick Red never got a goddamn shot. Bumpy sat there, watching. Didn't say a word. Then he says to me, 'Come on, let's go.' I'm thinking, who the fuck is this Bumpy? But something told me I better keep my damn mouth shut. I got in the car. A long Caddy. Firs we stopped at a clothing store—he picked out a bunch of stuff for me. Suits, ties slacks. Nice stuff. Then we drove to where he was living, on Mount Morris Park. He took me into his front room, said I should clean myself up, sleep there that night.

"I wound up sleeping there six months . . . Then things were different. The gangsters stopped fucking with me. The cops stopped fucking with me. I walk into the Busch Jewelers, see the man I robbed, and all he says is: 'Can I help you, sir?' Because now I'm with Bumpy Johnson—a Bumpy Johnson man. I'm 17 years ol and I'm *Mr.* Lucas.

"Bumpy was a gentleman among gentlemen, a king among kings, a killer among killers, a whole book and Bible by himself, says Lucas about his years with the so called Robin Hood of Harlem, who had opposed Dutch Schultz in the thirties and would be played by Moses Gunn in the original *Shaft* and twice by Laurence Fishburne (in *The Cotton Club* and *Hoodlum*)

"He saw something in me, I guess. H showed me the ropes—how to collect, t figure the vig. Back then, if you wanted t do business in Harlem, you paid Bump or you died. Extortion, I guess you coul call it. Everyone had to pay—except th

"Kissing

he'd helped sm

mom-and-pop stores."

With Bumpy, Frank caught a glimpse of the big time. He'd drive downtown, to the 57th Street Diner, waiting by the car while his boss ate breakfast with Frank Costello. Frank accompanied Bumpy to Cuba to see Lucky Luciano. "I stayed outside," Frank remembers, "just another guy with a bulge in my pocket."

"There was a lot about Bumpy I didn't understand, a lot I still don't understand . . . when he was older, he'd lean over his chessboard in his apartment at the Lenox Terrace, with these Shakespeare books around, listening to soft piano music, Beethoven—or that Henry Mancini record he played over and over, 'Baby Elephant Walk' . . . He'd start talking about philosophy, read me from Tom Paine, 'The Rights of Man' . . . 'What do you think of that, Frank?' he'd ask . . . I'd shrug. What could I say? Best book I remember reading was Harold Robbins's *The Carpetbaggers.*"

onder what he'd do if he knew
dope into the country?"

BIG Wilt's SMALLS Paradise
WELCOME
1964
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
Sonny Stanton
SONG STYLIST

In the end, as Frank tells it, Bumpy died in his arms: "We were at Wells Restaurant on Lenox Avenue. Billy Daniels, the singer, might have been there. Maybe Cockeye Johnny, J.J., Chickenfoot. There was always a crowd around, wanting to talk to him. Bumpy just started shaking and fell over."

Three months after Martin Luther King's assassination, the headline in the *Amsterdam News* said BUMPY'S DEATH MARKS END OF AN ERA. Bumpy had been the link back to the wild days of people like Madame St. Clair, the French-speaking Queen of Policy, and rackets wizard Casper Holstein, who reportedly aided the careers of Harlem Renaissance writers. Also passing from the scene were characters like Helen Lawrenson, a *Vanity Fair* editor whose tart account of her concurrent affairs with Condé Nast, Bernard Baruch, and Ellsworth "Bumpy" Johnson can be found in the long-out-of-print *Stranger at the Party.*

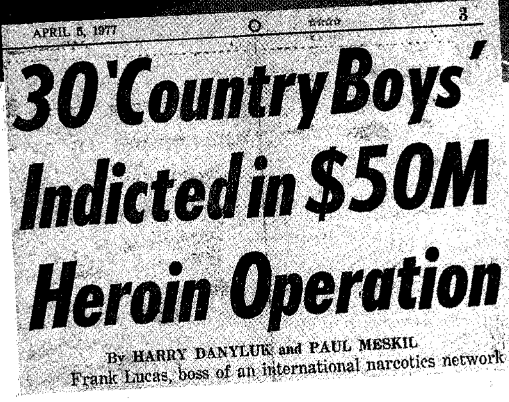
Lucas says, "There wasn't gonna be no next Bumpy. Bumpy believed in that share-the-wealth. I was a different sonofabitch. I wanted all the money for myself . . . Harlem was boring to me then. Numbers, protection, those little pieces of paper flying out of your pocket. I wanted adventure. I wanted to see the world."

A FEW DAYS AFTER OUR HARLEM trip, drinking Kirins in a fake Benihana, Frank told me how he came upon what he refers to as his "bold new plan" to smuggle heroin from Southeast Asia to Harlem. It is a thought process Lucas says he often uses when on the verge of a "pattern change."

First he locks himself in a room, preferably in a hotel in Puerto Rico, shuts off the phone, pulls down the blinds, has his meals delivered, and does not speak to a soul for a couple of weeks. In this meditative isolation, Lucas engages in what he calls "backtracking . . . I think about everything I done in the past five years, look in each nook and cranny, down to what I put on my toast in the morning."

Having vetted the past, Lucas begins to "forward-look . . . peering around every bend in the road ahead." It is only then, he says, "when you can see back to Alaska and ahead as far as South America . . . and know nothing, not even the smallest hair on a cockroach's dick, can stand in your way"—that you are ready to make your next big move.

If he really wanted to become "whiteboy rich, Donald Trump rich," Lucas thought, he'd have to "cut out the guineas." He'd learned as much working for Bumpy, picking up "packages" from Fat Tony Salerno's Pleasant Avenue guys, men with names like Joey Farts and Kid Blast: "I needed my own supply. That's when I decided to go to Southeast Asia. Because the war was on, and people were talking about GIs getting strung out over there. I knew if the shit is good enough to string out GIs, then I can make myself a killing."



APRIL 5, 1977 3

30 'Country Boys' Indicted in $50M Heroin Operation

By HARRY DANYLUK and PAUL MESKIL

Frank Lucas, boss of an international narcotics network

BIGGIE SMALLS **Small's Paradise was a prime Lucas hangout—until the government caught up with him.**

Lucas, traveling alone, had never been to Southeast Asia, but he felt confident. "Because I knew it was a street thing over there. You see, I never went to school even for a day, but I got a Ph.D. in street. When it comes to a street atmosphere, I know I'm going to make out."

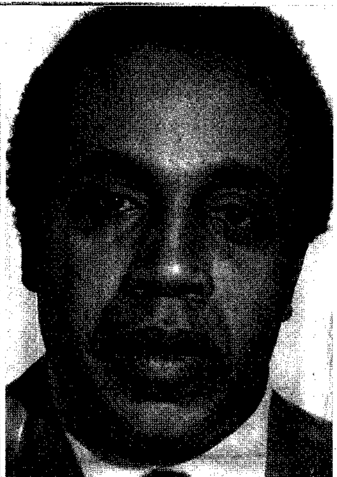
Checked into the Dusit Thani Hotel in Bangkok, Lucas soon hailed a motorcycle taxi to take him to Jack's American Star Bar, an R&R hangout for black soldiers. Offering ham hocks and collard greens on the first floor and a wide array of hookers and dope connections on the second, the Soul Bar, as Frank calls it, was run by the former U.S. Army sergeant Leslie "Ike" Atkinson, a country boy from Goldsboro, North Carolina, who happened to be mar-

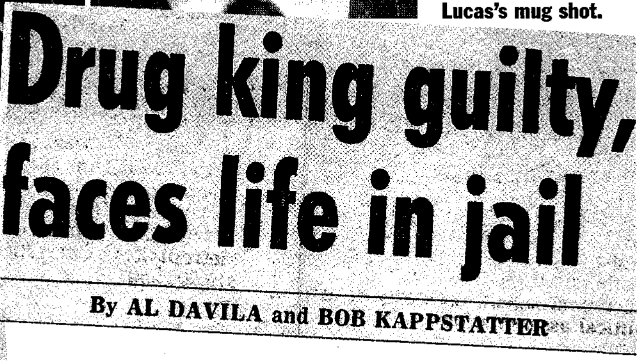
Photograph by Corbis.

Heroin Big: I Ran Ring By Using Inside Dope

By ROBERT CRANE and ARTHUR MULLIGAN

Frank Lucas, 43, head of an international multimillion-dollar drug smuggling ring, has pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with





Drug king guilty, faces life in jail

By AL DAVILA and BOB KAPPSTATTER

IN THE BAG **Far left, former Essex County prosecutor Richie Roberts (with then-Newark police director Hubert Williams, inspecting Lucas's heroin) was the first to bust Lucas. Lucas reputedly took a contract out on Roberts's life, but today the two are great friends; right, Lucas's mug shot.**

If he wanted to be "whi Donald Trump rich," he needed

ried to one of Frank's cousins, which made him as good as family.

"Ike knew everyone over there, every black guy in the Army, from the cooks on up," Frank says. It was this "army inside the Army" that would serve as the Country Boys' international distribution system, moving heroin shipments almost exclusively on military planes routed to Eastern Seaboard bases. Mostly these were draftees and enlisted men, but "there were also generals and colonels, guys with eagles and chickens on the collars, white guys and South Vietnamese too," Lucas swears. "These were the greediest motherfuckers I ever dealt with. They'd send people out to get their ass shot up but do anything if you gave them enough money," says Frank who, as part of his scam if need be, would dress up as a lieutenant colonel himself. "You should have seen me—I could really salute."

Lucas soon located his main overseas connection, an English-speaking, Rolls-Royce-driving Chinese gentleman who went by the sobriquet 007. "I called him 007 because he was a fucking Chinese James Bond." Double-oh Seven took Lucas upcountry, to the Golden Triangle, the heavily jungled, poppy-growing area where Thailand, Burma, and Laos come together.

"It wasn't too bad, getting up there," says Lucas. "We was in trucks, in boats. I might have been on every damn river in the Golden Triangle. When we got up there, you couldn't believe it. They've got fields the size of Tucson, Arizona, with *nothing* but poppy seeds in them. There's caves in the mountains so big you could set this building in them, which is where they do the processing . . . I'd sit there, watch these Chinese paramilitary guys come out of the mist on the green hills. When they saw me, they stopped dead. They'd never seen a black man before."

Likely dealing with remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's defeated Kuomintang army, Lucas purchased 132 kilos that first trip. At $4,200 per unit, compared with the $50,000 that Mafia dealers charged Stateside competitors, it would turn out to be an unbelievable bonanza. But the journey was not without problems.

"Right off, guys were stepping on little green snakes, dying on the spot. Then guess what happened? *Banditos!* Those motherfuckers came right out of the trees. Trying to steal our shit. The guys I was with—007's guys—all of them was Bruce Lees. Those sonofabitches were good. They fought like hell.

"I was stuck under a log firing my piece. Guys were dropping. You see a lot of dead shit in there, man, like a month and a half of nightmares. I think I ate a damn dog. I was in bad shape, crazy with fever. Then people were talking about tigers. I figured, that does it. I'm gonna be ripped up by a tiger in this damn jungle. What a fucking epitaph . . . But we got back alive. Lost half my dope, but I was still alive."

It is a fabulous cartoon, an image to take its place in the easy-riding annals of the American dope pusher—the Superfly in his Botany 500 sportswear down in the malarial muck, clutching his 100 keys, *Sierra Madre*–style, bullets whizzing overhead. "It was the most physiological thing I done and hope not to again," says Lucas.

Throughout it all, Lucas swears, he remained a "100 percent true-blue, red-white-and-blue patriotic American." Details concerning the dope-in-the-body-bags caper have been wildly misrepresented, he says, stories that he and Ike Atkinson actually stitched the dope inside the body cavities of the dead soldiers being nothing but "sick cop propaganda."

"No way I'm touching a dead anything. Bet your life on that."

What really happened, he says, was that he and Ike flew a country-boy North Carolina carpenter over to Bangkok. "We had him make up 28 copies of the government coffins . . . except we fixed them up with false bottoms, big enough to load up with six, maybe eight kilos . . . It had to be snug. You couldn't have shit sliding around. Ike was very smart, because he made sure we used heavy guys' coffins. He didn't put them in no skinny guy's . . ."

Of the dozens of smuggling operations

he ran from Asia, Frank still rates "the Henry Kissinger deal" as an all-time favorite. To hear Frank tell it, he and Ike were desperate to get 125 keys out of town, but there weren't any "friendly" planes scheduled leaving. "All we had was Kissinger. He was on a mercy mission on account of big cyclones in Bangladesh. We knew a cook on the plane and gave $100,000 to some general to look the other way. I mean, who the fuck is gonna search fucking Henry Kissinger's plane?

". . . Henry Kissinger! Wonder what he'd say if knew he helped smuggle all that dope into the country? . . . *Hoo hahz poot zum dope in my aero-plan?* Ha ha ha . . ."

DURING THE DOPE-PLAGUE DAYS OF THE late sixties and early seventies, when the Feds (over)estimated that half the country's heroin addicts were in New York and 75 percent of those in Harlem, the *Amsterdam News* reported what 116th Street was like during the reign of Frank Lucas. "We're being destroyed by dope and crime every day," said Lou Broders, who ran an apparel shop at 253 West 116th Street. "It's my own people doing it, too. That's the pity of it. This neighborhood is dying out."

oy rich,
vn supply.

In the face of such talk, Frank, who recalls the 1967 riots as "no big thing," exhibits typically willful obliviousness. "It's not my fault if your television got stolen," he says. "Besides, Harlem was great then. It wasn't until they they put me and Nicky Barnes in jail that the city went into default. There was tons of money up in Harlem in 1971, 1972—if you knew how to get it. Shit, those were the heydays."

To hear Frank tell it, life as a multimillionaire dope dealer was a whirl of flying to Paris for dinner at Maxim's, gambling in Vegas with Joe Louis and Sammy Davis Jr., spending $140,000 on a couple of Van Cleef bracelets, and squiring around his beautiful mistress—Billie Mays, stepdaughter of Willie, who, according to Lucas, he'd snaked away from Walt "Clyde" Frazier. The grotty 116th Street operation was left in the hands of trusted lieutenants. If problems arose, Lucas says, "we'd have 500 guns in the street in 30 minutes, ready to hit the mattress."

Frank's money-laundering routine consisted of throwing duffel bags filled with cash into the back seat of his car and driving to a Chemical Bank on East Tremont Avenue in the Bronx. Most of the money was sent to Cayman Island banks; if Frank needed a little extra, he'd read the newspaper in the lobby while bank managers filled a duffel with crisp $100 bills. For their part in the scheme, Chemical Bank would eventually plead guilty to 200 misdemeanor violations of the Bank Secrecy Act.

As Bumpy had once run the Palmetto Chemical Company, a roach-exterminating concern, Frank opened a string of gas stations and dry cleaners: "I had a dry-cleaning place on Broadway, next to Zabar's. Once I had to go behind the counter myself. And you know I ain't no nine-to-five guy. These old ladies kept coming in, shoving these shirts in my face, screaming, 'Look at this spot' . . . I couldn't take it. I just ran out of the place, didn't lock up or even take the money out of the cash register."

Show business was more to Frank's taste, especially after he and fellow Harlem gangster Zack Robinson began hanging out at Lloyd Price's Turntable, a nightclub at 52nd Street and Broadway. "There'd be Muhammad Ali, members of the Temptations, James Brown, Berry Gordy, Diana Ross," says Frank, who calls the Turntable "a good scene—the integration crowd was there, every night."

In 1970, Price, a Rock and Roll Hall of Famer who'd had huge hits with tunes like "Personality" and "Lawdy Miss Clawdy," decided to make a gangster movie, *The Ripoff,* set on the streets of New York.

"The idea was to get real, practicing gangsters to play themselves," Price remembers. "We needed the villain romantic lead, the guy with the sable coat and the hat, so I thought, why not get Frank?"

"It was like *Shaft* before *Shaft,*" says Lucas. "All the cars in the picture was mine. We did a scene with me chasing Lloyd, shooting out the window of a Mercedes on the West Side Highway. I put 70, 80 grand into the movie. It was real fun."

Never finished, the footage missing, *The Ripoff* qualifies as the Great Lost Film of the blaxploitation genre. "A lot of strange things happened making *The Ripoff,*" says Lloyd Price. "Once, we went over to the editing room. Frank didn't like the director. 'You want to cut, I'll show you how to cut,' he said, pulling out his knife. 'Frank, man,' I told him, 'this isn't the way they do it in the movie business.' "

A drug kingpin attracts attention from the police, and according to Lucas, most of his trouble came from the NYPD's infamously corrupt Special Investigations Unit. Known for its near-unlimited authority, the SIU wrote its own mighty chapter in the crazy-street-money days of the early-seventies heroin epidemic; by 1977, 52 out of 70 officers who'd worked in the unit were either in jail or under indictment.

The worst of the SIU crew, Lucas says, was Bob Leuci, the main player in Robert Daley's best-selling *Prince of the City*. Says Frank: "We called him Babyface, and he had the balls of a gorilla. He'd wait outside your house and fuck with you." Once, according to Lucas, Leuci caught him with several keys of heroin and cocaine in his trunk. "This is gonna cost you," the detective supposedly said after taking Lucas down to the station house. The two men then reportedly engaged in a heated negotiation, Lucas offering 30 grand, Leuci countering with "30 grand and two keys." Seeing no alternative, Lucas said, "Sold!"

"That's why I had to move downtown," wails Frank. "To duck Babyface."

Lucas likewise expresses no love for his more famous Harlem dope-dealer rival Nicky Barnes, who rankled the older pusher by appearing on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine* in his trademark gogglelike Gucci glasses, bragging that he was "Mr. Untouchable." The brazen assertion soon got then-president Jimmy Carter on the telephone demanding that something be done about the Harlem dope trade. "Talk about bringing the heat," the Country Boy moans.

According to Lucas, it was Barnes's "delusions of grandeur" that led to a bizarre chance meeting between the two drug lords in the lingerie department of Henri Bendel on 57th Street. "Nicky wanted to make this black-Mafia thing called the Council. An uptown Cosa Nostra. The Five Families of Dope. I didn't want no part of it. Because before long, everyone's gonna think they're Carlo Gambino. That's trouble.

"Anyway, I'm with my wife at Henri Bendel's, and who comes up? Nicky fucking Barnes! 'Frank,' he's going, 'we got to talk . . . we got to get together on this Council thing.' I told him forget it, my wife is trying on underwear—can't we do this some other time? He says, 'Hey, Frank, I'm short this week, can you front me a couple of keys?' That's Nicky."

Lucas says he thought about quitting "all the time." His wife, Julie, whom he met on a "backtracking" trip in Puerto Rico, begged him to get out, especially after Brooklyn dope king Frank Matthews jumped bail in 1973, never to be heard from again. "Some say he's dead, but I know he's living in Africa, like a king, with all the fucking money in the world," Lucas sighs. "Probably I should have stayed in Colombia. Always liked Colombia. But I had my heart set on getting a jet plane . . . there was always something."

For Lucas, the inevitable came on January 28, 1975, when an NYPD/DEA strike force, acting on a tip from two Pleasant Avenue guys, staged a surprise raid on his house in a leafy neighborhood of Teaneck, New Jersey. In the ensuing panic, Julie Lucas, screaming "Take it all, take it all," tossed several suitcases out the window. The cases were found to contain $584,000 in the rumpled bills Lucas refers to as "shit street money." Also found were keys to Lucas's Cayman Islands safe-deposit boxes, property deeds, and a ticket to a United Nations ball, compliments of the ambassador of Honduras.

"Those motherfuckers just came in," Lucas says now, sitting in a car across the street from the split-level house where he played pickup games with members of the Knicks. For years, he has contended that the cops took a lot more than $585,000 from him. "Five hundred eighty-five thousand, what's that? Shit. In Vegas, I'd lose 500 G's playing baccarat with a green-headed whore in half an hour." According to Lucas, agents took something on the order of "9 to 10 million dollars" from him that fateful evening. To bolster his claim, he cites passing a federally administered polygraph test on the matter. A DEA agent on the scene that night, noting that "$10 million in crumpled $20 bills isn't something you just stick in your pocket," vigorously denies Lucas's charge.

Whatever. Frank doesn't expect to see his money again: "It's just too fucking old—old and gone."

A FEW DAYS LATER, I BROUGHT LUCAS A copy of his newspaper-clip file, detailing the Country Boy's long and tortuous interface with the criminal-justice system, a period in which he would do time in nearly a dozen state and federal joints. Lucas silently thumbed through dog-eared headlines like COUNTRY BOYS, CALLED NO. 1 HEROIN GANG IS BUSTED; 30 COUNTRY BOYS INDICTED IN $50M HEROIN OPERATION. There was also an October 25, 1979, *Post* story entitled CONVICT LIVES IT UP WITH SEX AND DRUGS, quoting a Metropolitan Correctional Center prisoner named "Nick," convicted killer of five, whining that Lucas had ordered prostitutes up to his cell and was "so indiscreet about it I had to have my wife turn the other way . . . he didn't give one damn about anyone else's feelings."

One clip, however, did engage Frank's attention. Titled EX-ASSISTANT PROSECUTOR FOR HOGAN SHOT TO DEATH IN VILLAGE AMBUSH, the November 5, 1977, *Times* story tells how Gino E. Gallina, then a Pelham Manor mouthpiece for "top drug dealers and organized-crime figures," was rubbed out "mob style . . . as many passersby looked on in horror" one nippy evening at the corner of Carmine and Varick Streets.

Lucas reckons he must have spent "millions" on high-priced criminal lawyers through the early eighties. Gino Gallina, however, was the only lawyer Lucas ever physically assaulted, the incident occurring in the visiting room of the Rikers Island prison. Lucas had reputedly given Gallina a large payoff to fix a case, $200,000 of which became "lost." Upon hearing this, Lucas, said the *Daily News*, "leaped across the table [in the visitors' pen] and began punching Gallina savagely."

Acknowledging that he told Gallina "if I didn't get my money in 24 hours he was a dead man" and asserting that the lawyer "did not deserve to live," Frank still steadfastly maintains he has "no idea at all" about who murdered Gallina.

What Lucas will absolutely not talk about is how he got out of jail, the stuff described in clips like a Newark *Star-Ledger* piece from 1983 entitled 'HELPFUL' DRUG KINGPIN GRANTED REDUCED TERM, in which Judge Leonard Ronco of Newark is reported as cutting in half Lucas's 30-year New Jersey stretch. This followed the previous decision by U.S. District Court judge Irving Ben Cooper, who "granted the unusual request of Dominic Amorosa, chief of the Southern District Organized Crime Strike Force, to reduce Lucas's 40-year New York prison sentence to time already served."

"I ask two things," Lucas demanded in our first meeting. "One, if they are slamming bamboo rods beneath your fingernails with ball-peen hammers, do not reveal where you saw me; and two, none of that bullshit about being buddy-buddy with the cops. That is out . . . " Then, so there was no mistake, he added, "Don't cross me on this, because I am a busy man and have no time, no time whatsoever, to go to your funeral."

Still, it was hard to let it go. How was I supposed to explain how he wound up serving less than nine years? To this, Frank replied: "I know I have that mark on me. I was always playing games with them. Go back and look—I never, ever testified against anyone in court. Not once."

Then finally, Frank said, "Look, all you got to know is that I am sitting here talking to you right now. Walking and talking—when I could have, should have, been dead and buried a hundred times. And you know why that is?

"Because: People like me. People like the fuck out of me." This was his primary survival skill, said the former dope king: his downright friendliness, his upbeat demeanor. "All the way back to when I was a boy, people have always liked me. I've always counted on that."

That much was apparent when I went to the Eastern District federal court to see Judge Sterling Johnson, the former narcotics prosecutor instrumental in putting the Country Boy behind bars.

Frank told me to look up Johnson, whom he calls "Idi Amin." "Judge Johnson likes me a lot. You'll see," he said.

Johnson greeted me with a burnished dignity befitting a highly respected public official. "This is Judge Johnson," he said. When I mentioned the name Frank Lucas, Johnson became notably more familiar. "Frank Lucas? Is that mother still living?!" A few days later, chatting in his stately chambers, the judge told me to call Lucas up.

"Get that old gangster on the phone," Johnson demanded, turning on the speaker.

Lucas answered with his usual growl. "This is Frank. Who's this?"

Johnson mentioned a name, someone apparently dead, likely snuffed by a Country Boy or two. This got Lucas's attention. "What? Who gave you this number?"

"Top!"

"Top who?"

"Red Top!" Johnson said, invoking the name of Lucas's beloved chief dope cutter.

"Red Top don't got my number . . ." It was around then that Frank figured it out.

"Judge Johnson! You dog! You still got that stick?" Johnson reached under his desk, pulled out a beat cop's nightstick, and slapped it into his open palm loud enough for Lucas to hear it. "Better believe it, Frank!"

"Stop that! You're making me nervous, Judge Johnson!" Lucas exclaimed before gingerly inquiring, "Hey, Judge, they ever get anyone in that Gallina thing?"

Johnson laughed and said, "Oh, Frank. You know you did it."

Smiling through Lucas's denials, Johnson said, "Well, come down and see me. I'm about the only fly in the buttermilk down here."

After he hung up, Johnson chortled, "That Frank. He's a pisser."

"You know, when we were first investigating him, the FBI, DEA, they didn't think he could pull off that Southeast Asia stuff. They wouldn't let themselves believe an uneducated black man could come up with such a sophisticated smuggling operation. In his sick way, he really did something."

The memory clearly tickled Johnson, who quickly added, "Look, don't get me wrong: Frank was as bad as they come. You should never forget who these people really are. But what are you going to do? The guy was a pisser. A pisser and a killer. Easy to like. A lot of those guys were like that. It is an old problem."

"You gonna mal

devil,

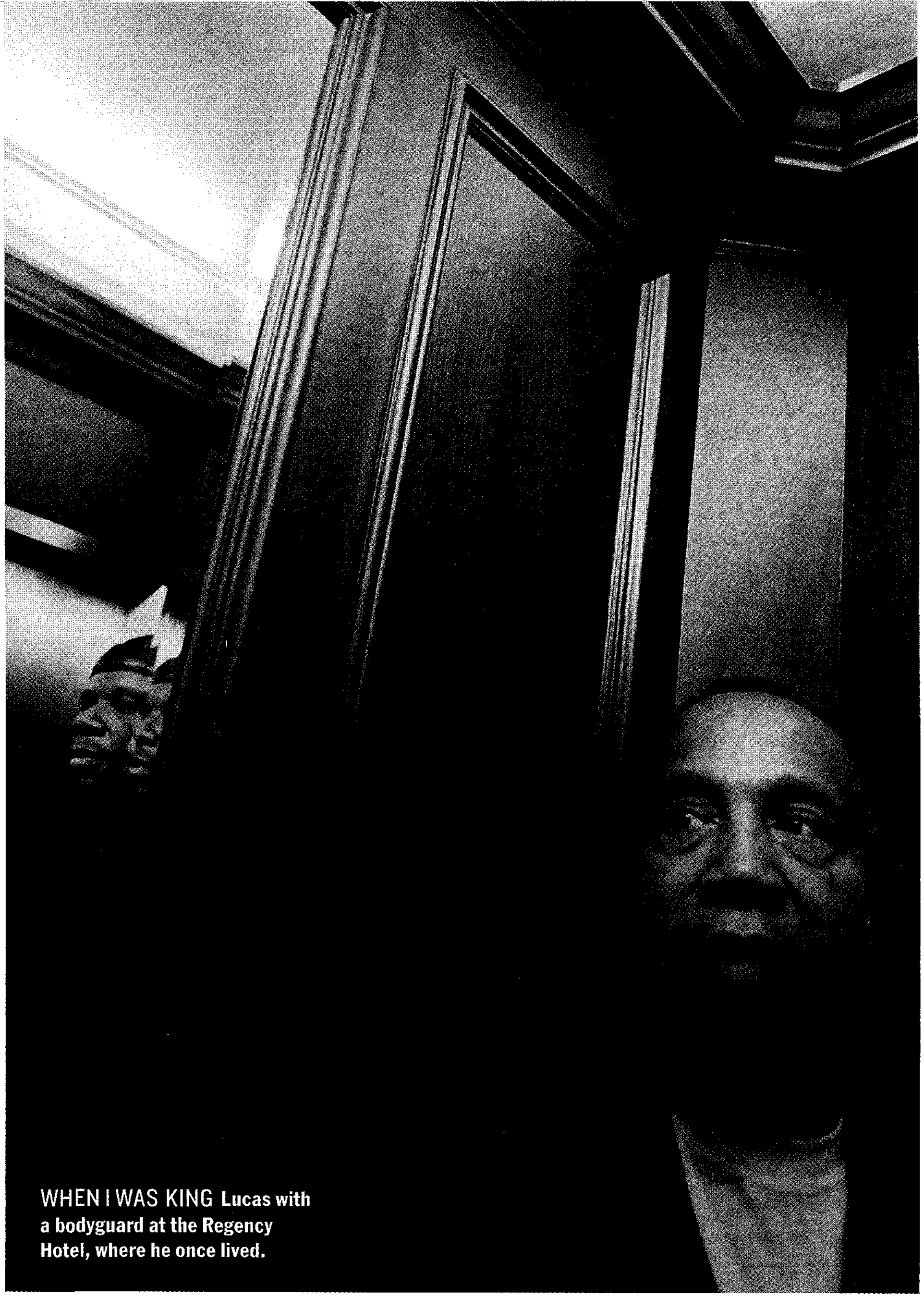
A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, EATING AT A T.G.I. Friday's, Lucas scowled through glareproof glass to the suburban strip beyond. "Look at this shit," he said. A giant Home Depot down the road especially bugged him. Bumpy Johnson himself couldn't have collected protection from a damn Home Depot, he said with disgust. "What would Bumpy do? Go in and ask to see the assistant manager? Place is so big, you get lost past the bathroom sinks. But that's the way it is now. You can't find the heart of anything to stick the knife into."

Then Frank turned to me and asked, "You gonna make me out to be the devil, or what? Am I going to Heaven or hell?"

As far as Frank was concerned, his place in the hereafter was assured after he joined the Catholic Church while imprisoned at Elmira. "The priest there was getting crooks early parole, so I signed up," he says. As backup, Frank was also a Baptist. "I have praised the Lord," he says. "Praised Him in the street and praised Him in the joint. I know I'm forgiven, that I'm going to the good place, not the bad."

But what did I think? How did I see it going for the Country Boy beyond this world? It was a vexing question, as Sterling Johnson said. Who knew about these things? Frank was a con man, one of the best. He'd been telling white people, cops and everyone else, pretty much what they wanted to hear for decades, so why should I be different? It was true: I liked him. I liked the fuck out of him. Especially when he called his 90-year-old church-lady Hulk Hogan–fan mother, which he did about five times a day. But that wasn't the point.

Braggart, trickster, and fibber along with everything else, Lucas was nonetheless a living, breathing historical figure, a highly specialized font of secret knowledge, more exotic, and certainly less picked over, than any Don Corleone. He was a whole season of the black *Sopranos*—old-school division. The idea that a backwoods boy could maneuver himself into position to tell at least a plausible lie about stashing 125 kilos of *zum dope* on Henry Kissinger's plane—much less actually do it—mitigated a multitude of sins.



WHEN I WAS KING Lucas with a bodyguard at the Regency Hotel, where he once lived.

e out to be the
at? Am I going to Heaven or hell?"

In the end, even Lucas's resounding lack of repentance didn't seem to matter. About the only flicker of remorse I'd seen from him occurred following a couple of beers we had with one of his brothers, Vernon Lee, who is known as Shorty.

A bespectacled man now in his early fifties, Shorty followed Frank to Harlem in 1965. "We came up from Carolina in a beat-up car, the brothers and sisters, Mom and Dad, with everything we owned, like the Beverly Hillbillies." From the start, Shorty knew what he wanted. "Diamond rings, cars, women. But mostly it was the glory. Isn't that what most men really dream of? The glory."

Then Shorty reached across the table and touched Frank's hand. "We did make a little bit of noise, didn't we?" Shorty said. To which Frank replied, "A little bit."

Later, sitting in the car, Frank watched his brother make his way across the frozen puddles in the late-afternoon light and sighed. "You know, if I'd been a preacher, they would have been preachers. If I'd been a cop, they'd have been cops. But I was a dope dealer, so they became dope dealers . . . I don't know . . . if I'd done right."

After a while, Frank and I stopped in for another beer. The surroundings were not plush. Frank said, "Shit . . . from King of the Hill to dumps like this."

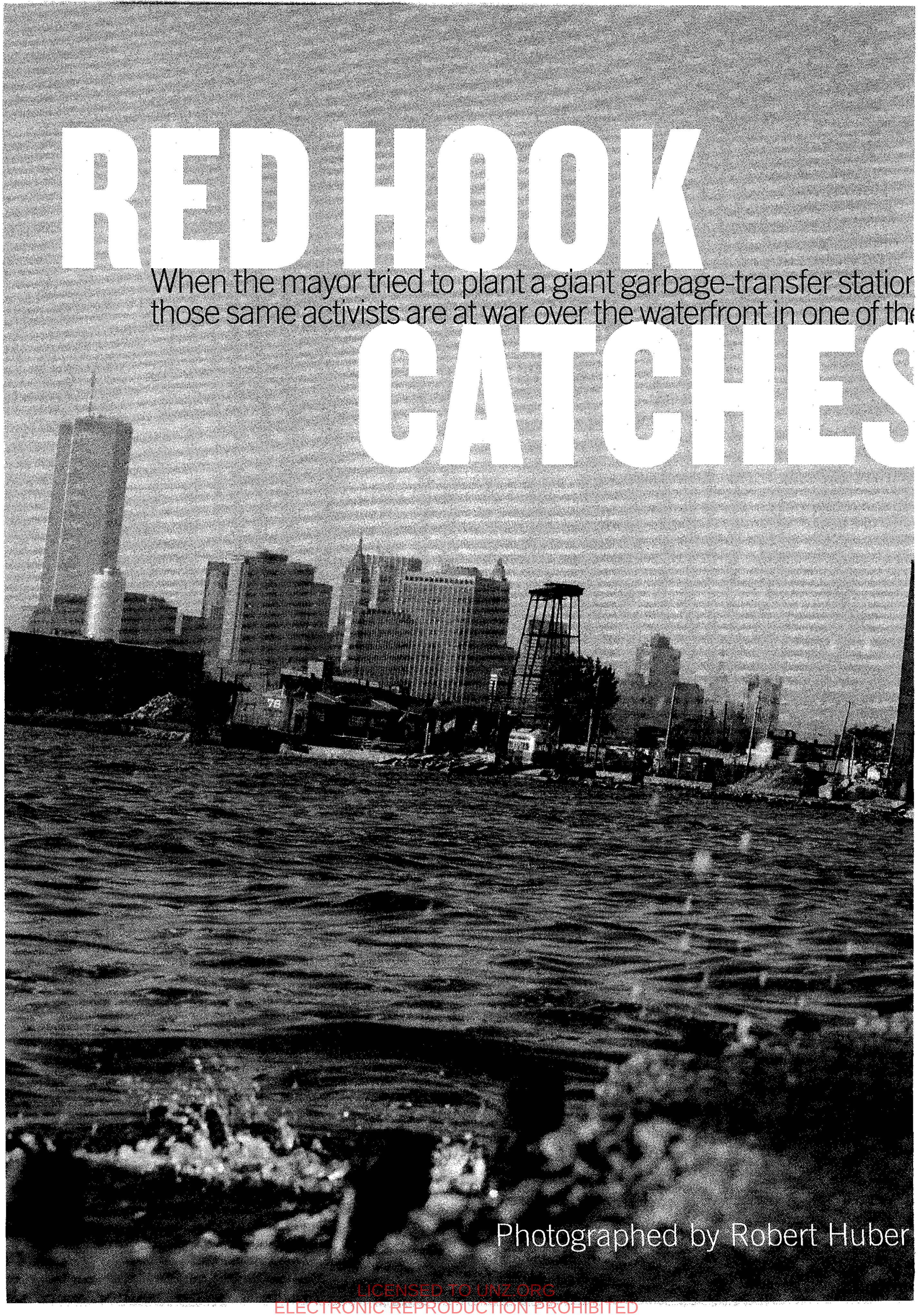
The Knicks game was over, so we sat around for a few hours watching *The Black Rose,* an old sword-fight movie with Tyrone Power and Orson Welles. Welles is a favorite of Lucas's, "at least before he got too fat." Then, when it was time for me to go, Lucas insisted I call him when I got back to New York. It was late, rainy, and a long drive. Frank said he was worried about me. So, back in the city, driving down the FDR, by the 116th Street exit, I called Lucas up, as arranged.

"You're back, that's good," the Country Boy croaked into the phone. "Watch out. I don't care what Giuliani says, New York is not so safe. You never know what you might find out there." Then Frank laughed that same chilling haint of a laugh, spilling out the car windows and onto the city streets beyond. ■

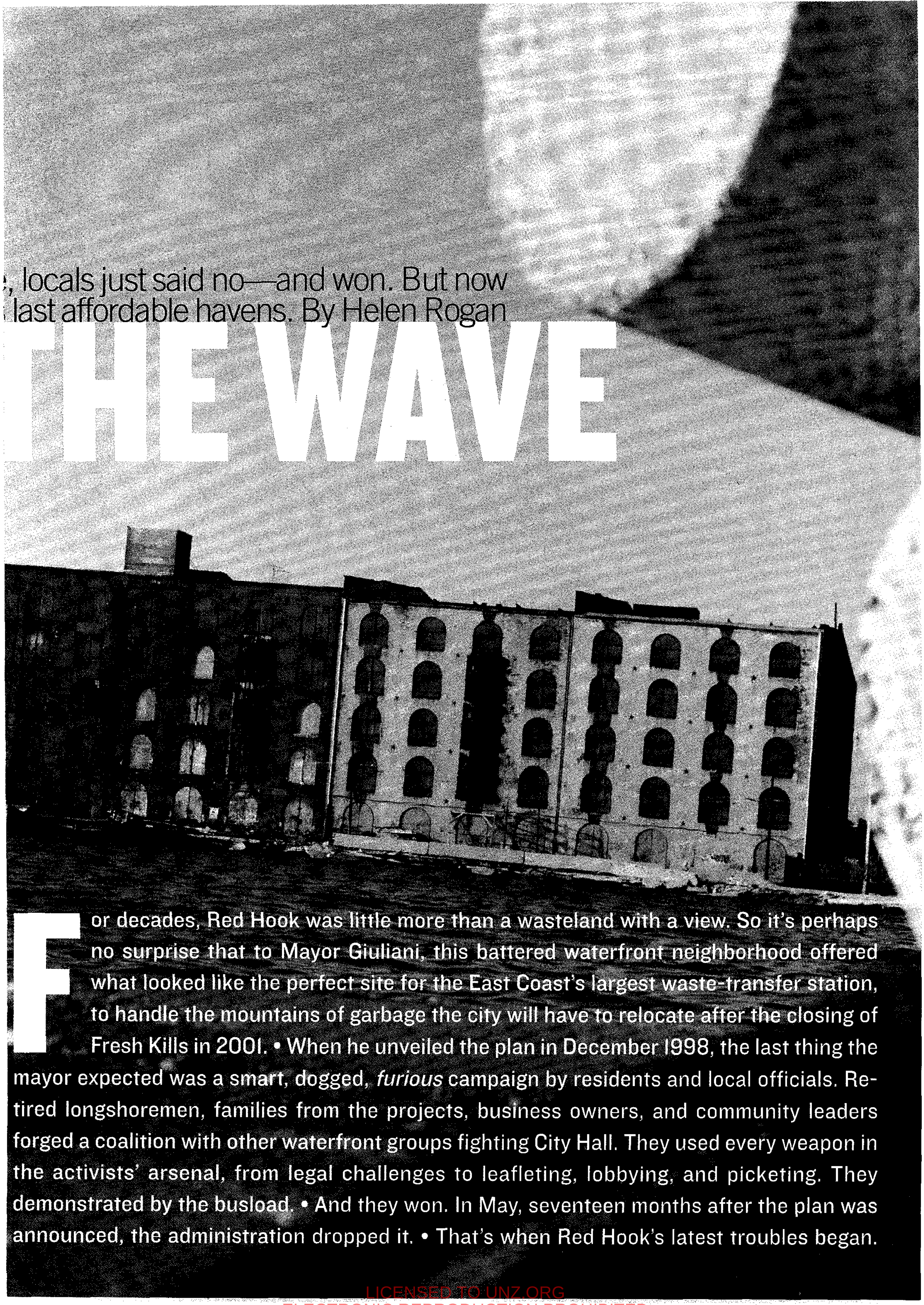
RED HOOK

When the mayor tried to plant a giant garbage-transfer statio
those same activists are at war over the waterfront in one of th

CATCHES



Photographed by Robert Huber



, locals just said no—and won. But now
last affordable havens. By Helen Rogan

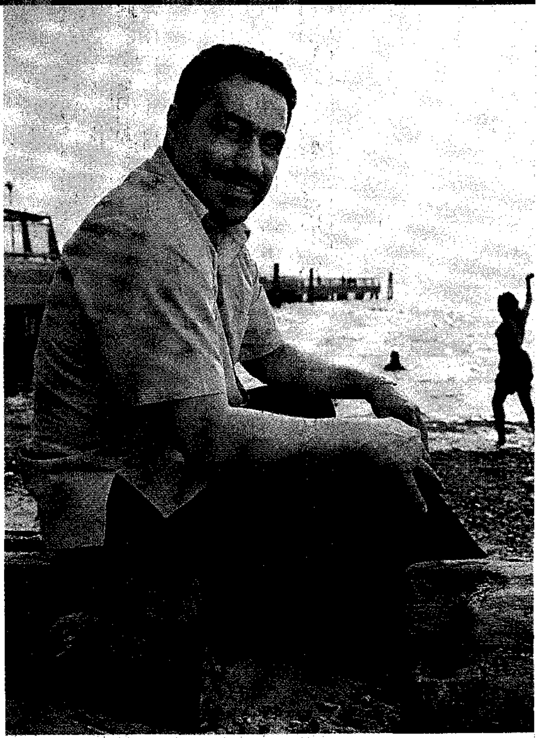
HE WAVE

For decades, Red Hook was little more than a wasteland with a view. So it's perhaps no surprise that to Mayor Giuliani, this battered waterfront neighborhood offered what looked like the perfect site for the East Coast's largest waste-transfer station, to handle the mountains of garbage the city will have to relocate after the closing of Fresh Kills in 2001. • When he unveiled the plan in December 1998, the last thing the mayor expected was a smart, dogged, *furious* campaign by residents and local officials. Retired longshoremen, families from the projects, business owners, and community leaders forged a coalition with other waterfront groups fighting City Hall. They used every weapon in the activists' arsenal, from legal challenges to leafleting, lobbying, and picketing. They demonstrated by the busload. • And they won. In May, seventeen months after the plan was announced, the administration dropped it. • That's when Red Hook's latest troubles began.

IN VICTORY, RED HOOK THREW A BIG PARTY aboard the Hudson Waterfront Museum, a converted barge that sits at the bottom of Conover Street. As the sun slid slowly behind the Statue of Liberty, setting a brilliant fire in the windows of the old redbrick warehouses all around, officials, community leaders, and local activists praised one another for their tireless campaign. People cheered, wept, embraced. Finally, the ebullient city councilman Angel Rodriguez—one of the leading opponents of the mayor's plan—bounded back up to the mike and began to talk about Red Hook's bright future. In particular, he talked about the future of one building: the warehouse at 480–500 Van Brunt Street. It's a spectacular, hulking place in a prime location, on the waterfront directly across from the Statue of Liberty.

The city had decided to sell it to a powerful local developer, Greg O'Connell, who plans to put a Fairway supermarket branch there. The sale has to be approved by the City Council, and Rodriguez put the crowd on notice that he would block it. "I am not against Fairway," Rodriguez said. "But the only way Red Hook can survive and prosper is by the people having access to the waterfront." Sounds simple, but not in Red Hook, where the same people who agreed on what they *don't* want on their waterfront—the transfer station—are bitterly divided about what they *do* want: commerce, or a mix of residential and commercial development.

The celebratory mood that evening gave way visibly to tension; O'Connell, who was standing at the back, left soon after. With the real-estate boom tripling prices of homes on cobblestone streets and commercial ventures flocking to inspect once-worthless industial buildings, the pressure is on what is essentially a small town of 11,000 inhabitants. It may look as though the coalition that came together to fight garbage is now divided over groceries, but the stakes are much higher. It's a battle over the future of the waterfront.



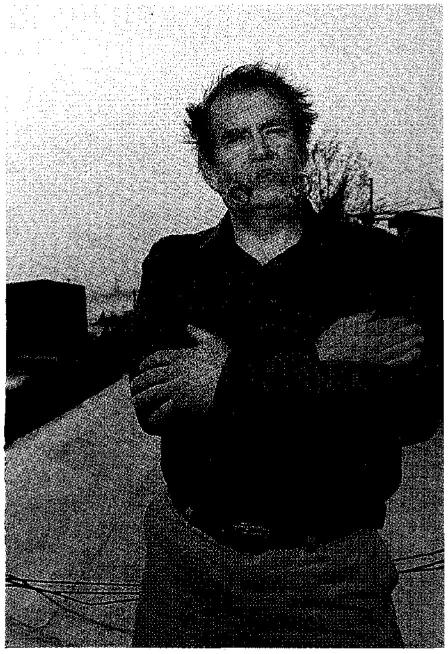
PLAYERS' CLUB Clockwise from above, Red Hook developer Greg O'Connell, activist John McGettrick, City Councilman Angel Rodriguez.

THE BUILDING THAT RESIDENTS CALL simply "480–500" inspires strong feelings; to many who have struggled to survive here, it represents both Red Hook's fine old times and its future potential. Along with its neighbors, 480-500 was built in the 1860s, twenty years after the Erie Basin and the Atlantic Basin began to transform a sleepy Dutch farming community into the busiest corner of the world's largest port. Rowdy and tough, the place teemed with industry through the Second World War, only to decay as, on the one hand, organized crime tore it apart (Al Capone apprenticed here) and, on the other, containerization moved the action over to New Jersey. In the sixties, the massive highway projects proposed by Robert Moses—the Brooklyn-Queens and Gowanus expressways, and the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel—cut it off from the subway, and even the rest of Brooklyn.

As one urban-renewal program after another failed, redlining blighted the area, and people began to abandon their homes. The population in the Red Hook Houses, built in the thirties, changed as the shipyard workers left and were replaced by lower-income families. Shops and markets closed. By the eighties, crack ruled the neighborhood, with addicts dealing openly in the housing projects and on street corners and shootouts in broad daylight. Red Hook's darkest hour came in 1992, when Patrick Daly, the beloved principal of P.S. 15, went searching for a truant child and was killed in the crossfire of a gun battle.

The battered warehouses survived it all. The family that owned 480–500 fell into arrears and the city took over the building in 1980, leaving one member of that family, Wally Shapiro, and his warehousing business, as the sole tenant. The city's decision to sell 480–500 to O'Connell infuriates many residents, particularly the artists and other pioneers who've come in over the past fifteen years, attracted by Red Hook's shimmering waterside light, its cobblestone streets, and, of course, its rock-bottom real-estate prices.

In 1987, under the city's Artists' Housing program, painter Florence Neal and her husband paid just $2,500 for a 150-year-old former men's haberdashery on Van Brunt Street, Red Hook's rundown shopping strip. Two years later, after the



expenditure of $150,000 and much sweat equity, Neal moved in and established the Kentler International Drawing Space (named after the original store). Drug-fueled violence may have brought the community to its knees, but it didn't dull her love for the area. "This was like a fishing village outside the law," says Neal, a poised, low-key woman with a thick braid of gray hair and a slow smile. "You stayed here because you wanted your freedom." After more than a decade, Neal is happily entrenched, but like other newcomers, she wants the community to grow.

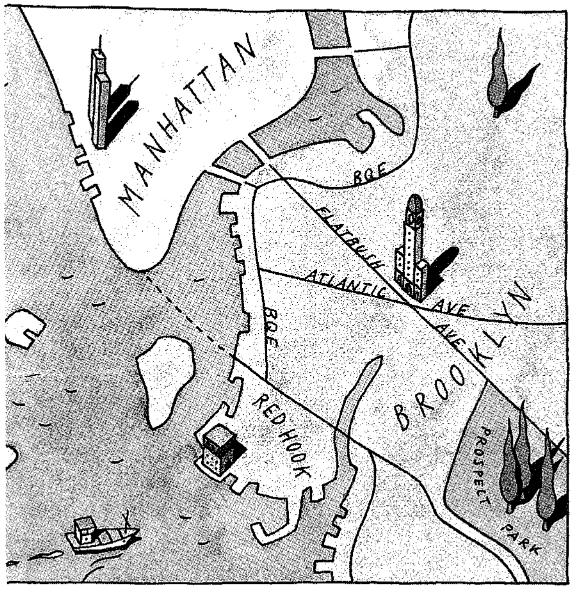
Neal and others see 480–500 as a priceless resource at the center of a rebuilt neighborhood. Three years ago, after months of work, a small group of experts presented the borough president's office and the city's Department of Housing and Preservation with a practical and, they claimed, economically viable proposal for converting the warehouse into artists' housing (known as "live/work housing" to differentiate it from more traditional arrangements). The plan had been drawn up by architect Carmi Bee and two developers, the Seavey Organization and David Judelson of the New York Coalition for Artists Housing. "The building is perfect for artists," says Judelson. "Artists can make good use of large open spaces, and the existing windows would do."

But the scheme was ignored. "Artists seem to be low on politicians' agendas," Bee says dryly. According to Janel Patterson, a spokesperson for the Economic Development Corporation, which is handling the sale, the city "never received adequate proposals for housing." She adds that and then filled with small businesses.

With Red Hook one of the city's designated sites for a new high-tech wiring initiative in postindustrial neighborhoods, both 480–500 and Beard Street will be plugged in. O'Connell's proposal for 480–500 includes space on three floors for Fairway (the store at ground level, its offices, food preparation, and a café upstairs) and a mix of high-tech media firms; nonprofit arts, education, and environmental groups (including the locally based performance company Dancing in the Streets); and artists' studios.

For the opposition, Fairway isn't itself the issue—many residents would love the chance to shop there—but they don't want the store in that location, and more important, they don't want O'Connell to control 480–500, especially if he's planning to put it to commercial use.

"This was like a **fishing village outside the law**," says painter Florence Neal. "You stayed here because you wanted your **freedom**."



O'Connell won the contract because his proposal for commercial development offered "a desirable combination of advantages for the community as well as the city."

O'Connell, a persuasive and enterprising retired NYPD detective, has spent the past 25 years quietly buying up property in Red Hook—decrepit buildings and vacant lots that nobody wanted, both on the waterfront and in the interior (called the Back). He favors overalls and drives a pickup truck, and his voice gets thick when he talks about his feel for the place. "I can remember when I came down here, it was Cyclone fences, packs of dogs running wild, cars abandoned, garbage everywhere," says O'Connell, an imposing man with a folksy grin. "But I saw something. I saw the spirit here."

Banking his holdings and cultivating close ties with powerful local figures and city politicians, including Borough President Howard Golden, O'Connell has been gambling that Red Hook's unique beauty eventually would spur a revival and that he would be in a commanding position when that revival came. He has a major ownership stake in all the big warehouses on the waterfront except for 480–500, which sits plumb in the middle of his property and directly across the street from his chief accomplishment, the Beard Street warehouses, which he lovingly restored

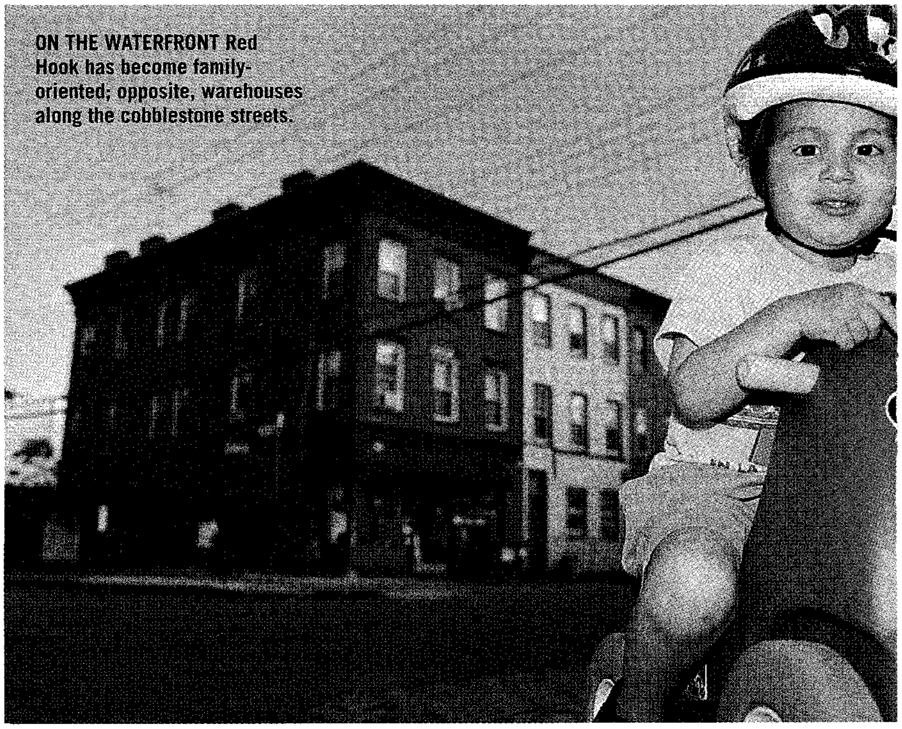
O'CONNELL'S NEMESIS IN THIS FIGHT IS JOHN McGettrick, also a neighborhood fixture, easily recognizable by a formidable handlebar mustache and ever-present armful of files and papers. A veteran activist (the antiwar movement, working for Robert F. Kennedy and Paul O'Dwyer), McGettrick is a security consultant and has lived in Red Hook for twelve years. He intends to help get this beaten-down place back on its feet by remaking the mixed-use character that Red Hook once had, with housing and industry co-existing right down to the water.

"We need to bring people in, owner-occupiers who can't find housing in surrounding communities," he insists. "And for low-cost housing, we'll rely on government subsidy and taxpayer money." As new people arrive, he says, so will stores and small businesses, bringing life back into the shuttered storefronts along Van Brunt Street. McGettrick et al. would be happy to see shops and restaurants in 480–500's ground floor (which by law cannot be residential since the building sits on a flood plain), but they see Fairway as disastrously impracticable. It's not just the clutter and chaos caused by trucks unloading their contents. Most of the customers would be driving in from the brownstone neighborhoods of Park Slope, Cobble Hill, and Brooklyn Heights. Where would they park? (The developers have the answer to that one: in the ideally located empty spaces O'Connell owns around 480–500, which until recently were ugly car-impoundment lots.) And how would they get there? "You have to go through nineteen blocks of small streets to get to it," says McGettrick. "You know, they'd *never* allow this in DUMBO."

Illustration by Ingo Fast.

THE BITTER ANIMOSITY BETWEEN O'CONNELL and McGettrick originated in a change of mind that O'Connell describes as simply pragmatic but McGettrick and others call a betrayal that had lasting consequences. In 1992, O'Connell wanted to buy 28.3 acres of waterfront property, including the Beard Street warehouses. The Port Authority sold it to him at the fire-sale price of $500,000, for two reasons: Nobody else wanted them, and O'Connell's bid was backed by the community. In return for this support, O'Connell had promised to provide a half-mile-long public esplanade on his newly acquired property, plus two acres of park and parking, and to participate in a community proposal for Red Hook's future, the so-called 197-a plan.

Two years in the making, this heady document was the work of residents and urban planners who were trying to find ways to lift the neighborhood out of its postindustrial blight. Its guiding principle was to ease zoning regulations to bring back jobs and homes and make the waterfront accessible to all. It was imaginative and feasible. But the scheme approved by the City Planning Commission in 1996 was a pale shadow of the original. O'Connell had withdrawn his support, testifying that its emphasis on housing mixed with light commercial use wasn't appropriate. Since then, O'Connell has held firm. He wants the waterfront to be wholly commercial.



ON THE WATERFRONT Red Hook has become family-oriented; opposite, warehouses along the cobblestone streets.

Local real-estate agent Frank Manzione handles a **constant stream of** streets. "A small frame house with a front yard and a lot of detail a

"Say you're a teacher," he says. "You want to come home to a bedroom community and *sleep*. A small businessman has truck traffic, noise, smells, in the course of doing normal business. This can create a conflict."

As the grand rezoning plan evaporated, Red Hook was left hanging, vulnerable to the kind of mayhem that happens in postindustrial neighborhoods. Garbage, for example. Retired teacher Sue Peebles worked with O'Connell on 197-a. "What he's done," says Peebles, her voice nearly choking with rage, "is to put a lot of Red Hook people in the position of forever fighting garbage."

O'Connell also took his time making good on his end of the Beard Street deal. In 1997, he was fined $56,000 for environmental violations, including the discharge of raw sewage into New York Harbor. The people who'd poured their energies into 197-a never forgave him. And they've never stopped watching him. (It hasn't gone unnoticed, for example, that he drives into Red Hook each morning from his home in tony Cobble Hill.)

It's a complicated fight, not simply a case of smug gentrifiers vs. blue-collar locals. Both McGettrick and O'Connell have made Red Hook a better place to live. McGettrick and his fellow newcomers (in this neighborhood, you can be a newcomer indefinitely) have plunged into community life; they fought successfully for Independence Savings Bank to establish a branch here, volunteered with Easter-egg hunts and sports leagues for the kids, put up strings of Christmas lights on Van Brunt Street. They prodded the city to renovate the ball fields and a pier. They drove out fourteen illegal garbage dumps, blocked two sludge plants, and won the transfer-station war. In the process, they built bridges to the residents of the Red Hook Houses projects and to the old-timers from the waterfront days.

AS FOR O'CONNELL, FOR YEARS HE was the only person with the desire and the ability to get things done in Red Hook. He donated mooring space to the barge, and both the annual Brooklyn Waterfront Artists Coalition show and a new trolley museum are housed for free in the Beard Street warehouses. He's on numerous local boards, involved with cultural and mentoring programs and kids' activities. He's begun to convert one of his buildings in the Back into affordable housing for residents of the overcrowded projects and to deliver on the promise of waterfront access.

Partly as a result of all these improvements, partly because of the real-estate squeeze in surrounding neighborhoods, Red Hook is looking a lot more desirable as a place to live. Frank Manzione, the local real-estate agent, grew up in the neighborhood and has witnessed its convulsive changes. Now he handles a constant stream of inquiries, especially for homes on the cobblestone streets. Brick and wood-frame houses that sold for $50,000 in the eighties now go for $200,000 and up. "A small frame house with a front yard and a lot of detail and charm recently sold in the 280s," says Manzione.

Businesses are also beginning to find Red Hook attractive. The California-based Valencia movie studio wanted to buy the old Revere sugar works, only to be outbid. The Park Slope Brewing Company brought its beer-making operation from Park Slope to Van Dyke Street in 1997 and set up, in the words of owner Stephen Deptula, a "bona fide regional craft brewery," supplying specialty beers made in Red Hook to the five boroughs. Deptula is planning to open a taproom and food-service establishment with a brick oven for thin-crust pizza.

"I think Fairway would be a fabulous thing," says Deptula. "Thousands of people in the neighborhood would get jobs."

O'Connell's supporters feel he speaks their language. Emma Broughton, a redoubtable woman who raised her children in the Red Hook Houses and toiled for years to keep the projects' residents safe and productive, would happily shop at the Fairway instead of the lackluster Big R. But more important, she says, "I would like to see that building be commercial. It brings jobs in, and we need jobs."

FAIRWAY WILL PROVIDE MORE THAN 200 union jobs, O'Connell says, in addition to training local labor (as the owners have done in their hugely successful West Side Highway branch in Harlem). The high-tech outfits also intend to provide opportunities, particularly for local kids.

David Sneddon of Fairway describes his project in glowing terms. He says that in addition to training neighborhood people, his Harlem business packages family meals for people on food stamps, organizes transport for the elderly, and donates to organizations such as City Harvest. He thinks 480–500 is the perfect location. "I love the quaintness of the building," he says, "and I love what you can do there."

O'Connell's opponents remain skeptical. Where's the promised park? Everything takes time on the waterfront, O'Connell insists, because everything involves multiple agencies, multiple permits. After so many years in Red Hook, why doesn't he have more local people working at the businesses on his properties? "With employing local people, you have to go step by step," he says. Why has he been so slow to build housing on all those lots he owns? He explains in detail the problems of funding and construction in Red Hook, and then, if you give him a minute, he waxes eloquent about all the grand plans he's hatching—for a public fishing jetty, a boardwalk, extending the trolley tracks.

WHEN IT WAS A QUESTION OF fighting for the community's very survival, all these issues could be put aside. Now they're inescapable. Wally Bazemore, a Vietnam veteran and community activist who lives in the Red Hook Houses, speaks for many when he says, shaking his head, "Greg and John have been going at each other for years. Two titans swinging at each other. It's a waste of energy. They are both an asset to the community." Maybe, but nobody's talking compromise.

"Fairway's going in there," O'Connell insists. But his proposal has to be publicly reviewed by Community Board 6 and then by the City Council. This means going up against Rodriguez, who has made it clear that he can—and will—block any vote in favor of the sale. "It's just not going to happen," Rodriguez counters. "To me, 480–500 is not the issue. The issue is Red Hook's future."

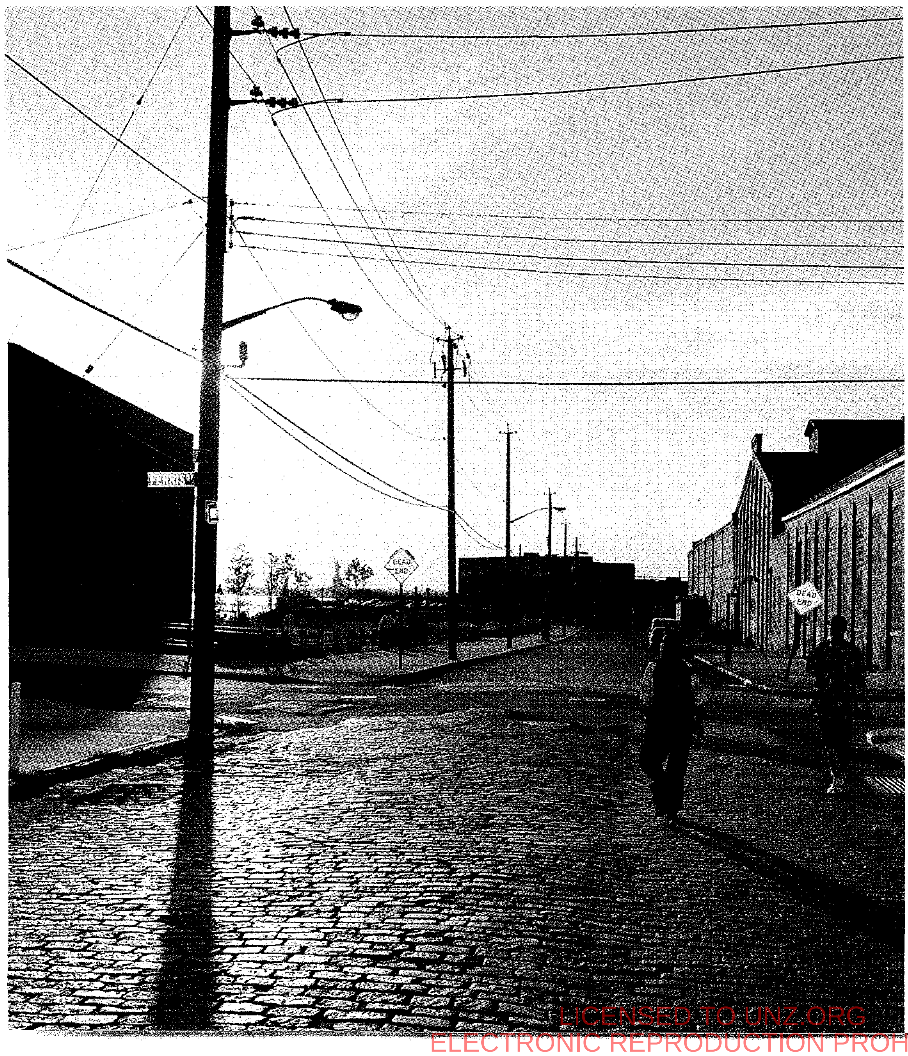
When he looks at that future, the councilman sees ferries linking it to Governors Island, which is just a narrow stretch of water away, and for which the state has just announced plans to build a mix of public and private works, including hotels and cultural facilities. And he sees housing in 480–500 as the key to it all: "If people lived in it, the mind-set would change." Although he's sympathetic to the artists, Rodriguez wants mixed housing in there. He knows that would be more costly (nonartists usually want their space divided up into rooms, each of which is required to have adequate light and air, and that means constructing interior air shafts or courtyards), but he's undeterred. "Quite a few developers have told me that it can work," he says.

A very ambitious politician who's currently popular with constituents for his aggressive stance against the garbage, Rodriguez has staked his future on the principle of public access to the Red Hook waterfront. "It's a political fight for me," he says. "Greg is powerful politically. But he still has to learn to share."

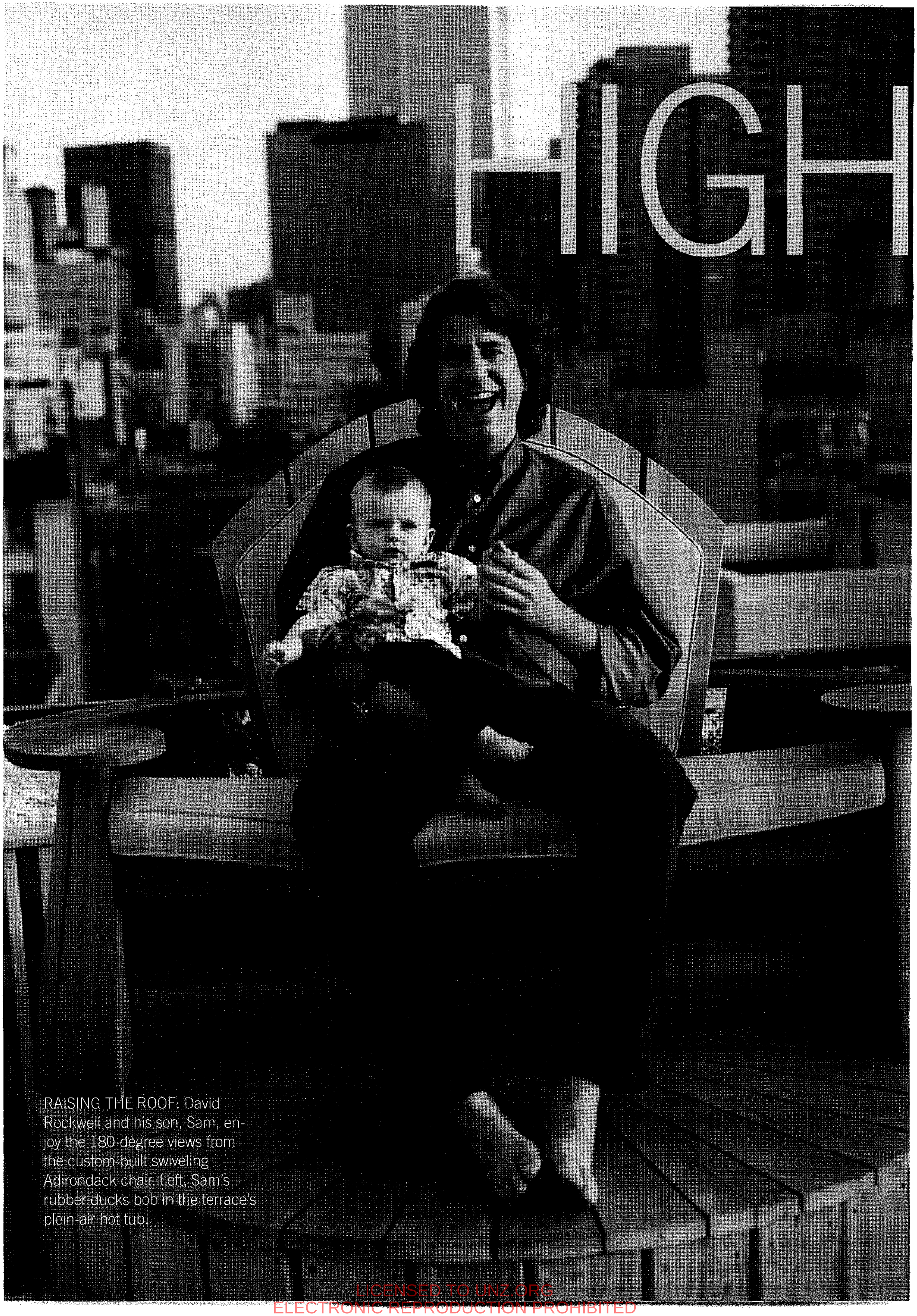
Rodriguez recently told Fairway that another site was available with better parking and access, minimal environmental impact, and no community opposition. (The site, which Rodriguez didn't specify at the time, is leased by the Big R supermarket, across from the Red Hook Houses.) Sneddon turned him down without asking for particulars, and admits he's not interested in another site. "If the community doesn't want us, we won't buy there." That attitude infuriates Rodriguez. "Now I am extremely upset," says Rodriguez. "It was *never* about Red Hook. It was always about acquiring a piece of real estate."

Red Hook is attracting lots of attention these days from would-be homeowners, aspiring entrepreneurs looking for space, and assorted urban planners mulling the future of the waterfront. With the garbage war won, the troubles of peacetime have begun. No one person or entity can control this place anymore—whether it be the mob, the city planners, or a wealthy developer. Says Neal, "We don't have one guy who rules. It's time for other people to step up and make this the community it can be." ■

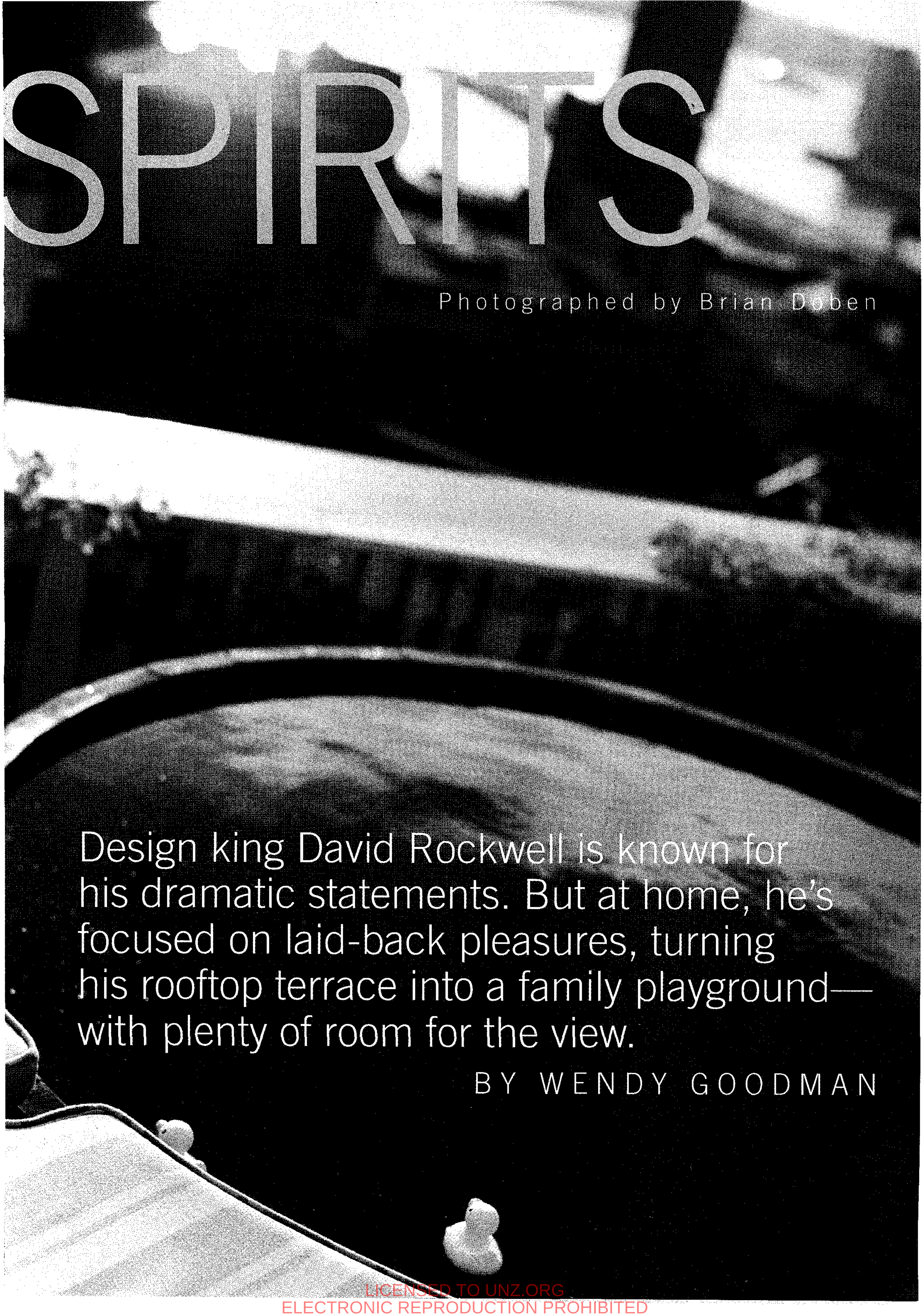
ies, especially for homes on the cobblestone arm **recently sold in the 280s,**" Manzione says.



HIGH



RAISING THE ROOF: David Rockwell and his son, Sam, enjoy the 180-degree views from the custom-built swiveling Adirondack chair. Left, Sam's rubber ducks bob in the terrace's plein-air hot tub.



SPIRITS

Photographed by Brian Doben

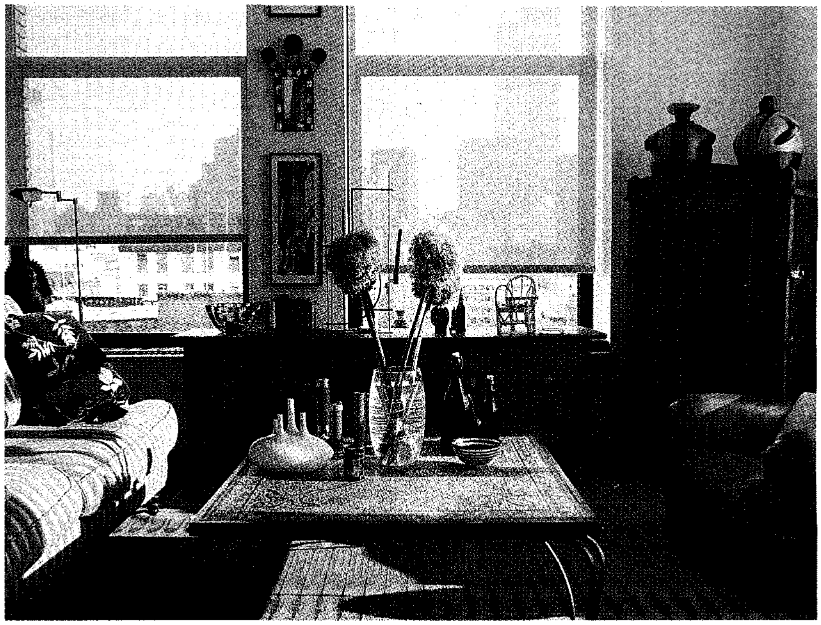
Design king David Rockwell is known for his dramatic statements. But at home, he's focused on laid-back pleasures, turning his rooftop terrace into a family playground—with plenty of room for the view.

BY WENDY GOODMAN

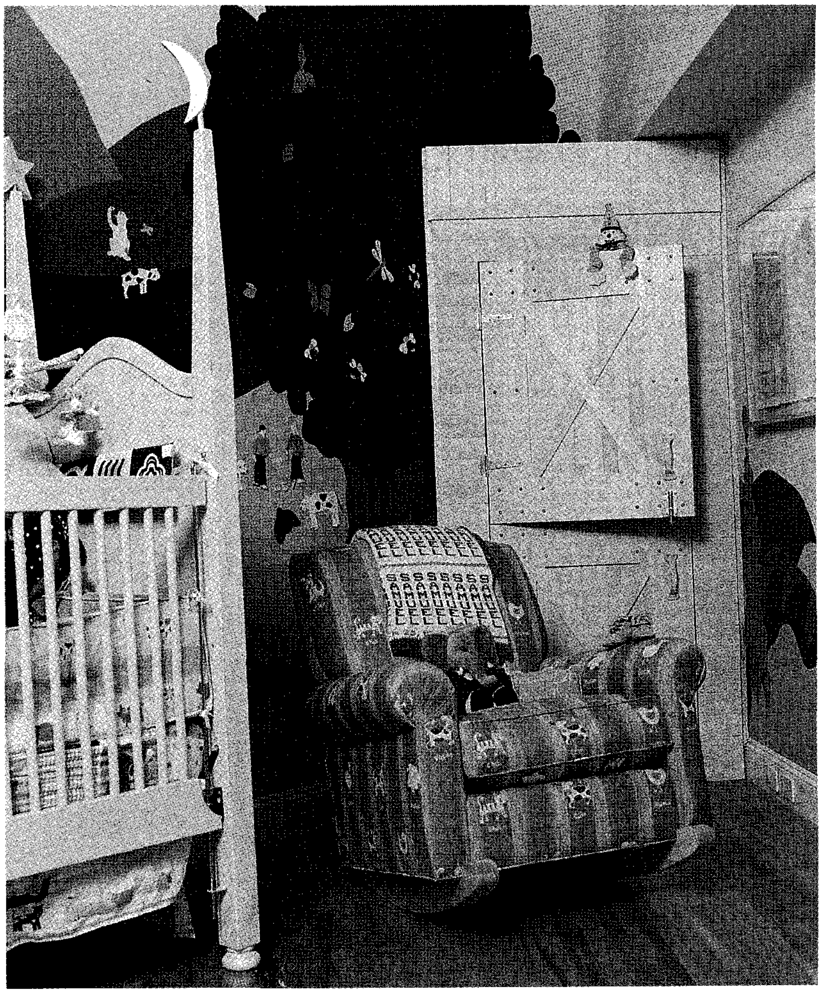
David Rockwell is part designer, part showman. From the cool landscaped interior of Nobu to the exuberantly whimsical new Rosa Mexicana, his projects are studies in well-contained theatrics. And now that he has two new hotel projects on the horizon—the intimate Chambers Hotel in midtown (opening in October) and the W Hotel on Union Square (opening in November)—Rockwellites can fall asleep surrounded by the designer's signature drama.

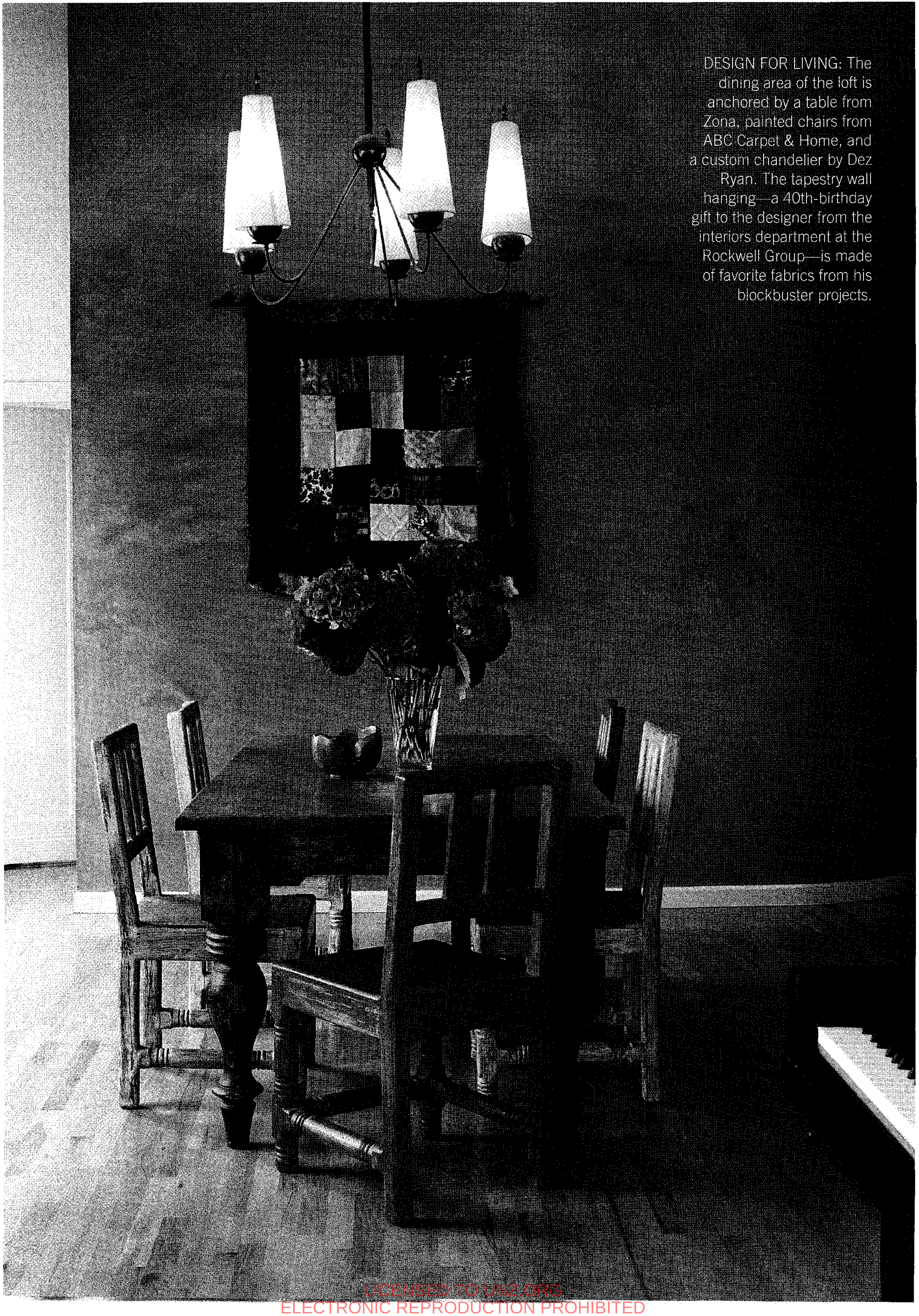
So with all the pyrotechnics in his work, it's a sublime surprise to find that the man himself kicks back with his wife, Marcia Kirkley, and eight-month-old son Sam in a TriBeCa penthouse apartment expressly designed for family fun. The centerpiece? The 950-square-foot deck and its sweeping view of the Hudson. Leave it to Rockwell to come up with a novel way to contemplate the city: a giant-size Adirondack chair that swivels for a 180-degree vista of Manhattan's skyline. "It's a little bit like a beach club up here," Rockwell says with a laugh, showing Sam the sights. "I like cinematic perspectives and the idea of living-room furniture very high up in the air. I wanted the chair to be in a very precarious position—it's as close to the edge as I could get and still have circulation around it—but a very comfortable form. It has that little sense of danger."

Inside, Rockwell perks up rooms designed for starter-family utility with pieces culled from his favorite projects, plus pottery and splashes of bright color that reflect his childhood in Mexico. "We moved from



IN THE DETAILS: Above, the living room combines comfortable furniture—the club chair is from Shabby Chic, the upholstered couch is covered in Nancy Corzine fabric—with items gathered from the designer's travels. Two ceramic jars from the Galápagos top the corner cabinet, and part of Rockwell's collection of kaleidoscopes sits on the coffee table. Below, the nursery wall with its movable felt menagerie. The custom-made barn door hides Sam's closet.





DESIGN FOR LIVING: The dining area of the loft is anchored by a table from Zona, painted chairs from ABC Carpet & Home, and a custom chandelier by Dez Ryan. The tapestry wall hanging—a 40th-birthday gift to the designer from the interiors department at the Rockwell Group—is made of favorite fabrics from his blockbuster projects.

the Jersey Shore to Guadalajara when I was 11," he explains. "I loved the food, the colors, the marketplaces. All of that has informed my work." Sam's bedroom is a study in inventive playfulness: Typical child-room wallpaper has given way to a barnyard scene composed of colorful felt pieces with Velcro backs so the menagerie can be moved daily to new pastures.

So what new fields is Rockwell contemplating? Ever the entertainer—he's designing the new Academy Awards theater in Los Angeles, opening in 2001—he dreams, unsurprisingly, of taking to the stage. "I love risks," he muses. "I'd love to do a Broadway show." For now, all the drama he needs is in the skyline.

PATIO PYROTECHNICS: "What I was immediately attracted to about the apartment was the view of the river and the amount of natural light," Rockwell says. At left, beach chairs sit outside a 285-square-foot glass-enclosed room, where the family can curl up on a couch during stormy weather. Fabric on the chairs is from Donghia. Below, father and son take a gander at the sunset. Opposite, the table is set for an early-evening picnic. The garden was designed by Rockwell's wife, Marcia Kirkley. A cracked-tile dining table by Susan Brown is offset by painted metal chairs from a flea market.

BEST BETS

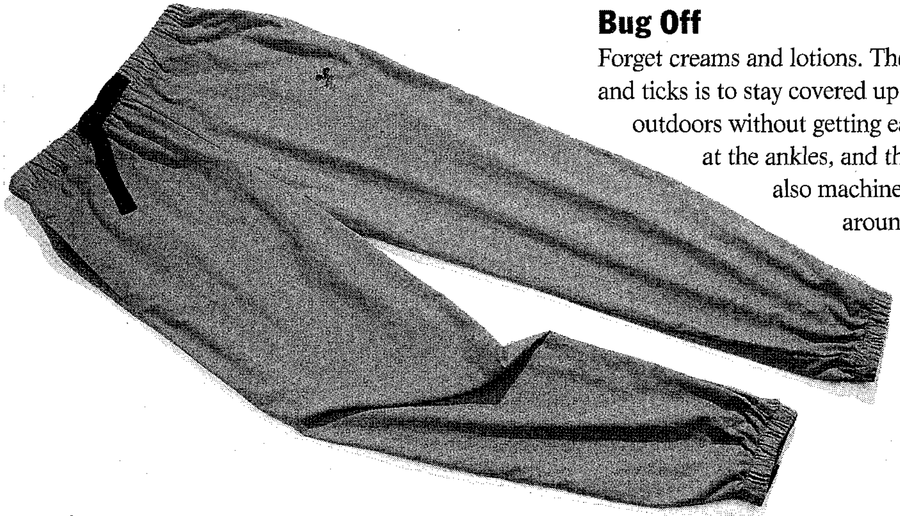
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Cat Blue

Jonathan Adler, the guru of organic shapes and earthy matte glazes, has a secret—a passion for shiny blue-green ceramics from the sixties. He's haunted flea markets, unable to resist the desire for turquoisey cats, bulls, and horses for his mantel. Imagine his surprise to discover that a small workshop in Tuscany is still manufacturing the hand-glazed Rimini Blue collection. Now an ecstatic Adler is selling the animals and vases alongside his more muted wares (from $65 to $200).

JONATHAN ADLER/*465 Broome Street/212-941-8950*



Bug Off

Forget creams and lotions. The only guaranteed protection against mosquitoes and ticks is to stay covered up. EMS Skeeter Pants let you garden, hike, or play outdoors without getting eaten up. The easy-fit pants have Velcro closures at the ankles, and they're made of super-lightweight nylon. They're also machine-washable—unlike some other gardening pants around ($34; in women's small, medium, and large).

EMS/*20 West 61st Street/212-397-4860; and 611 Broadway, at Houston Street/212-505-9860*

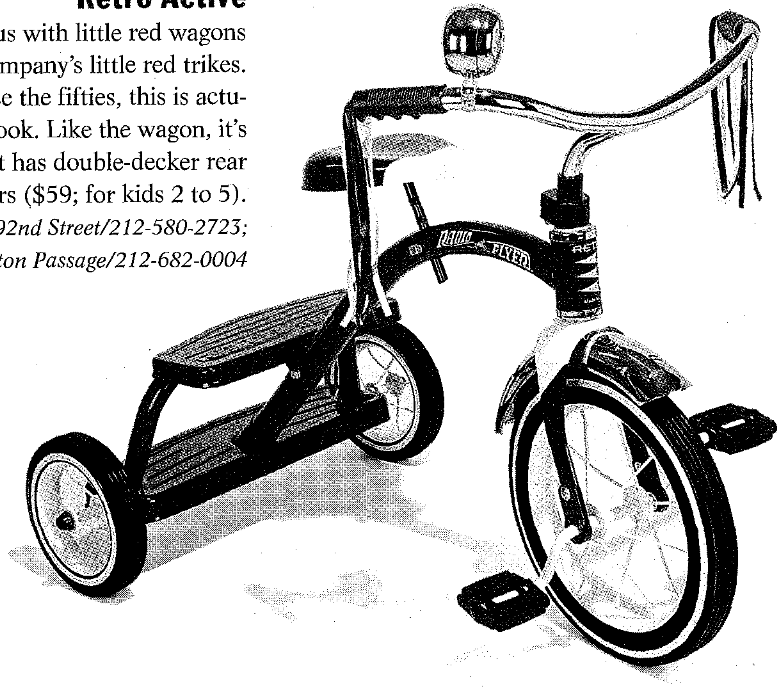
Photographed by David Cook

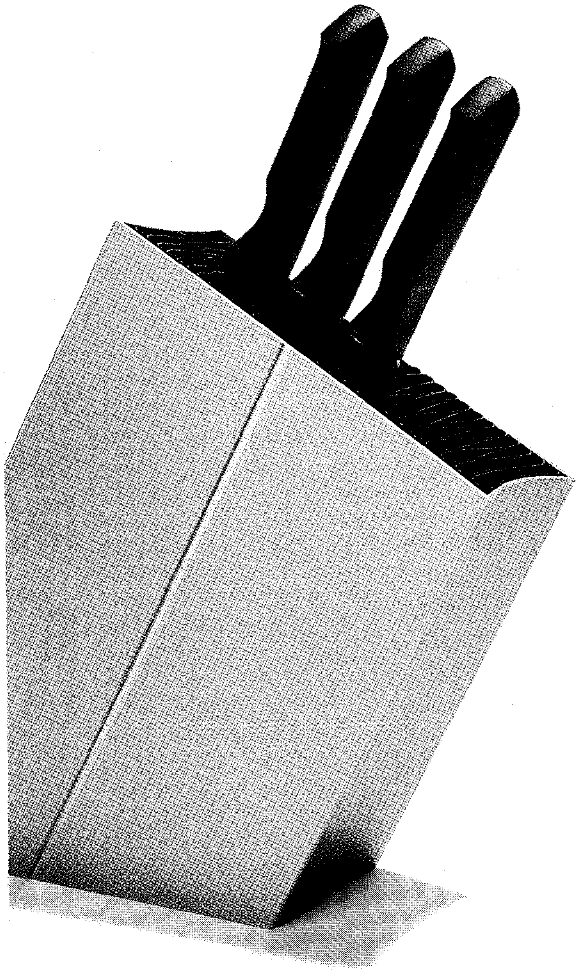
Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Retro Active

The name Radio Flyer has been synonymous with little red wagons since 1917; less well-known are the company's little red trikes. Though it's been manufacturing tricycles since the fifties, this is actually a new version, but with a cool, retro look. Like the wagon, it's made of steel with real rubber tires, and it has double-decker rear steps, a bell, even old-time handlebar streamers ($59; for kids 2 to 5).

CHILDREN'S GENERAL STORE/*2473 Broadway, near 92nd Street/212-580-2723; and Grand Central Terminal, Lexington Passage/212-682-0004*





Putting It All Together

Think patchwork and you think Granny's quilts. The folks at Anthropologie thought differently. They turned patchwork into a more today bed covering—a duvet. It's made in India from French fabrics and arrives just in time for those fall nights ahead ($120, queen-size; $140, king).

ANTHROPOLOGIE/*375 West Broadway/212-343-7070; and 85 Fifth Avenue, at 16th Street/212-627-5885*

Cutting Edge

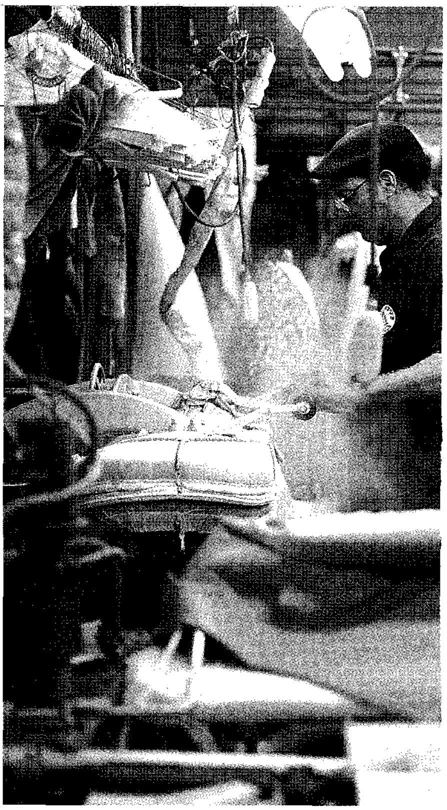
Tools Design, a small Danish company, has come up with a knife stand that's not only handsome to look at, it's one of the most intelligent around. The aluminum body is angled for easy access, yet what makes this holder so nifty is a plastic accordion-fold insert that accommodates fifteen knives of different sizes and shapes (from a thin paring blade to a thick cleaver). The insert is removable, which means you can pull it out, wash it, and get rid of accumulated crumbs ($68).

MOMA DESIGN STORE/*44 West 53rd Street/212-767-1050*

SMARTCITY

Shirt Tales

Is your dry cleaner ruining your shirts? A trip inside the local laundry uncovers clothes in peril. By Marion Maneker



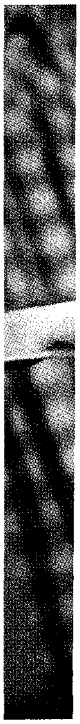
FRAYED COLLARS, TINY TEARS IN ODDly consistent formations; pummeled collars and plackets; fine shell buttons cracked, shattered, and broken like a prizefighter's teeth. What the hell happens to my shirts at the laundry?

I remember the weekly trips I took with my dad to the local Chinese laundry in Larchmont when I was a kid. The place always seemed like a library, with its shelves of neat square packages and color-coded tags. My father's shirts were stored in comforting brown-paper parcels tied with string. And the kindly woman who matched my father's magenta slip to his week's worth of officewear really seemed to care. It was a quaint, labor-intensive mom-and-pop business.

Today, the dry cleaner on your corner isn't washing and ironing your shirts with personal supervision anymore. It's not profitable enough. Instead, it sends them out to a wholesale cleaner where machine-driven laundries crank out shirts for nearly the same price as my father's cost a quarter-century ago. It's only a matter of time before the machines take their toll and you get your shirts back battered.

Wayne Edelman, the owner of **Meurice Garment Care**, a New York cleaners with a cult following, offered to demystify the complexities of the shirt-laundering business for me. Because there is no money in shirts, Edelman says, he is "in the dry-cleaning business, not the shirt-laundering business." Even with $40,000 worth of machinery devoted to the task, he still cannot charge much more than his father did, because there are just too many places promising to do your shirts for half or a third of the $3 that he charges.

Taking a bundle of my shirts through the process at his Manhasset plant, Edelman let me see for myself what happens to them on their weekly field trip. First, he washes them in lots according to color—light or dark—and starch: none, light, or heavy. Starch, he confides to me, is the enemy. It stiffens the fibers and makes them brittle.



While still damp, my shirts move to the pressing area—a knot of white-enameled and stainless-steel machines operated by a guy named Santiago. Santiago lays the collar and cuffs of my prized pink shirt across a press comprising three spring-reinforced arcs with matching hot metal plates suspended above. The springs are Edelman's addition; they keep my cuff buttons from being nicked or shattered under the punishing heat.

Then Santiago moves to a machine that looks like an oversize toaster turned on its side. Two fabric-covered arms stick out of the toaster slots, and Santiago covers them with the shirt's sleeves. The arms move into the toaster, where two metal plates heated to 380 degrees press them. At the same time, hot air is fired from the center of the arm to dry and dewrinkle the rest of the sleeve.

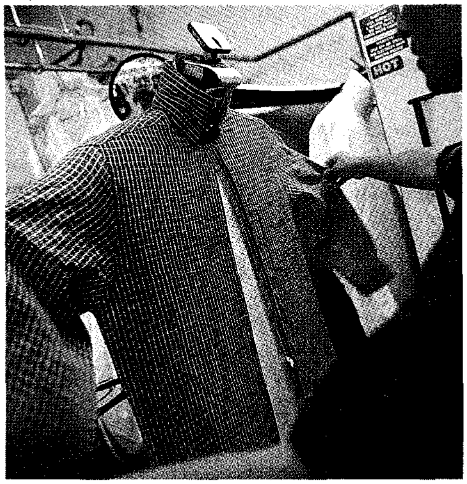
The body of the shirt is handled by the biggest and most impressive piece of machinery, which holds two life-size dummies called double bucks. Santiago

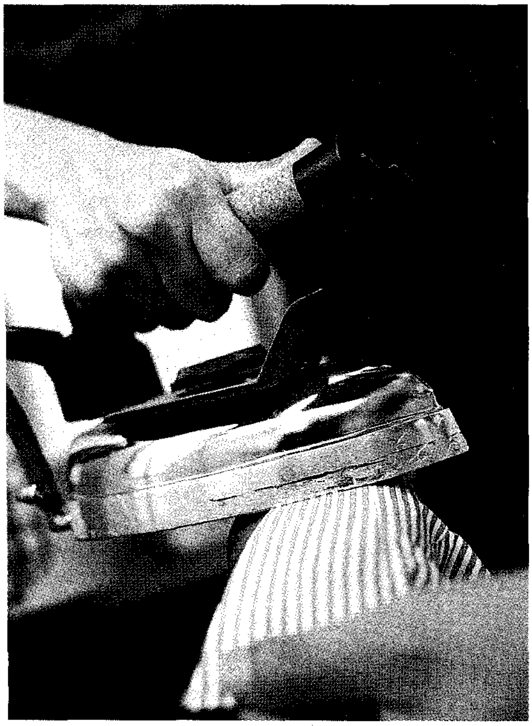
EXPERT TESTIMONY

Eat and Run

It's day six of your high-protein diet, and you can't stomach the thought of another kielbasa-bacon-ham-olive-loaf-and-bologna omelet? Maybe it's time to give those carbs another try. After all, marathon runners have long known that the best way to fuel up before a 26-mile race or a twelve-hour day at the office is with a heaping plate (or two) of pasta. Allan Steinfeld, president of the New York Road Runners Club and director of the New York City Marathon, gets his fix from Bella Luna (584 Columbus Avenue, near 89th Street; 212-877-2267), a friendly neighborhood trattoria with plenty of hearty pasta dishes. He likes Bella Luna's "homey, low-key atmosphere," which has earned the restaurant a loyal following among that dwindling Old Guard of Upper West Siders who prefer not to mix it up with the beautiful people at Spazzia and Ruby Foo's on a nightly basis. "I like quiet places," says Steinfeld. "My job is noisy enough." EMILY GITTER

Photographs by Scott Jones. Illustration by Matthew Martin.





GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS **At Wayne Edelman's Manhasset plant, dress shirts get treated with the dignity they deserve.**

dresses one of the bucks and steps on a floor pedal that activates suction, pulling the shirt close to the buck's fabric padding before rotating in and out of the griddle like pressing plates. Underneath the pads, the buck is a mesh of wires. It's these wires, pushing through a thin, aged pad at some anonymous laundry, that have made the curious patterns of tears in my favorite shirts.

Though Edelman does 1,500 shirts a week, he does it mostly as a service to his dry-cleaning customers. Cleaners generally want the machines cooking 50 to 100 shirts an hour to get profit out of their machinery, but at that pace Santiago cannot guarantee the quality I am looking for.

This is the crucial choice. The difference between Meurice and the run-of-the-mill wholesale shirt laundry is only a matter of degree. "If I took in wholesale business, I wouldn't do as good a job on those shirts," Edelman says as he acknowledges the temptation to just pound out product and make a profit.

But to maintain quality, you have to care. Posted on one of Edelman's machines is a sticker that reads THIS MACHINE HAS NO BRAIN—USE YOUR OWN! At every step, Santiago inspects the shirts he is working on, looking for stains that did not come out in the washing machine, adjusting the machinery so it won't damage buttons, watching for wear on the fabric covers.

"The 99-cent shirt laundry just can't give you the quality control we offer or the hand finishing," adds **John Hallak**, the cleaner Turnbull & Asser recommends to its customers. "Buttons are going to break, but we sew them back on. There are only a few of us who invest the time and money to do it right: Meurice, **Madame Paulette**, **Fashion Award**, and me."

My curiosity satisfied, I go to the register to pay for all that attention to detail. At twice the price of my corner cleaners, it's still a bargain. Across the room, another man carefully hand-presses shirts with even greater care. Edelman charges $16 for that service—and swears he isn't making any money on it either.

Fashion Award Cleaners, 1462 Lexington Avenue, near 94th Street (212-289-5623); Hallak Cleaners, 1232 Second Avenue, at 65th Street (212-832-0750); Madame Paulette Cleaners, 160 Columbus Avenue, near 57th Street (212-501-1408), and 1255 Second Avenue, near 66th Street (212-838-6827); Meurice Garment Care, 245 East 57th Street (212-759-9057) and 31 University Place (212-475-5800). ■

NAVIGATOR

Q: Grandma's birthday is coming up and I'm fresh out of ideas. She doesn't need another set of oven mitts.

A: Assuming she doesn't have a heart condition, consider skydiving lessons. Because of its distinctive mix of natural and man-made landscapes, the New York City area has some of the best "drop zones" on the planet. Grandma can try the accelerated-free-fall (AFF) program and leap out solo like former President George Bush did to celebrate his 72nd birthday. Or do a tandem jump harnessed to an instructor, who does all the work while she relaxes and enjoys an exhilarating 60-second free fall and then five to seven minutes of serene, earthward floating beneath a colorful nylon canopy. Is it dangerous? Perhaps, but then so is driving on the L.I.E.

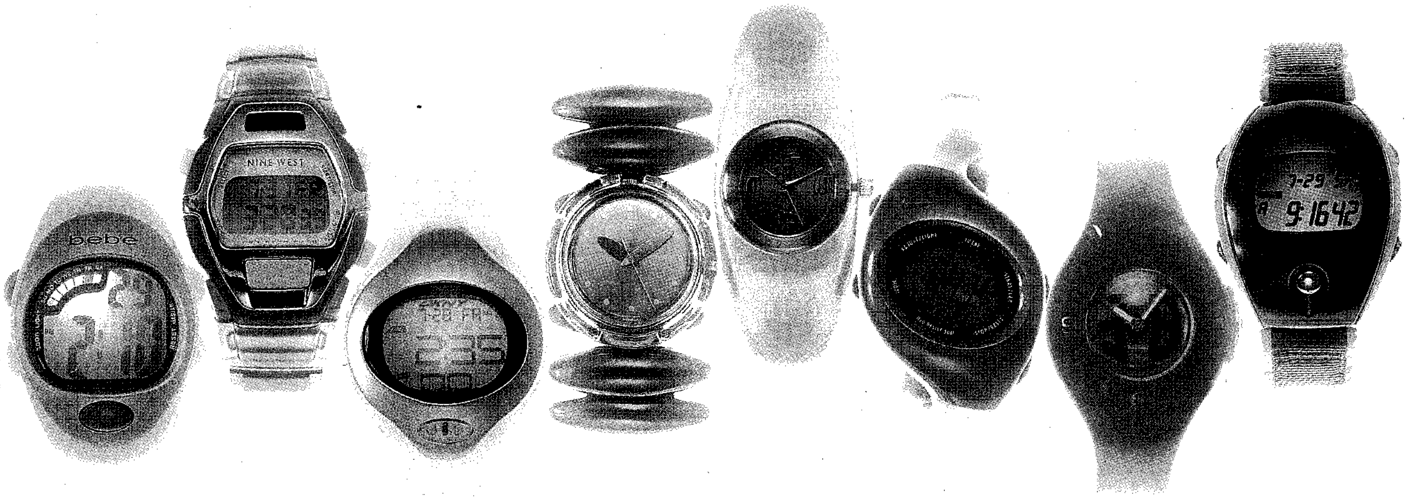
- At the world-famous Skydive the Ranch (914-255-4033; $185 for the first tandem), 80 miles north of Manhattan at Gardiner Airport, she can take in views of the Hudson River Valley and Shawangunk Mountains.
- In northern New Jersey, Skydive Sussex, based at the Sussex Airport (1-800-SKY-DIVE; $195 for the first tandem), offers a Manhattan view. It's about an hour from the George Washington Bridge.
- On a clear day, jumpers at Skydive Long Island (631-878-JUMP; $225 for tandems) at Spadaro Airport, an hour and a half from the midtown tunnel, can see from the Twin Towers to Montauk Point.

PHIL SCOTT

SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL

Watch These

Save face: *Wear your heirloom to job interviews and parties—and these charmers to the beach or on the tennis court. As every athlete knows,* **style is all in the wrist.**



Time for a change: from left, watches by Bebe, 9 West, DKNY Active, Swatch, TMX Timex, Nike, Fossil, and Spoon.

CHANCES ARE, YOU HAVE A "GOOD" watch—a graduation gift, maybe, or something you weaseled out of Grandma. And then there are the blah everyday watches you wear for a couple of years until a bit of beach sand or a rough basketball foul stops the clock. But what about finding a sturdy, sporty watch you can both live in and love? Check out this selection—for as little as $28, you just might be converted.

For serious sports performance and multiple functions (think lap timers and stopwatch functions), you'll want chunky, clunky watches, like **Nike**'s Triax 10. It has all the essential functions of futuristic, top-of-the line watches—ten-lap memory, stopwatch, and sturdy polyurethane band—and the same sleek look, but costs half as much ($60 at Niketown). For even more oomph, check out **DKNY Active**'s chunky, sorbet-colored rubber styles ($115 at DKNY, Lord & Taylor, and Macy's) or **Spoon**'s bubble-shaped version with a snazzy, illuminated red liquid-crystal display ($145 at Barneys New York and Flight 001).

There are also plenty of more feminine options—many are even cheaper. **Bebe**'s pastel styles are one of the season's best deals ($38 at Bloomingdale's—and don't be fooled by the pretty colors, they have alarms, and stopwatches, and you can swim in them). A simple red style from **Fossil** has a weirdly appealing full-face seconds display ($45 at Macy's) and **9 West**'s blue one has cool, seventies flair ($39 at Macy's). **TMX Timex**'s lime-green watch on a cuff bracelet is trendy enough to qualify as a fashion investment—albeit a very, very small one ($28 at Macy's). Still too sporty? Check out **Swatch**'s electric-orange elastic-banded Pop Swatch—it's impossible to drown or break, and it definitely stands out in a crowd ($40 at Bloomingdale's and Swatch stores).

Niketown, 6 E. 57th St. (212-891-6453); DKNY, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. (212-223-3569); Lord & Taylor (212-391-3344); Macy's (212-695-4400); Barneys New York (212-826-8900); Flight 001, 96 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-1001); Bloomingdale's (212-705-2000).

Picks of the Week

Flight 001, a seventies-chic travel store, is taking up to 75 percent off carry-ons from Diesel, Custard Shop, Hobo, and others. All work well as gym bags, too. $20 to $60. *96 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-1001); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. noon–8, Sat. 11–8, Sun. noon–6; 8/11–9/4.*

Patch NYC's pretty, feminine handbags and cosmetics pouches (sold at stores like Kirna Zabête and Barneys) are about 70 percent off at the sale. Prices are $70 to $95. *122 W. 26th St., suite 901 (212-807-1042); cash only; Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; 8/12–8/13.*

Pumpkin Maternity is clearing its sweet, trendy maternity wear at 20 to 50 percent off, from $35 for zebra skirts to $75 for silk dresses. *225 Lafayette St., suite 509 (917-237-0567); cash only; Tues.–Wed. 10–6; 8/8–8/9.*

M Z Wallace is taking half off chic, bright spring tote bags and duffels. Most styles are in solid colors with contrasting trim—and all make great fall handbags. Sale prices are $55 to $92. *93 Crosby St. (212-431-8252); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat. 11–7; 8/8–8/19.*

Michelle Roth has 300 European-made bridal gowns she's selling for up to 80 percent off the original prices, from $850 to $2,500. Sizes 2–16. *24 W. 57th St., suite 203 (212-245-3370); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed. 10–8; 8/9.*

Moe Ginsburg's Warehouse Sale means tens of thousands of discounts on men's suits, jackets, slacks, and shoes. Sale items are 50 to 75 percent off the store's already low prices: Suits are $170 to $220, shirts are $10 to $40, shoes are $28 to $78. *162 Fifth Ave., at 21st St. (212-242-3482); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 9–9, Fri.–Sun. till 7; 8/7–9/4.* ▬

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PETER RAINER

See You Later

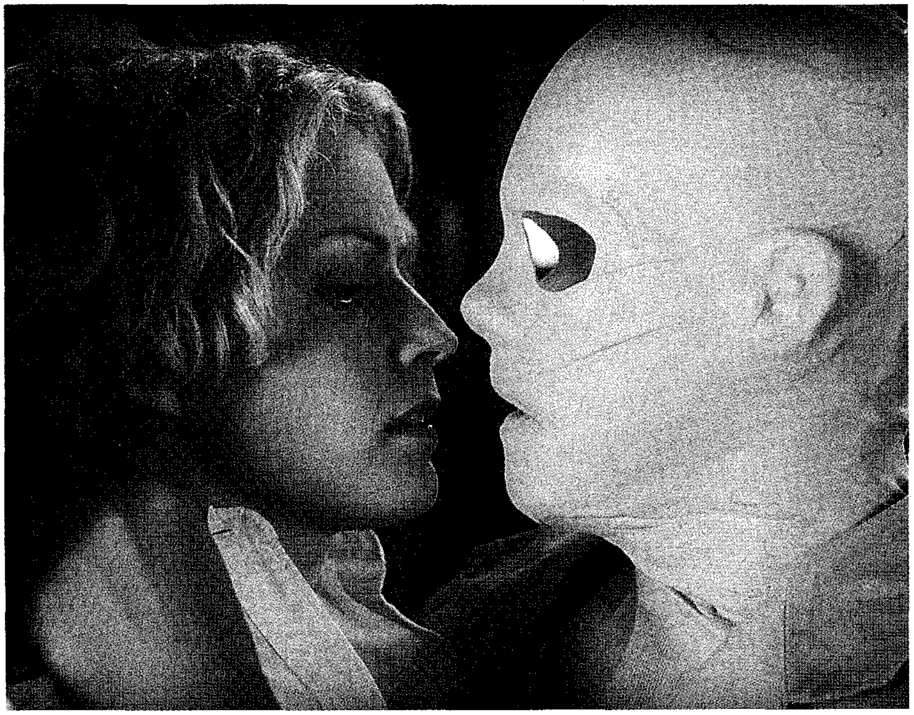
Paul Verhoeven's 'Hollow Man' is a sinister but witless riff on 'The Invisible Man'; will someone please give Eddie Murphy a script worthy of his talent?

Hollow Man IS INTENDED AS *THE INVISIBLE MAN* for the computer-generated-imagery generation, and it makes you long for the old Claude Rains film's tacky, witty pleasures, for pencils floating through space and bandages unraveled to reveal . . . nothing! This new version is hollow, all right: It's a cautionary tale about the dangers of soullessness that never had any soul to lose. The director, Paul Verhoeven, has been working in a Metallica mode ever since he came to Hollywood from Holland almost fifteen years ago, where he made, among other notable movies, *Soldier of Orange*, one of the best and most humane war thrillers ever filmed. Verhoeven didn't simply go Hollywood; he went RoboHollywood—not only with techno-opuses (*RoboCop, Total Recall, Starship Troopers*) that seem machine-tooled but with his real-people movies like *Basic Instinct* and *Showgirls*, to take the best and the worst, which also seem populated with audio-animatronic banshees. Base and gothic, Verhoeven's Hollywood movies look like they were hatched in a high-tech bunker, conceivably the same one on display throughout most of *Hollow Man*. Didn't it occur to the makers of this movie that turning oneself invisible might also be *fun*?

That bunker in *Hollow Man* is a top-secret Defense Department laboratory where Sebastian Caine is the reigning martinet conducting experiments turning animals invisible and back again. Sebastian's chief assistants, played by Elisabeth Shue and Josh Brolin, are also clandestine lovers—clandestine because Shue had once been Sebastian's squeeze and Sebastian has a temper. Sebastian is the kind of guy who jokes about how he's God, making it clear he thinks he really is. He pooh-poohs the Defense Department brass and, bypassing all protocols, volunteers himself as his own first human test subject. "You don't make history following the rules," he sneers at his cohorts. (And you don't make great movies with dialogue like this.)

Kevin Bacon, even when he's playing good guys, has a feral, skinned-rabbit look that villainizes him (the same is true for James Woods). In *Hollow Man*, he brings out the venom in Sebastian from the first frame. This is a mistake, although at least it means he's watchable, which is more than you can say for the other cast members, dullards all. But by starting out Sebastian as a livid, false messiah, Bacon has nowhere to go but sideways: When Sebastian's invisibility cannot be reversed, he simply becomes a wraithlike version of the same vengeful jerk he always was. Secreted inside the bunker while his assistants take turns monitoring him, he goes stir-crazy and slips away, then slips back in. Most of the time he's truly invisible, but when smoke or steam or water is put in his way, his form partially reappears, and for a time he is also encased in a plasticlike substance and cowl that give him the look of a deranged Trappist monk.

Those lips, those eyes: Elisabeth Shue and Kevin Bacon experiment in *Hollow Man*.



Photograph by Sony Pictures Imageworks.

What is the point of making a movie about an invisible man if you don't sink into dirty-minded voyeurism? Most of the time Sebastian never even leaves the compound; we're prisoners with him in a dank dungeon of stainless steel and plate glass, and we're never encouraged to identify with him. He's just an id in a snit. If Brian De Palma had made this movie—he already has, in a way, repeatedly—we would be out with Sebastian nightly on a Cook's tour of purgatory. Verhoeven indulges an occasional low-mindedness, having Sebastian intrude on a buxom neighbor or his rutting cohorts, and he includes a scene where the brainiac appears to be observing a female assistant on the potty. But fantasy-wise, this stuff is pretty slim pickings. Is it because the filmmakers were straining for allegory? (Sebastian's last name isn't Caine for nothing.) In the press notes, Verhoeven refers to Plato's deep musings on invisibility and morality, but his movie doesn't recall Plato's *Republic*. It recalls Republic Pictures: hollow actors in hollow sets hurling hollow dialogue. Even the scenes in which Sebastian is strapped to an operating table and rendered invisible, which should be horrifying, are cheesy. He's stripped away, layer by layer and organ by organ, but he resembles nothing so much as a giant writhing slab of prosciutto.

Hollow Man may be a dud high and low—no Plato, no porno—but it didn't have to be that way. In a world in which cybercommunication has, in a sense, rendered many of us invisible travelers, the time was ripe for a remake of a movie about phantom identity. Virtual reality isn't so virtual anymore, and that's a great subject for a movie, scary or otherwise. If the makers of *Hollow Man* had any wit, they might have realized that, in the modern world, the invisible man is just as corporeal as his flesh-and-blood brethren.

Multiple-personality disorder: Eddie Murphy in *The Klumps.*

Space Cowboys, DIRECTED BY AND STARRING Clint Eastwood, has so predictable a premise that there's really no reason to actually see the movie. You can sit back and imagine what it would be like and probably get just about the same results—maybe, one hopes, better. The premise, made joshingly explicit in the movie, is *The Right Stuff* meets *The Ripe Stuff*: Eastwood, Tommy Lee Jones, Donald Sutherland, and James Garner play ex–Air Force test pilots from the glory days of the fifties who finally get their chance to go into space on a mission. A chimp edged them out for outer-atmospheric-testing honors back in 1958, when NASA took over the space program, and now it's payback time. The NASA bureaucrat (James Cromwell) who once screwed them is urgently implored by the Russians to repair one of their broken orbiting satellites which otherwise will cause a total communications blackout in their country. Since the satellite has the same guidance system as the American satellite Skylab, Eastwood's Frank Corvin, who designed Skylab and is apparently the one person in the universe qualified to do the job, blackmails his old NASA nemesis into also bringing along his flight buddies for the repairs. Who would have thought we would be seeing a movie in which Clint Eastwood risked his neck rescuing the Russkies? Ah, but even that plot point has its predictable twist.

The film is one of those over-the-hill-gang buddyfests that pretend to be about teamwork and valor but are really about movie-star cronyism. Watching these actors appear together in the film as astronauts with Jay Leno isn't all that different from watching many of the same actors appear as themselves *promoting* the movie with Jay Leno. The charitable way to look at all this is that Eastwood and Co. are winking at us; we are nudged to believe that they are playing themselves. The film comes across like an action fantasy for old coots; when these actors groan and squint during their NASA physicals, we're supposed to laugh, sympathetically, at the famous men doing the groaning and squinting. (Some are longer in the tooth than others.) Eastwood, in his recent movies, has been pushing this AARP worldview, and I suppose it's a more genial solution to the problem of being an aging action-movie star than having Arnold Schwarzenegger obliviously muscle his way through yet another splatter epic, or having Sylvester Stallone, in *Cop Land,* go all pot-bellied and Methody. But Eastwood buys off too much for too little. Shouldn't the moment when the guys finally get their up-close glimpse of the universe be a transcendent one? In *Space Cowboys,* they might as well be ushers in a planetarium.

In brief: THE DREADFUL **Coyote Ugly** SEEMS TO have been made for prepubescent dirty old men. Piper Perabo plays an aspiring songwriter who moves from Jersey to New York to Make It and ends up, as one might expect in a Jerry Bruckheimer movie, wriggling on a bar top with a bevy of other Barbies while unshaven guys slaver and whoop. Somehow this is all meant to be empowering for the women. I'm not saying one goes to a film like this for intellectual stimulation, but be forewarned: It makes *Flashdance* seem like *Copenhagen*. . . . Eddie Murphy once again divides himself into an entire family in **Nutty Professor II: The Klumps,** and the result is an amazingly virtuosic, lived-in piece of acting that deserves to be more than the centerpiece in what is essentially a racially oriented gross-out teen pic. Murphy's characters here seem to personify both his best and worst images of himself, as well as the ways in which blacks traditionally have been caricatured in Hollywood. He needs a movie to match the artist he has become. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Ad Glib

Rob Ackerman's acidly funny 'Tabletop' is spot-on about the making of a TV commercial; Bill C. Davis's 'Avow' is unlikely to enjoy mass appeal.

TWO DAVIDS, STORY AND MAMET, HAVE POPULARIZED the workplace play, a genre to which Rob Ackerman now contributes his highly estimable **Tabletop**. The title refers to TV commercials that are usually shot on a tabletop. The author is a practicing property master, and even if he is not yet a master dramatist, his observation, hearing, and orchestration are masterly enough.

We are in the photographic studio of Marcus Gordon, a slipping leader in the field, nervous perfectionist, slave driver wielding the foul-mouthed insult like a bullwhip. His assistant director, Andrea, tries to nudge him toward innovation; only slightly less angular than her clipboard, she is a lover of fast cars and promoter of fast work. Jeffrey, the prop master, is a needling, sarcastic fellow, not above claiming another's ideas as his own. Dave, the grip, is a soft-spoken homosexual trying to stay closeted but firm when work threatens to interfere with his love life. Oscar, the gaffer, is a jovial chap who dreams of owning a hardware store. Ron, the imaginative but often awkward gofer, clearly the author's alter ego, is the butt of the others' disapproval ("You really think about things more than you ought to") yet also the object of their envy.

After hearing about a morning wasted on failed shots, we witness the escalating frustrations of an afternoon of reshoots that multiply like rabbits. Needed, for a product called Fruit Freeze, is a "pour shot," capturing a few seconds of "pouring thick pink liquid into a perfect plastic cup atop a carefully arranged pile of fresh fruit." This is to be followed by a "heroic beauty shot" of the swirl-topped drink slowly rotating upward before the camera. Something always goes wrong: An apple gets bruised, that swirl collapses, tempers fray. Ron is fired and rehired as chaos in a small studio encapsulates some of life's fiercest and funniest frustrations.

Picture imperfect: Rob Bartlett and Elizabeth Hanly Rice in *Tabletop*.

Photograph by Louis Mullen-LeRa

A crack of contradiction runs through the proceedings. "If something is actually good for you, it doesn't get a television commercial," we hear. Or, as Marcus sums up: "You're sitting at home watching the idiot box, and you see some pink shit in a cup. It looks *good*. You want to buy some. That's all that matters." Yet the same Marcus also proclaims, "The shows are a lie. The commercials are the truth." How are these *pinned-together, propped-up, spritzed fruits the* truth, save in the sense that money-making is what TV is about? Ron gets into trouble for thinking his work art rather than craft.

But craft or art, it elicits, besides nastily funny sniping, also an underlying camaraderie. That Ackerman goes off on seeming tangents about private lives seems to me consistent with evoking the workplace—this is, in fact, a production of the Working Theatre dedicated to such plays. And what a workplace Dean Taucher, who has been active in real commercials with Ackerman, has conjured up! This could easily be a functioning studio with everything down to the last detail not only visible but also artfully deployed into a complex stage image, as lovingly lighted by Jack Mehler as if it were a cup of Fruit Freeze. Ilona Somogyi's costumes are no less spot-on.

Wrong only is the happy ending, when the underdog, with the middle dogs united behind him, brings the top dog to his knees, to henceforth not just bark out orders but also say "please." This is both unrealistic and also, in leaving us with a euphoric concluding image, ennobles the specious cause the Marcus Gordon studio subserves.

Under Connie Grappo's unerring direction, six terrific actors combine into an ensemble perhaps even greater than its parts. I salute Rob Bartlett, Harvy Blanks, Jack Koenig, Dean Nolen, Elizabeth Hanly Rice, and Jeremy Webb with equal enthusiasm, and regret only the show's scheduled closing by the end of this week. Is there no producer smart enough to transfer it and cash in on a work so clearly accomplished *and* commercial?

BRIAN AND TOM, A HOMOSEXUAL COUPLE OF self-described "salad-bar Catholics," who pick what morsels of the faith suit them, want to be married by Father Raymond, a young, liberal priest they admire; he, of course, following the dictates of the church, refuses. Brian's sister, Irene, a concert pianist carrying the child of a married man, has promised it to the pair for adoption. Accordingly, she goes to work on persuading Father Raymond to perform the ceremony; in the process, she and the priest fall in love. Watching it all is Rose, the siblings' droll mother, herself in a somewhat ambiguous relationship with her beloved confessor, Father Nash, who is also Father Raymond's confessor. A neat little construct by Bill C. Davis (best known for *Mass Appeal*) and entitled, again punningly, **Avow.**

Father Raymond's refusal throws doubt into the less rabid Tom's mind. (*Rabid* seems more apt than, say, *sanguine,* because Brian is a vet and Tom a seeing-eye-dog trainer who later gets bitten by a rabid dog.) The happy relationship begins to fall apart, as does the play. Davis's problem is that he wants to accost a serious subject—or two or three—via gag-driven comedy, which sort of worked in *Mass Appeal* but doesn't here. *Avow,* to put it mildly, is not a wow.

David Jenkins's set is so stark—mostly an omnipresent double bed and a few chairs—as to look less spartan than a rather too obvious case of cutting corners. Jack Hofsiss has directed swiftly and smoothly enough to elide some of the logical hiatuses, but he has cast unevenly. Tom and Brian are adequately handled by Scott Ferrara and Christopher Sieber, but Alan Campbell—blond, delicate, his hair artfully waved—comes across gayer than the couple. And Sarah Knowlton's Irene would more likely drive men into the priesthood than out of it. Jane Powell, in her somewhat movie-musicalish acting style, is nevertheless charming and funny as Rose, and Reathel Bean and Kathleen Doyle satisfy in lesser roles.

The theological debates are rather thin and shed no new light, the characters thinner yet, as we do not see them at their work. Irene's pianism is reduced to taped piano music between scenes; Tom's and Brian's trades are conveyed by ten seconds of offstage barking; Father Raymond is not shown preaching; Rose is scarcely more than a jokey device. There are amusing gags, though I suspect that some who laughed or gasped loudest were Davis's co-religionists. Is there enough here for those of different faiths, including the belief in a theater of ideas rather than of titillation? ▬

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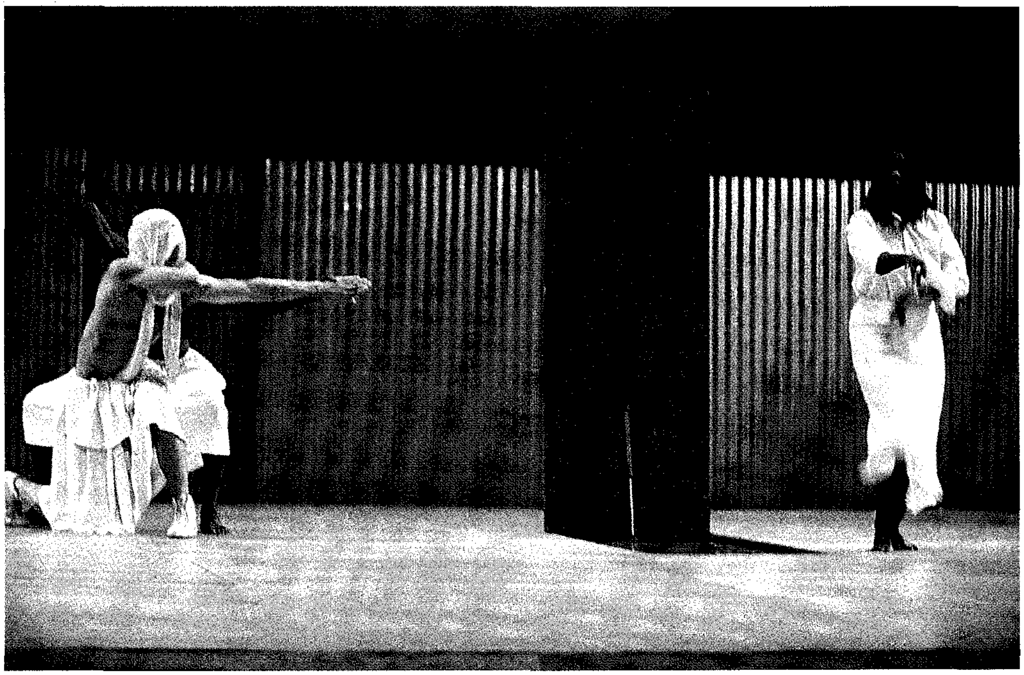
DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Avant-Guarded

At the Lincoln Center Festival, a safe repertoire passes for experimental and guarantees an audience applauding its own "daring" taste.

THE LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL, WHICH HAS BEcome an annual summer event, bravely keeps asserting the existence of an avant-garde. In the realm of dance, the evidence it offers is unconvincing. But how could it be otherwise? In order to get a sizable audience to buy the not-so-cheap tickets, it has to present "experimentalists" who are already operating in the big time. Which often results in their peddling notions more for their effect than for their content, inflating minor subversive tactics to a grandiose scale, and making everything more agreeable through glossy production values. The three postmodernists showcased this year—Wim Vandekeybus, Bill T. Jones, and Mathilde Monnier—despite their differences, are part of this almost inevitable formula.



Gorgeous mosaic: Mathilde Monnier's *Pour Antigone* is a mélange of styles.

My response to Vandekeybus's *In Spite of Wishing and Wanting* was dismay. In a self-consciously noir setting, to a sound score by David Byrne, ten guys ricochet between sentimentalized tenderness and threats of violence in search of their manhood. The portentous shenanigans assigned to them lacked significance, originality, and beauty (and its irresistible opposite, compelling ugliness), to say nothing of movement that, because of its rhythmic or sculptural qualities, you could confidently call dancing. So how come all those people in the audience were standing and yelling and beating their palms together after two intermissionless hours of this stuff? Presumably it meant something to them, reflected their lives or their desires and dreams. Is their response genuine—in which case my own is happily irrelevant—or, as I suspect, the result of artists' and packagers' providing goods calculated to satisfy consumers frantic to believe they're on the cutting edge?

Highlights of this production include: an exploding pillow that litters the stage floor with feathers. A prolonged screaming-and-flailing fit from the naked fellow whose pillow it was. Spoken confessions (needless to say, the piece sports a dramaturge). Periodic menaces from a middle-aged overseer that lend the proceedings a suitable S&M tone. Illustrations of the idea that boys will be boys, such as touch dancing, free-for-all releases of pent-up energy, and film clips whimsically depicting torture. A finale in which the cast climbs up the scaffolding on the back wall of the stage. If you've seen Maurice Béjart and Pina Bausch, you can easily imagine the rest.

BILL T. JONES CAN ALWAYS BE COUNTED on to deliver something that's handsome to gaze at and a sociopolitical agenda that makes you feel you're on the side of the just. *You Walk?,* his group piece for the Lincoln Center Festival—a second program presented him in an 80-minute solo—fulfills the usual expectations. Empty or peopled with bodies, the stage sports the spare, cool stylishness of a contemporary fashion shoot. The dancers, all swell movers, represent an impressive variety of ethnicities and an unusual range of anatomical types. The score combines selections of indigenous music from far away and often long ago, setting them off with bits of the classical European canon. The action—fairly abstract, of course, as befits the postmodern mode—proposes a happy melding of cultures much more likely to have clashed when they crossed paths. For one stretch, though, it seemed to me that the "natives," all purity and innocence were kidnapped and horribly mistreated by foreign marauders who had sophistication on their side. (This agenda harks back to an earlier, angrier Jones.)

Whatever theme Jones claims to explore in his highfalutin program note, the actual choreography lacks depth, structure, musicality—rigor of any kind, really. Jones has obviously seen plenty of Mark Morris and Paul Taylor, but once he sets himself up in those territories he doesn't know how to operate effectively; all he understood was the surface, not the firm, complex armature.

(continued on page 70)

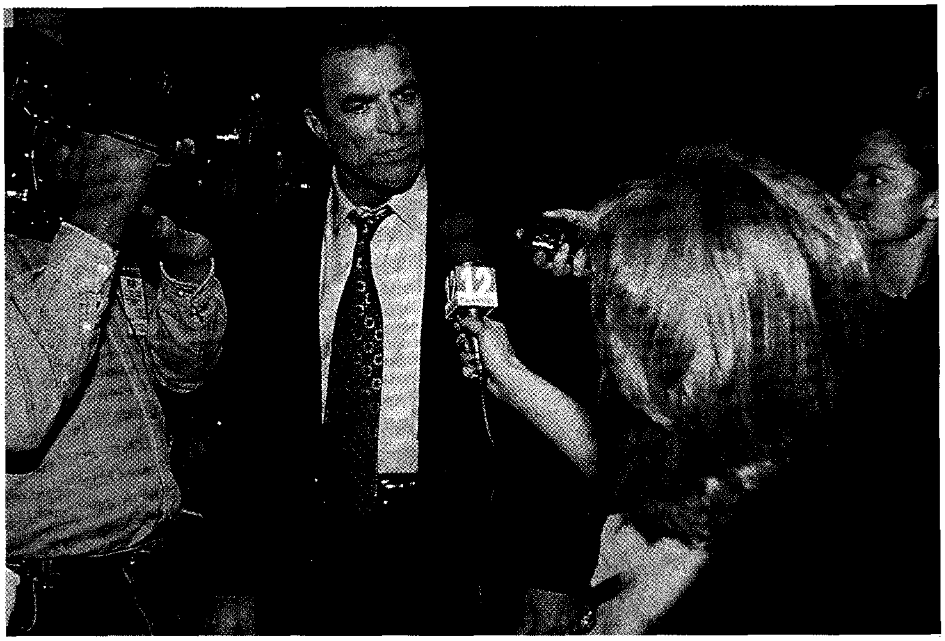
Photograph by Jack Vartoogian

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Bedroom Ayes

Tom Selleck plays a presidential candidate who sleeps around; Philadelphia plays a major city whose cops beat up suspects; 'High Noon' returns. Nu?

JUST IN TIME FOR THE DEMOCRATIC convention in L.A. comes **Running Mates** (Sunday, August 13; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), a TV movie set at a Democratic convention in L.A. where Tom Selleck is about to be nominated for president. After sleeping with his campaign manager (Laura Linney), his Hollywood fund-raiser (Teri Hatcher), the wife (Faye Dunaway) of his Beltway mentor (Robert Culp), and, of course, his own forgiving spouse (Nancy Travis), Tom will now make love to the whole nation. Or screw us, who knows? The best scene in Claudia Salter's generally clever teleplay gathers all these women in one candlelit room, just after Laura's been fired by Tom as part of a deal he struck with the Daddy Warbucks crowd to abandon campaign-finance reform, and they compare notes and sing songs (including "The Star-Spangled Banner").



Bombs bursting in air: Candidate Selleck spins, in TNT's *Running Mates*.

That Tom will renege on this unprincipled deal in the middle of his nationally televised acceptance speech ("America's not for sale!") is both a narrative given for anybody who saw Michael Douglas ban handguns, save the environment, and retrieve Annette Bening at the end of *The American President,* and about as likely in real life as a Nader landslide this November. But in the rollicking meanwhile, Linney is immensely fetching as the idealistic pro; Dunaway and Hatcher are wonderfully over-the-top; Bruce McGill and Bob Gunton are the bad-guy, good-guy alternatives for veep; Tom should never have shaved off his *Magnum* mustache; and director Ron Lagomarsino has fun at the three-ring circus. *Running Mates* would lose in any primary that included Altman's *Tanner '88* or Aaron Sorkin's *The West Wing,* but it's a lot more interesting than the Harvard-Yale game.

AS I TYPE, OR KEYSTROKE, OR WHATEVER, THERE IS NO WAY of knowing if all the delegates to the Republican convention escaped from Philadelphia unbrutalized by its feisty cops. But an equally feisty docudrama, **The Thin Blue Lie** (Sunday, August 13; 8 to 9:45 P.M.; Showtime), makes it clear that the recent police beating of a black civilian, so inconveniently recorded by an overhead chopper trolling for local news, had such lurid antecedents as to signify a tradition of Brotherly Tough Love. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, the seventies, when Mayor Frank Rizzo, an ex-cop himself, was so popular in Philly for chasing crime off the streets that he thought he could get away with changing the city charter in order to run for a third term. And then a Pulitzer Prize–winning series of articles in the *Inquirer* revealed that a "Goon Squad" of homicide detectives was in the unfortunate habit of beating, torturing, and maybe even murdering suspected perps who hadn't confessed fast enough to meet their closed-case quota.

Rob Morrow is perfect as Jonathan Neumann, the young reporter who broke the story and brought down Rizzo (Paul Sorvino, also inspired casting). Not only will Morrow remind you of Dustin Hoffman's Carl Bernstein in *All the President's Men,* and of Robert Walden's Joe Rossi on the old *Lou Grant* show, but he's just as obsessive-obnoxious to Cynthia Preston, the superblonde at the *Inquirer* (here called the *Examiner*), as he was to Janine Turner, the cutie-pie pilot on *Northern Exposure.* Randy Quaid, on the other hand, as the City Hall bureau veteran forced to team up with this investigative whippersnapper, suggests that it may be possible to be a reporter and also have a life. Other old familiar TV faces include G. W. Bailey from *M*A*S*H,* as a grouchy editor, and Al Waxman from *Cagney & Lacey,* as a wise old Police Plaza insider who knows where both the files and the bodies are buried. (Turns out there are floors the elevator doesn't go to.) And Roger Young directs as if he were Costa-Gavras.

The Thin Blue Lie, slick and scary, redresses a dangerous imbalance. For decades, TV has trained us to forgive our centurions almost anything because their jobs are thankless. But what happens when mayors start thinking like Greek colonels is that cops start behaving like German border guards. I especially prize Philly's White Rabbit—a homicide dick in a bunny suit who thumps on cuffed suspects until they're anxious to sign anything, even their own death warrant. What are they

Photograph by Doug Hyun

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Tobias *continued from page 70*

DANCE

So the proceedings of *You Walk?*—what can this title possibly mean?—gradually take on a disquieting air of randomness. As for Jones's own eclectic vocabulary, its ramshackle, hybrid quality has charm, but it's too casual to give the show any meaningful impact, despite the energy, fluency, and individual color the dancers apply to it. The martyrdom of a rapt, scarlet-robed saint, the partying in a tango palace that segues into animal imitations inspired by African dance—these scenes slip by like so much eye candy. The material is pleasant to watch—for the first hour. But it never adds up or resonates, so by hour two you're more than ready to walk.

For me the most rewarding of the LCF's postmodern offerings was *Pour Antigone,* by the French experimental choreographer Mathilde Monnier. Best known to people with an old-fashioned education through Sophocles' play, the Antigone story examines the conflict between personal moral duty and the duty owed to the state. Monnier deals with the issue obliquely at best, and one must admit that it's hardly capable of being described through dancing.

Still, this choreographer does offer something fascinating—African dancers removed from a ritual context without a compensating inflection of ethnography or, even, entertainment. She displays them plain and clear, executing their narrow, compelling vocabulary of austere, hypnotic rhythms: feet treading flat against the floor, torso and pelvis undulating demonically, head flung forward and back to whiplash effect, arms reaching skyward like rampant vines flourishing in a hot, wet summer. The power and elegance are formidable.

Monnier juxtaposes the African dancers, who chant gorgeously as they move, seconded by a griot (storyteller), who functions as both instrumentalist and vocalist, with silent European dancers whose brooding demeanor makes them seem burdened with an existentialist agenda. (The French existentialist playwrights, remember, were addicted to Greek legends.) Though the material designed by Monnier for the Europeans has a blunt, plainspoken ferocity that allies it with the traditional African dance language, the Europeans never shed their air of the artificial, the cultivated-in-the-studio. They look as if they never venture outdoors, while their counterparts seem to have sky over their heads, earth against their feet. I found both groups terrific, each in its own way, and was almost convinced that no one—myself included—was being patronized. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

going to tell their public defender, that they were whacked by a six-foot rabbit?

TELEVISION

I LIKE TOM SKERRITT. HE MAY EVEN BE A BETTER actor than Gary Cooper, who was not exactly Laurence Olivier. And Susanna Thompson is a more persuasive Quaker than it was ever necessary for Grace Kelly to pretend to be. And Maria Conchita Alonso is a perfectly acceptable substitute for Katy Jurado. And Michael Madsen is a menacing improvement on Ian MacDonald as vengeful Frank Miller. But there is really no excuse for a remake of **High Noon** (Sunday, August 20; 8 to 10 P.M.; TBS), not even if you stick mostly to Carl Foreman's original coward-bashing screenplay and its 85 tick-tock minutes of "real time." It's like stuffing beans up your nose just because you've got a pair of nostrils.

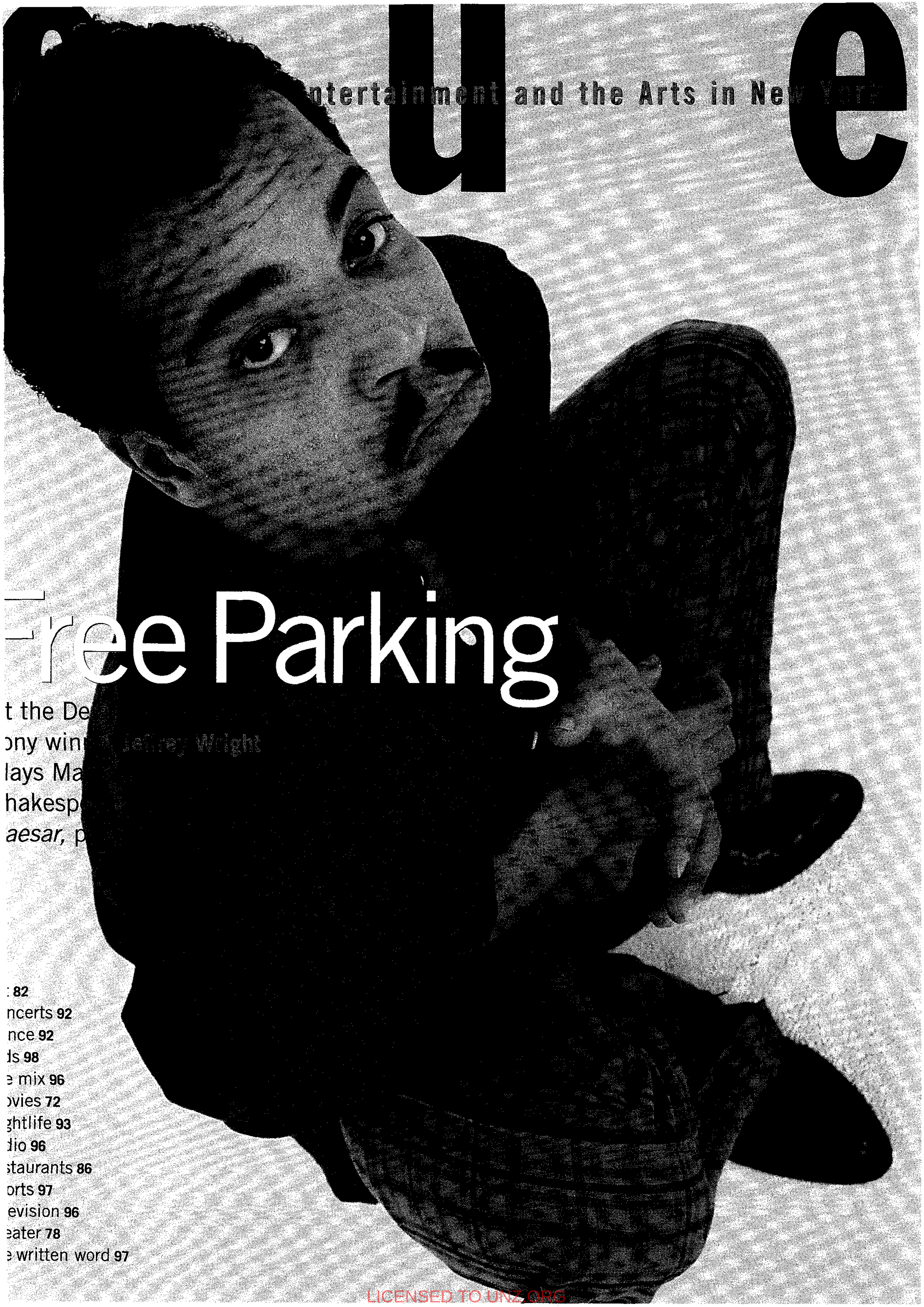
Never mind, either, Dennis Weaver and the rest of the supporting cast, who do nothing of which they need be ashamed. If, however, you're going to redo a much-loved golden oldie, which is better anyway in memory than it is on VHS, then at least rethink it. Why buy into Hollywood's perverse line on Quakers? (The movies love them most when they abandon their principles and take up arms.) Why not meet that train at noon with a collective of vegetarian carpenters and a nonviolent sit-down strike?

But if you absolutely insist on doing the same thing all over again with commercials, then you have to shell out whatever bucks it takes to get the original music. Without Tex Ritter's performance of the Dimitri Tiomkin theme song, "High Noon (Do Not Forsake Me)," this copycat crime is just asking for capital punishment.

Bull (TUESDAYS, STARTING AUGUST 15; 10 to 11 P.M.; TNT) asks us for the next thirteen weeks to identify with a bunch of young hotshot renegade investment bankers and traders who walk out of their old-shoe firm one step ahead of the S.E.C. but months before they have a truly interesting line of credit, to buy and sell on the telephone and push money through their modems as if the spider-speak in green decimals of international currency speculation were Holy Script.

Maybe in the coming three months Stanley Tucci will lead them to some Brigadoon of the New Economy and I will understand more than a fly-by third of the slanguage they frisbee with such insouciance. But I like them—George Newbern, Malik Yoba, Elisabeth Rohm, Ian Kahn, Christopher Wiehl, and, especially Alicia Coppola—at least as much as I can stand to be in the same room with bipolar hypercapitalists. ■

John Leonard's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**



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movies

Cecil B. Demented...Gimme Shelter

New Films

The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle—Mildly enjoyable live-action and animation big-screen update of the Jay Ward TV show. It's not quite kiddie-ish enough for the kiddies and not quite brainy enough for their parents. Jason Alexander and Rene Russo star as Boris and Natasha; Robert De Niro, who looks like he's on a much-needed actor's holiday, plays Fearless Leader. (Rainer; 7/17/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Clearview's Cobble Hill; Main Street Cinemas.*

Alice and Martin—André Techiné has one of the most rapturous film techniques around, but this *amour fou* is mostly play-act passion. Alice (Juliette Binoche) is a violinist in Paris who gets turned on by the turmoils of Martin (Alexis Loret), a male model who is running away from his past. Both actors have an opaqueness that undercuts the lyricism. (Rainer; 7/31/00) (2 hrs.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American Pimp—The Hughes brothers' first feature-length documentary examines the wide and not-so-witty world of pimps: the expensive clothes, the flashy automobiles, the fat bankrolls—not to mention the multitude of women they exploit. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

American Psycho—Christian Bale plays the designer serial killer and Wall Street hotshot Patrick Bateman in this overconceptualized movie adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial, overconceptualized novel. Director Mary Harron has done an admirable job paring down Ellis's numbing catalogue of conspicuous consumptions, and the film is less gory than the book. The movie comes across as a classy slasher flick. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

Benjamin Smoke—Jem Cohen and Peter Sillen's compelling documentary about Benjamin (no last name), a speed-addled, HIV-positive drag queen who fronts a punk-country-blues band called Smoke. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Better Living—Olympia Dukakis stars as a put-upon housewife whose long-absent husband (Roy Scheider) suddenly reappears to enlist the help of his wife and three daughters in destroying their worldly possessions and building a bomb shelter-like underground fort, which he proclaims will "save the family." (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Big Blue: The Director's Cut—Luc Besson's 1988 film returns to the theatres as it was originally intended. Roseanne Arquette plays the love interest of handsome Jacques Mayol, who stars as an eccentric diver who has more rapport with porpoises than with human beings. (2 hrs. 43 mins; R) *Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Blood Simple—The Coen brothers' audacious debut, about a green-eyed Texas bar owner who puts a contract out on his wife and her lover, returns in a trimmed-down director's cut. Starring John Getz, Frances McDormand, and Dan Hedaya. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

But I'm a Cheerleader—The tale of a teenage girl (Natasha Lyonne) whose high-school friends become convinced she's a lesbian after learning she likes Georgia O'Keeffe, hates kissing her boyfriend, and doesn't eat meat. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival as well as the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Paris Theatre.*

★Chicken Run—The Bristol, England–based Aardman Studios have fashioned their first feature-length claymation movie, and it's a pip: A prison-break movie starring chickens, a kind of egg-layer *Stalag 17*. The concept itself is funny, but co-directors Nick Park and Peter Lord bring in a lot more, including an assortment of hens who together make up a panorama of British spinsterhood. Mel Gibson is the voice of the Rhode Island rooster who helps with the rescue, and he's jauntier here than he is in *The Patriot.* (Rainer; 7/10/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Chuck & Buck—Buck (Mike White) is a 27-year-old man-child who sucks lollipops and listens to old LPs; Chuck (Chris Weitz), his childhood friend, is a successful L.A. record executive. When Chuck attempts to reunite with his old chum by moving close to him and stalking him and propositioning him, the film turns into a demento erotic thriller. Unfortunately, Chuck is the inner-child hero of the piece, and what's disturbing about him soon dissipates. It's as if we were meant to take dear old Norman Bates as Huck Finn. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

Coyote Ugly—See Rainer, page 64. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Revivals

In the Mick of Time

Before the Rolling Stones got really old, they were really young. 'Gimme Shelter,' the seminal concert film by Albert and David Maysles and Charlotte Zwerin, is a testament to that. Featuring footage from the Stones' 1969 tour (when the band was at its peak), the film unflinchingly documents the deadly outcome of the free concert at Altamont Speedway that put a symbolic end to the sixties just five months after Woodstock. A newly restored cut premieres at Film Forum on August 11.

★Croupier—Mike Hodges, the much underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

Disney's The Kid—Bruce Willis stars as a caustic, snide image consultant who magically connects with himself as a chubby 8-year-old (Spencer Breslin) in this gooey, homiletic movie that's all about the virtues of locating one's inner child. Hollywood

'Cue' cover photograph by Andrew MacPherson/Outline.

would be better off trying to locate its inner adult. (Rainer; 7/17/00) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**East Is East**—The great Indian actor Om Puri towers in this jagged, well-made comedy about a Pakistani father in England trying to cope with his unruly family and his own fundamentalist ways. It could have come across as a mixed-race *Life With Father,* but the complexity of Puri's performance transforms it. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Sutton; North Shore Towers.*

★**East-West**—A hokey, melodramatic, enjoyable Cold War drama from France about a Russian émigré physician (Oleg Menchikov) who returns to Stalin's postwar police state with his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and pays the price. Catherine Deneuve plays the French actress who helps save the day, and her cheekbones and lip gloss have never seemed so politically correct. In French and Russian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Clearview's Beekman; North Shore Towers.*

The Eyes of Tammy Faye—A mocking, self-satisfied documentary about the weepy evangelist/mascara maven. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Five Senses—Canadian director Jeremy Podeswa's American feature-film debut examines a series of intertwining relationships that are all inexorably tied to taste, touch, hearing, smell, and vision. No, it's not a prequel. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Frequency—Jim Caviezal plays a Queens cop who, courtesy of an old ham radio and a rip in the space-time continuum, communicates with his firefighter father (Dennis Quaid), who perished in a blaze in 1969. The radio isn't the only thing that's ham in this misguided hunk of heartfelt mumbo-jumbo. (Rainer; 5/8/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**Girl on the Bridge**—Patrice Leconte's stylish, opportunistic romance mixes up everything from Fellini and Ophuls to forties film noir and fairy tales and occultism. Daniel Auteuil plays a has-been knife-thrower, and Vanessa Paradis is his new recruit in the act. They have an intriguing Svengali-Trilby thing going on, and the knife-throwing scenes are so rattling that you leave the theater grateful you weren't nicked. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while, at the same time, presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. As the Roman general who becomes a slave and then a gladiator and a folk hero, he radiates a force-field thicker than any armor. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Atrium.*

Groove—Greg Harrison's sweet, disposable movie about the San Francisco rave scene appears at times to be a cross between a sixties American International picture like *The Trip* and a seventies disco flick. Despite all the drugs ingested, not to mention bottles of water, lurking within all the techno-thump is a standard boy-meets-girl scenario. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Hollow Man—See Rainer, page 64. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

I'm the One That I Want—Margaret Cho's critically acclaimed one-woman show—in which she recounts her grim experiences starring in *All-American Girl,* a fast-canceled ABC sitcom—finally makes it to the big screen. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The In Crowd—Wealthy college students, all members of an upper-crust East Coast country club, take "the new girl" (Lorie Heuring) under their wing—and she soon realizes that there's a *very* dark side to the clique's leader. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**Jesus' Son**—Billy Crudup and Samantha Morton are marvelous in this uneven adaptation of Denis Johnson's episodic book about a saintly stoner. The director, Alison Maclean, has a fine, intuitive way with actors and a gift for portraying poetic disarray, but much of the movie has a seventies-era scruffiness that often tails off into sentimentality and oh-wowness. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Loser—Amy Heckerling's next film after *Clueless* is about two sweet college ne'er-do-wells, played by Jason Biggs and Mena Suvari, who finally discover how right they are for each other. It takes them too long. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Loews 84th Street; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Bayside; YWCA Cine-Club.*

★**Me, Myself & Irene**—Not as many classic bad-taste moments as previous Farrelly Brothers outings, but Jim Carrey, playing a Rhode Island cop with a split personality, is at his frenzied near-best. Half Milquetoast, the other half insanely bullying, he's a whirling dervish of a performer who probably could have added on another four personalities to the mix without breaking a sweat. Renee Zellweger is his comic foil, and she's a bit bland. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Astoria.*

Mission: Impossible 2—Tom Cruise is back in this James Bond–ish sequel with mythic overtones courtesy of director John Woo. The mythologizing, the slo-mo ceremoniousness of the action scenes, the hero/villain dualisms, the flutterings of doves aren't really supported by the mostly standard-issue thriller-movie tropes. Cruise is pretty much the whole show, and he's all business. The humorlessness of the enterprise, and of his performance, is wearing. Thandie Newton co-stars as the love interest, and she's touching without having much more to do than your average Bond Girl. (Rainer; 6/5/00) (2 hrs., 6 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps**—See Rainer, page 64. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

The Patriot—Mel Gibson is the widowed Colonial patriarch who at first opposes fighting the British and then practically becomes a Revolutionary War ninja in this melodramatic battle epic that, in tone, at times resembles a cross between *Little House on the Prairie* and *Gladiator.* The plotting is basic: Someone is killed, then revenged, followed by more killing and more revenging. It works fitfully, but turning the anthem of American liberty into a battleground fit for a Sega computer game is a bit much. The British come across about as bad as they ever have in this film, while the French, usually a bunch of Pepe Le Pews in our movies, are the good guys. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; UA East; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Perfect Storm—Wolfgang Petersen's epic based on the Sebastian Junger nonfiction best-seller has

Premiere
I See France

Although the English title of Frédéric Fonteyne's *An Affair of Love* sounds way too coy (the French title is *Une Liaison Pornographique*), the film's subject matter does not: Two strangers meet through a classified ad to fulfill a bizarre sexual fantasy. Alas, we, the audience, don't really get to see much of their kinky liaison. They keep the door shut. Instead, we're privy to several long monologues about how these two lonely urban dwellers subvert their own plan and fall madly, madly in love. Did that subtitle really just read: "This is bigger than either of us. . ."? The film, which stars the lovely Nathalie Baye (who never seems to age), begins August 11 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Photograph courtesy of Fine Line Features.

an impressive assortment of computer-generated waves and lots of men yelling to be heard above the sound of those waves. George Clooney plays the skipper of a swordfishing ship that heads out from Gloucester into perhaps the worst nautical storm ever recorded. His thin dark beard goes grayish as the waves hit. Except as spectacle, the film isn't much. The mythic-heroic stuff lacks an undercurrent, and you keep asking yourself why these men are risking so much when there's an easy way out. Mark Wahlberg, Diane Lane, and John C. Reilly co-star. (7/10/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; North Shore Towers; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Pokémon The Movie 2000—Those ubiquitous Japanese action figures make their inevitable return to the big screen. (1 hr. 54 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Replacements—Anyone for more "football equals life" metaphors? Gene Hackman plays "a legendary football coach" who is asked to recruit a team of replacements after the Washington Sentinels go on strike; a team of ordinary people like Keanu Reeves. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square.*

RiFiFi—All but unseen since its 1955 release, Jules Dassin's triumphantly amoral crime thriller boasts, among other things, a 30-minute robbery scene sans music or dialogue. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Road to El Dorado—Dreamworks' animated movie has some thrilling, swoopy visual sequences, lots of corn, and enough shimmering gold surfaces to make you think the Yucatán is an adjunct of Trump Tower. Actors voicing the animated characters include Kenneth Branagh, Kevin Kline, and, unmistakably, Rosie Perez. (Rainer; 4/10/00) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *Centre Sunnyside.*

Saving Grace—Brenda Blethyn stars as Grace, a dottering old widow who, faced with a huge debt and the possibility of losing her house, comes up with the scheme to transform her garden into a veritable hemp highway. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Scary Movie—A half-baked satire of modern teen splatter flicks from Keenan Ivory Wayans. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Shaft—John Singleton's new version of the seventies blaxploitation hit stars Samuel L. Jackson in the Richard Roundtree role. Like its predecessor, the film seems to really be about stylishness as a form of militancy. Jackson is so burned up about everything that he never has time to be a sex machine, and so the Isaac Hayes theme song sounds more like a taunt than a tribute. Christian Bale, in what amounts to a recap of his *American Psycho* sicko, plays a racist murderer, and Jeffrey Wright is effective as a Dominican druglord. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart.*

Shanghai Noon—Director Tom Dey attempts to make a wacky Western by casting Jackie Chan as a klutzy imperial guard to the emperor of China who's trying to rescue a kidnapped princess, with the help of a petty thief/big dreamer (Owen Wilson). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Loews State.*

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

Shower—A bittersweet examination of Chinese culture taking place in a public bathhouse about to be closed down by a young entrepreneur—who happens to be the son of the man who owns it. (1 hr., 32 mins.; PG-13) *CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Small Time Crooks—Woody Allen's new movie isn't just minor, it's minuscule. It harkens back not to the early classics like *Bananas* and *Sleeper,* but even further back to the Milquetoast humors of *Take the Money and Run.* Allen and Tracey Ullman are a working-class Manhattan couple on the shady side of the law who strike it rich. Allen plays up the comedy of nouveau riche bad taste, but his comic affinities are elsewhere; most of what we see here is labored. Best reason to go: Elaine May's marvelous turn as a holy-fool dimwit. (5/29/00) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Loews State.*

Space Cowboys—See Rainer, page 64. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Tao of Steve—In Jenniphr Goodman's directorial debut, Donal Logue plays Dex, a way-overweight rogue who manages to be lucky with the ladies despite his size-44 jeans. Greer Goodman plays Syd, the one woman who's seemingly insusceptible to his charms. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Thomas and the Magic Railroad—The celebrated children's television show about a kindly choo-choo train comes to life, and throws into the mix spooky human beings like Alec Baldwin and Peter Fonda. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Time Regained—The disembodied voice of Marcel Proust (Patrice Chereau), speaking, apparently, from his deathbed, guides us through key moments in his life, gradually interweaving elements of his fiction into the narrative until fantasy completely wins out. Co-starring Catherine Deneuve, Vincent Perez, and John Malkovich. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Up at the Villa—Enervated adaptation of the Somerset Maugham novella about murder and romance set in Fascist Tuscany and starring Sean Penn and Kristin Scott Thomas as unlikely conspirators. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Festivals
Crash Course

In just one short but intense month, you too can become an art-house-film aficionado. No, not at the Learning Annex. For five weeks, Film Forum is presenting "The Golden Age of the Foreign Film," with more than 50 titles from all those directors whose work you pretend to know so well: Buñuel, Bergman, Fellini, Kurosawa, Cocteau, Antonioni . . . By the time it's over, you'll be smoking Sherman MCDs and quoting from old issues of *Cahiers du Cinéma* with the best of 'em. Starts August 11.

★**What Lies Beneath**—Crude scare-picture pulp done up in big-movie star trappings. Michelle Pfeiffer plays a woman who believes the inherited Vermont home she shares with her scientist husband (Harrison Ford) is spook-infested. The director Robert Zemeckis draws on a whole stable of woman-in-peril warhorses, from *Gaslight* to *Wait Until Dark;* he lifts from Hitchock and *Fatal Attraction* and much more. The results are effective without being very interesting: It is not such a great achievement, in the end, to make audiences jump on cue; even the teen-horror cheapies are pretty adept at it, if nothing else. But Michelle Pfeiffer's performance is something to see. Terror seems to turn her wraithlike. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Wonderland—Michael Winterbottom puts a lot of kitchen-sink realism to work on a rather shopworn multi-story scenario about all the lonely people looking for love in the big city, in this case South London. Gina McKee and Shirley Henderson put some spice in the gruel. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**X-Men**—Bryan Singer's cinematic transciption of the Marvel Comics mainstay has intermittent, balled-up power. It's a rarity, a comic-book-derived movie with a satisfying visual style and protagonists you want to watch. The X-Men include Wolverine (Hugh Jackman), Rogue (Anna Paquin), Cyclops (James Marsden), and their fearless leader Professor Xavier (Patrick Stewart), while their supermutant antagonists include Ian McKellan's Magneto and Toad (Ray Park), who can flick his twelve-foot tongue like it was a lasso. Adolescents, and probably not a few adults, will appreciate the film's celebration of being different. We're not dorks, after all—we're the next stage in evolution. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

rt Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. (212-929-3350) *Gladiator; Shanghai Noon.*

C Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *Chuck & Buck; Saving Grace; The Tao of Steve; The Girl on the Bridge; Wonderland.*

C Village East—189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) *But I'm a Cheerleader; Butterfly; Disney's The Kid; The Five Senses; Groove ; Sunshine; X-Men.*

inema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *American Pimp; Time Regained; Two Women.*

learview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave. (777-FILM#603) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Scary Movie.*

ilm Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *New Waterford Girl; RiFiFi; The Films of Jay Rosenblatt.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

oews Village—66 Third Ave. (50-LOEWS#952) *Hollow Man; Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

uad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Blood Simple; Criminal Lovers; I'm the One That I Want; The Eyes of Tammy Faye.*

he Screening Room—54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) *Benjamin Smoke; Better Living; Croupier.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

A Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Jesus' Son; Loser; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

14th–41st Streets

C Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Chicken Run; Loser; The Virgin Suicides; X-Men.*

learview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *But I'm a Cheerleader; Coyote Ugly; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys.*

learview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *X-Men.*

oews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *Hollow Man; The Perfect Storm; What Lies Beneath.*

oews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; The*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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Replacements; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath.

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Coyote Ugly; Saving Grace.*
CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Scary Movie.*
CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Shower.*
CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *East Is East; Psycho Beach Party.*
Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The Big Blue: The Director's Cut.*
Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *X-Men.*
CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Final Destination; Frequency; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Love and Basketball; Road Trip; Rules of Engagement.*
Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Coyote Ugly; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; The Replacements.*
Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *What Lies Beneath.*
Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Space Cowboys.*
Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Psycho; Dinosaur; High Fidelity; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Butterfly.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Disney's The Kid; Me, Myself & Irene.*
Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *East-West.*
Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Blood Simple; Chicken Run; Croupier; Girl on the Bridge; Gladiator; Loser; Sunshine; The In Crowd; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*
Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *X-Men.*
Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The Perfect Storm.*
Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *What Lies Beneath.*
Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Loser; The Patriot.*
UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Hollow Man; The Patriot; Pokemon The Movie 2000; X-Men.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Chuck & Buck.*
Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Hollow Man; Space Cowboys.*
Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; What Lies Beneath.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Alice and Martin; Blood Simple; Croupier; Shower; The Tao of Steve; The Wind Will Carry Us.*
Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Hollow Man; Loser; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Scary Movie.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Opening
Run of DeMille

John Waters is obsessed with terrorists. "The thing you have to admit," he says, "is that they have a *look.*" What exactly does his idea of "terrorist chic" entail? "Rags," he says simply. "Clothing taken from thrift shops, where the fashion trends always start." Filmgoers will get a chance to see this look in action with Waters's latest, *Cecil B. Demented,* which he describes as "an underground Hollywood movie." In *Demented,* Melanie Griffith stars as Honey Whitlock, a helium-voiced Hollywood diva who visits Baltimore for the premiere of her new big-budget blockbuster. Once there, she's kidnapped by Cecil B. (Stephen Dorff) and the "Sprocket Holes," a gang of cinema terrorists who plan to use Griffith in their own independent art-house film *Raving Beauty.* "To prepare for the film," Waters said, "I just watched *Battle of Algiers* over and over again, screaming out the dialogue in my apartment. It's the best film about terrorists ever made, but if they screened it nowadays, I'm sure I'm the only person who'd show up." Does he think there's any kind of *underground* cinema worth talking about right now? "Certainly. In New York, the new underground still lurks around the Anthology Film Archives, where they've been lurking since it opened 40 years ago. Young directors will always be thinking of new ways to portray sex and violence, ways that are sure to get on the nerves of the generation that preceded them. What I find funny is that the new underground *hates* independent films; they think they're just a bunch of whiners and big babies." As for what to expect from Waters in the future, he prefers to keep somewhat tight-lipped: "All I'll reveal is that it's called *A Dirty Shame* and it's about blue-collar sex addicts searching for some kind of dignity." *Cecil B. Demented* opens August 11. **DEREK DE KOFF**

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Disney's The Kid; Gladiator; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Saving Grace; Space Cowboys; The Replacements; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Shaft; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Coyote Ugly; Disney's The Kid; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) *Blood Simple; But I'm a Cheerleader; Croupier; Shower.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Disney's T Kid; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Up at the Villa.*
CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777 FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th S (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for show times.*
CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Av (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (71 338-3371) *Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movi X-Men.*
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Elde Lane (718-277-0303) *Big Momma's House; Chick Run; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor The Klumps; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movi Shaft; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Ra road; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*
Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-083 *Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: T Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Mo 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and t Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Av (718-821-5993) *Pokemon The Movie 2000; Sca Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*
UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-23 4000) *Hollow Man; Loser; Nutty Professor 2: T Klumps; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What L Beneath.*
UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Coyote Ugl Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The P fect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Mov Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Photograph by Abbot Gens

Queens

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Road to El Dorado; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Disney's The Kid; Mission: Impossible 2; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Kunwara; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; The In Crowd; What Lies Beneath; X-Men; X-Men.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Chicken Run; The Five Senses; Gladiator; The Patriot; Psycho Beach Party; Shower; Sunshine.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Coyote Ugly; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Croupier; East Is East; East-West; The Perfect Storm.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Disney's The Kid; Hollow Man; Me, Myself & Irene; Pokemon The Movie 2000.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Me, Myself & Irene; The Perfect Storm; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Hollow Man; The Perfect Storm; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; X-Men.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Coyote Ugly; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Loser; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Hollow Man; Loser; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; X-Men.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Coyote Ugly; Disney's The Kid; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; X-Men.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Coyote Ugly; Disney's The Kid; Gladiator; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Disney's The Kid; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokemon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/3: "Behind the Mirror: American Films in the 1950s." 8/13: *Written on the Wind* (1956); *All That Heaven Allows* (1955). 8/14: *The Defiant Ones* (1958); *Odds Against Tomorrow* (1959). "Repertory Nights: New Prints of Classic Movies." 8/12–8/13: *Contempt* (1963). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—8/8: "Essential Cinema." *Mother* (1926); *The Rise of Louis XIV* (1966). 8/9: "New Filmmakers Short Film Program." *Driver* (2000); *The Final Solution* (2000); *On the Way* (2000). "New Filmmakers Feature Presentation." *Cleaners of Broadway* (2000). "Atom Egoyan Retrospective." *Family Viewing* (1987); *Next of Kin* (1984). 8/10: "Atom Egoyan Retrospective." *The Adjuster* (1991); *Speaking Parts* (1989). 8/11: "Essential Cinema." *Berlin: Symphony of a Great City* (1927). "Atom Egoyan Retrospective." *Exotica* (1995); *The Sweet Hereafter* (1997). 8/12–8/13: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1935). "Atom Egoyan Retrospective." *Exotica; Next of Kin; The Sweet Hereafter.* 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—8/8: *A Generation* (1955). 8/10–8/11: *Love Affair: Or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator* (1967); *Man Is Not a Bird* (1965). 8/12: *The Killer* (1989). 8/13: *The Ox* (1991). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—8/8–8/9: *Gregory's Girl* (1980). 8/10–8/11: *On the Waterfront* (1954). 8/12: *Velvet Underground.* 8/13: *She Done Him Wrong* (1933). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Film Forum—Beginning 8/11: "The Golden Age of the Foreign Film." 8/11–8/13: *La Strada* (1954); *Nights of Cabiria* (1957). 8/14: *Knife in the Water* (1962); *Repulsion* (1965). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Beginning 8/9: "Tenth Anniversary Tribute: Milestone Film & Video." 8/9: *Maborosi* (1995); *South: Ernest Shackleton and the Endurance Expedition* (1919). 8/10: *Antonio Gaudi* (1985); *I Am Cuba* (1964); *Ju Dou* (1990). 8/11: *Why Has Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East?* (1989); *Wuthering Heights* (1953). 8/12: *Chang* (1927); *The Bat Whispers* (1930); *Tabu* (1929); *Wuthering Heights.* 8/13: *Chang; I Am Cuba; Why Has Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East?* 8/14: *Hana-Bi (Fireworks)* (1997); *It Happened Here* (1966). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 members, $4.50 seniors, $3 "Movies for Kids."

Museum of Modern Art—8/8: *Bonjour Tristesse* (1958); *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944). 8/10: *Artists and Models* (1955); *Bonjour Tristesse.* 8/11: *Artists and Models; Cordially Invited* (1960); *Charles H. M. White Home Movies* (1924–1934); Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford Home Movies (1929). 8/12: *Le Rouge et Le Noir (The Red and the Black)* (1954). 8/13: *Duel in the Sun* (1946); *The Horse's Mouth* (1959). 8/14: *The Red and the Black; The Horse's Mouth.* 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Blaxploitation Film Series." 8/11–8/12: *Shaft* (1971). "Weekend Classics." 8/13: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—8/8–8/10: *East-West* (1999); *Grass* (1999); *The Filth and the Fury* (2000). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 seniors.

hotograph courtesy of Zeitgeist Films, Ltd.

Premiere

The Oddest Couple

Based on Erica Fischer's best-selling book, 'Aimée & Jaguar' tells the true story of Lilly Wust and Felice Schragenheim, two women who were lovers in the middle of Nazi Germany despite the fact that one was a member of the Jewish underground and the other an exemplar of Nazi motherhood. The film, which was a Golden Globe nominee for Best Foreign Language Film, has its New York premiere on August 11.

theater

Julius Caesar...Pure Pop...Perpetual Patient

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat). $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Lea Thompson. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—So many ways to skin a cat—but none of them seem to work! $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 9/10. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now featuring Vicki Lewis and Charlotte D'Amboise $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing in Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

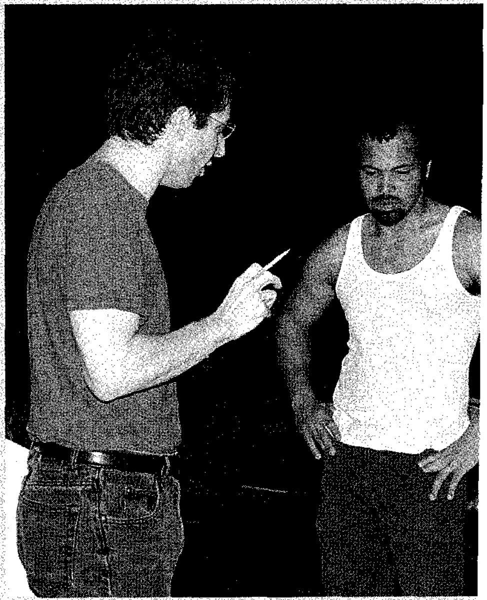
Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story!

Previews
Rome Improvements

Like many of us, actor Jeffrey Wright read *Julius Caesar* for the first time in ninth-grade English. "It's very much a play about men and the scramble for power," says Wright (pictured, right, with director Barry Edelstein), "and I went to an all-boys school, so I felt like there was something implicitly being told to us." Wright, who won a Tony for his role in *Angels in America* and played the lead in *Basquiat*, will play Mark Antony opposite David McCallum's Caesar, Jamey Sheridan's Brutus, and Dennis Boutsikaris's Cassius in the final production of this summer's Shakespeare in the Park. Just as he once noted disturbing similarities between regicidal Rome and his high school in D.C., he now finds *Caesar* perfectly suited to life in hypercapitalist New York. In fact, he says, Mark Antony isn't so different, after all, from Peoples Hernández, the ruthless Spanish Harlem drug lord Wright just played in *Shaft*. "Peoples is very much a Roman," Wright explains, "and he's very much an American. There's a certain survivalist brutality that we inherit from the Romans that people today celebrate. This play is about corporate struggle, blood lust, and the intangibility of virtue," he says, and laughs. "Peoples would fit right in, because he kind of has similar imperialist aspirations." Wright sympathizes with Antony. "He's a guy who has certain responsibilities," he says. "And when the moment arrives, he has to step into his manhood. That's kind of personal to me." The 34-year-old Wright, who recently survived *Shaft's* tabloid frenzy of backstage shenanigans and high-profile creative differences, says, "The trick is figuring out what that 'man' in 'manhood' is. The implication here is that it's a brutish mantle, that it's dirty." But, like Antony, he adds, "We all have to decide what we want to do in the world—and where our allegiances lie." (See "Off Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL



Photograph by Carol Rosegg

Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

he Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

he Man Who Came to Dinner—One of the American theater's funniest farces, this play is much funnier than the same Kaufman and Hart's *You Can't Take It With You,* because it is less good-natured, and amiableness is not what farce is about. The Roundabout Theatre Company has bravely inaugurated its new home, the American Airlines Theatre, with this capital farce, and in Nathan Lane they have found the right man for a risky role. The character is semi-Lane, semi-lion, and the actor nicely adds the bitchy fierceness to his customary campiness. There is not a weak link in the large cast. William Ivey Long's costumes, Paul Gallo's lighting, and especially Tony Walton's set that cunningly mirrors the auditorium's somewhat faded splendor are no less on the mark. (Simon: 8/7/00.) $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 10/1. *American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).*

liss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

ie Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

ie Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

ie Real Thing—The clever Tom Stoppard tells a fairly simple story as trickily, as cleverly as possible. He has lots of fun with his assorted adulteries, and his dialogue suitably sparkles. The current revival is less pleasurable than the 1984 American premiere, which had the proper sets and was better directed. Still, Stoppard is one of our few brainy and literate dramatists and once again warms up Broadway's intellectual climate by several balmy degrees. (Simon: 4/24/00.) $35–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/13. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

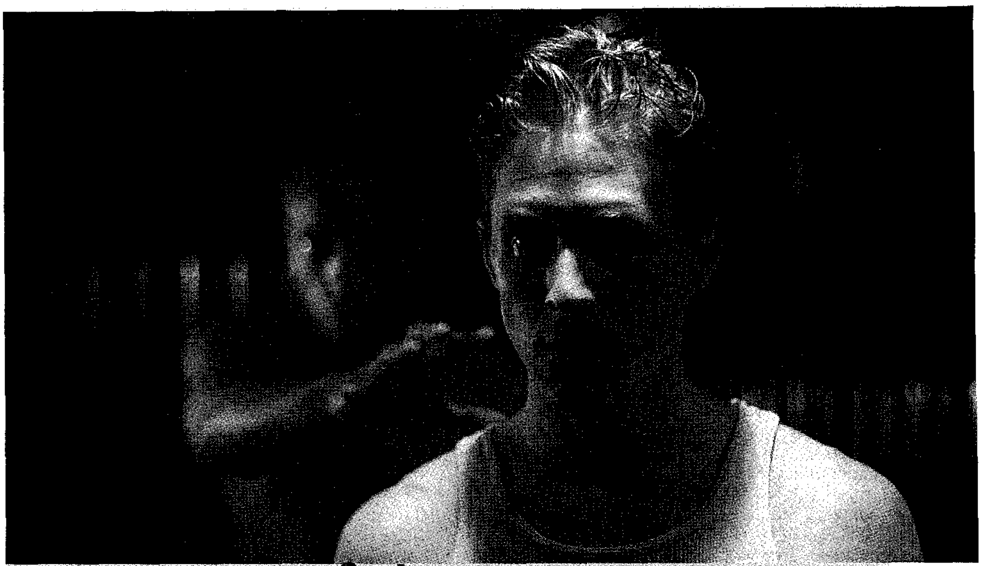
nt—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

erdance—This revamped version returns to New York with a more global feel, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

turday Night Fever—Flared pants! $35–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Josh Brolin and Elias Koteas, replacing Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, smash typewriters and burn toast as Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*



otograph courtesy of Gemini Collision Works.

Onstage Pop Art

No snap, no crackle. Just "Pure Pop." Nada's annual festival kicks off this week with two full slates of shows. "33 Swoons: A Portrait of Anton Chekhov" dominates the renovated porn palace Show World, with 'The Complete Chekhov Vaudevilles,' 'The Seagull,' eight dramatizations of unfinished sketches, and a ton more Anton. 'Natural Born Pop: 20 from the 20th' at Nada Classic offers a more diverse lineup, including the self-explanatory 'The Masterworks of Edward D. Wood, Jr.' and 'Teen Beat Monsterland Rock and Roll Beatnik Bandstand Party,' plus 'The Hobo Got Me Too High' and the fest's headliner production, 'Even the Jungle,' a fusion of Francis Ford Coppola's 'Apocalypse Now' and Rudyard Kipling's 'Jungle Book' (featuring Rasheed Hines, left, with Yuri Lowenthal). That should keep you busy—at least till next week, when Fringe kicks up its skirts. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Imperfect Chemistry—A new musical comedy about genetics and male-pattern baldness with book and lyrics by James Racheff and story and music by Albert M. Tapper. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 8/8 for an 8/24 opening. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Julius Caesar—To crown Shakespeare in the Park's season, David McCallum plays the regal Caesar. Dennis Boutsikaris, Jamey Sheridan, and Jeffrey Wright round out the cast. Barry Edelstein, who recently helmed *The Misanthrope* and *The Alchemist,* directs. Previews begin 8/8 for an 8/20 opening. Through 9/3. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8750).*

The Soul of an Intruder—Steve Braunstein's play about a woman involved in a perplexing love triangle returns after a successful 1995 run. $20–$30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2. Previews begin 8/14 for an 8/22 opening. Through 9/30. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

Now Playing

Avow—Jack Hofsiss (*The Elephant Man*) directs Bill C. Davis's new play about same-sex marriage, an unwed mother, and a priest. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

The Crumple Zone—A new comedy by Buddy Thomas about five men during a holiday weekend. $35. Mon., and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 8/27. *Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-532-8887).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Eat the Runt—Audience members pick which roles the eight Mefisto Theatre company members will play in this surreal story about the hiring of a grants manager at an art museum. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 8/13. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (212-760-5940).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

The Flame Keeper—Amos Kamil's new play about a Jewish professor's return to Berlin in 1946 is directed by Charles Goforth. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the *rainbow* is *enuf*—The twenty-fifth-anniversary production of Ntozake Shange's work stars Jackée and is directed and choreographed by George Faison (*The Wiz*). $45–$49. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

High Infidelity—*Falcon Crest* alum Morgan Fairchild and John Davidson star in John Dooley's new comedy about a senator and his wife. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings—Hailing from that most unfunny city, Washington, D.C., the cornball political-comedy troupe Capitol Steps brings jokes about Hillary, Rudy, etc. to our punchline-starved city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. Through 9/2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jerusalem Syndrome—Comedian Mark Maron riffs on his pilgrimages to Hollywood, a Philip Morris factory, and Israel. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/26. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in the Pittsburgh of 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $51. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Joe Fearless (A Fan Dance)—*Sports Night* onstage: a rabid fan tracks his b-ball obsession in Liz Tucillo's new play, complete with live action b-ball and former Knick City dancers. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Opening Homework

Harvard undergrads, don't despair if that play you wrote last semester was never produced: You're in good company. Eugene O'Neill may have given *The Personal Equation* the ole Harvard try, but the play wasn't staged until after his death. Now, as part of Playwrights Theater's attempt to revive the complete works of O'Neill, the Crimson kid's early work stars *Waltons* vet Ralph Waite (pictured, left, with co-star Daniel McDonald). In previews for an August 10 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Carol Roseg

The Laramie Project—*The Laramie Project,* presented by Moisés Kaufman's Tectonic Theater, is a terrific piece of theater, history, and life in the heartless heartlands, concerning the horrific death of young Matthew Shepard at the hands of two very young Laramie gay-bashers. You will be held in rapt attention by this in-depth examination of just abou every aspect of the background and foreground o the event, as seen and heard through the eyes and mouths of numerous witnesses, neighbors, indifferent or impassioned fellow citizens, media persons, family members, direct and indirect participants. Nowadays, when every piece of dreck receives standing ovations, you should not miss a theatrical and human event that deserves standing up for, with applause or, better yet, silently, taking an important lesson profoundly to heart. (Simon 5/29/00.) $25–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun at 3 and 7:30. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St (212-307-4100).*

Manchild in the Promised Land—A stage adaptation o Claude Brown's classic autobiography, set in 1950' Harlem. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St (212-239-6200).*

Michigan Impossible—Robert Christophe's new comedy tracks a part-Irish, part-African-American, part-Native American man's search for identity. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 9/22 *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212 279-4200).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, and death. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, bu without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Neil Simon's Hotel Suite—This collection of Neil Simon one-acts set in hotels promises more tin bars of soap than Broadway has seen in a long while. *Hotel* manager is John Tillinger. Guests include Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson and Ron Orbach. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/10. *Gramerc Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Never Swim Alone—Winner of an overall excellenc award at last year's Fringe Fest, Daniel MacIvor bizarre play pits two friends against each other i a thirteen-round verbal boxing match, as a mutual friend acts as referee. $27.50. Wed. and Thurs. a 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10. Through 9/2. *SoH Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to O Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run a the Algonquin Hotel. $50–$80. Mon.–Wed., Fr and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:3 *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy b Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfec Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-Ameri can grandparents. $49.50. Mon.–Wed., Fri., Sat. a 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Housema Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Santos & Santos—Two Mexican-American lawye and brothers become embroiled in narcoti smuggling when their younger brother returns t their El Paso law firm, in Octavio Solis's new pla $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7. Through 8/10. *Studio Theatr 416 W. 42nd. St. (212-971-1074).*

Spinning Into Butter—Rebecca Gilman's new play is brave, honest, intelligent, and important pla which mitigates its being only intermittently we written. It concerns racism by the educated whit liberal woman dean of a small Vermont colleg but also reverse racism by a Puerto Rican studen who aggressively puts the would-be helpful dea Sarah Daniels, on the defensive. It reveals th hypocrisy of various types of whites who claim be concerned anti-racists—but it ultimately al attacks political correctness, the no-win situatio into which the fictional Belmont College, like much of America, has steered itself. Lapses and a this play demands to be experienced, reflected up on, and, if possible, digested. (Simon: 8/7/00.) $5 Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/1 *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Onstage
Quack Magnet

Based on Molière's 'The Imaginary Invalid,' Keith Reddin's satirical new play, 'Perpetual Patient,' introduces Argan (David Thorton, pictured), a hypochondriac so miserly that he strives to marry his daughter off to a doctor—just so he can score some free checkups. Directed by Billy Hopkins, the production runs through August 12. (See "Off Broadway.")

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scorcese, daughter of Martin. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. 8/8–8/20: Brett Butler, Tonya Pinkins, and Kimberly Williams. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Why We Don't Bomb the Amish—Twenty-one-year-old comedienne Casey Fraser riffs on subways, David Koresh, the Amish, and United Nations shindigs. $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Gershwin Hotel, 7 E. 27th St. (212-279-4200).*

Photograph by Karen Hauser.

Off-Off Broadway

33 Swoons: A Portrait of Anton Chekhov—Chekhov in the renovated, but hardly reformed, porn palace. Mon.: "Undiscovered Chekhov" and "On the High Road." Tues. and Wed.: "Complete Chekhov Vaudevilles" and "Chekhov Sketchbook." Thurs.: *The Seagull.* Fri.: *Vanya on 42nd St.* $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

The American Living Room Festival—Four nights of performances by emerging artists, including Tina Lee, Paul Skiff, and Emily XYZ. $12. Call for Schedule. Through 8/26. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).*

Baal—This bop-era adaptation of Brecht's classic features a new translation by Peter Mellencamp. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. Through 9/2. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-226-2407).*

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—A new musical revue directed by Eric Stern, who conducted the Kurt Weill celebration at BAM. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 3. Previews begin 8/11 for an 8/19 opening. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Big Kiss—Self-deprecation isn't just for big stars. Here, unknown actors unearth the terror of their most humiliating auditions for your enjoyment. $5. Mon. at 7. Through 8/14. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (212-268-9829).*

Biotech—Theater for the New City's 22nd Street theater production introduces "Dick Tater," a genetically modified chauvinist tuber. Free. Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 9/17. *Various locations (212-254-1109.*

Blitzkrieg—A tuneful Hasidic wrestler on a mission from God sings and wrings necks in a rowdy cabaret show followed by more burlesque. $20. Tues. at 7:30. *Club One51; 151 E. 50th St. (212-753-1144).*

Blueprint Series—The Ontological Theater's festival of experimental directors highlights Jyana S. Gregory, Tony Torn, and a directorial group composed of Ryan Brown, Franklin Lavinla, and Brian Walsh. $10. Wed.–Sun. at 8. 8/9–8/20. *Ontological Theater, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

Chicago City Limits Turns 20—Celebrating twenty years of shtick. $20. Wed–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *City Limits Theater, 1105 First Ave., near 60th St. (212-888-5233).*

Der Yiddisher Pinafore—A Yiddish adaptation of *H.M.S. Pinafore,* presented by (who else?) the Gilbert and Sullivan Yiddish LIght Opera Company. $30. Sat. at 8:30. Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 8/27. *Theater at the New 14th St., 344 W. 14th St. (212-206-1515).*

Eh Joe—Negative Antelope presents a new version of the Samuel Beckett teleplay, in which the offscreen Woman's Voice is onstage. $15. Thurs.–Mon. at 8. Through 8/13. *Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (212-777-6088).*

Harold & the Nudist—A new comedy about a novelist and his new roommate by Robert Coles. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/20. *Vortex, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. (212-206-1764).*

Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival—Pack a picnic basket and brush up on your Shakespeare. *The Taming of the Shrew* runs in repertory through 8/27. $19–$30. Wed. and Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. *Boscobel Restoration, Garrison (914-265-7858).*

Ice Factory 2000—Soho Think Tank presents a series of performances and works-in-progress, including Daria Fan's performance *What's the Matter.* $12. Call for schedule. Wed.–Sat. at 7. Through 8/12. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).*

Jesus Hopped the A Train—Toto, I don't think we're in *Oz* anymore: Philip Seymour Hoffman (*True West, Magnolia*) directs a new play by Stephen Adly Guirgus about two prisoners in Riker's, starring John Ortiz, David Zayas, and Ron Cephas Jones. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/12. *Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (212-929-2228).*

Macbeth—An all-female production by Queen's Company. $15. Fri.–Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/20. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-206-1515).*

Mexican Standoff at Fat Squaw Springs—A new comedy about rowdy senior citizens by Matthew Cowles, a veteran of *All My Children.* $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/27. *Vital Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-592-0129).*

Midtown International Theatre Festival—Because two major Off-Off Broadway festivals just aren't enough. Nineteen productions, all a short walk from Times Square. $12. 8/9–9/3. For schedule, call 212-279-4200.

The Mischievous Juan Bobo—Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre stages folktales about the popular spiritual hero Juan Bobo. Free. Call for schedule. *Located in parks throughout the city (212-354-1293).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

Natural Born Pop: 20 from the 20th Century—Highlights of the Pure Pop festival at Nada Classic include Ian W. Hill's fusion of *Apocalypse Now* and *Jungle Book,* titled *Even the Jungle,* Mark Spitz's "The Hobo Got Me High," and the first theatrical Ed Wood festival. $8.88–$14.99. Call for schedule. 8/10–10/9. *Nada Classic, 167 Ludlow St. (800-965-4827).*

The Perpetual Patient—A new medical comedy by Keith Reddin (*Life & Limb, Rum & Coke, Nebraska*). Directed by Billy Hopkins. $12. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/12. *New York Performance Works, 128 Chambers St. (212-566-1500.)*

The Personal Equation—To kick off the third year of the Playwrights Theater of New York Eugene O'Neill series, the theater presents his1915 drama. Free. Mon.–Sat. at 8. In previews for an 8/10 opening. *Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. (212-998-5801).*

The Shadow of Greatness—Richard Chamberlain stars in Gary Socol's drama about a playwright who gets too much attention. $22–$36 . Mon.–Sat. at 8, Thurs. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/12. *Berkshire Theatre Main Stage (413-298-5536).*

Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot—Harry Hotspur battles Henry IV in Jerry McAllister's new adaptation, *H4.* Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Located in the municipal parking lot across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).*

She Keeps Time—One-acts by Suzan-Lori Parks and Allison Eve Zell. $15. Tues.–Thurs. at 8. Through 8/17. *Mint Space, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-206-1515).*

Sistah Supreme—An autobiographical one-woman show by Liza Colon-Zayas. $25. Wed. and Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at 10. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Surface Transit—Talented spoken-word performer, actress, and playwright Sarah Jones presents her one-woman show. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 11. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Williamstown Theatre Festival—Through 8/13: *The Skin of Our Teeth,* directed by Darko Tresnjak. 8/9–8/20: Eduardo de Filippo's *Christmas in Naples,* directed by Dylan Baker. 8/16–8/27: Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky,* directed by Christopher Ashley and starring Eric Stolz. Call for schedule. $18–$40. *Williamstown, Mass. (413-597-3400).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

art

Beckwith and Fisher...Fluid Flow

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

James Lee Byars—Three installations by the American artist (1932–1997) from the past three decades, two of which have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 8/14. Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Peter Dayton—Color laser Xerox collages of flowers; through 8/16. Winston Wächter Mayer, 9 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Herman Maril—Paintings and drawings of landscapes on Monhegan Island, Maine, from the sixties and seventies; through 8/31. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

57th Street Area

Gaston Chaissac—Paintings, drawings, and totems by the self-taught French artist (1910–1964) who was part of the *Art Brut* group; through 10/7. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288).

Shirley Goldfarb—Abstract, mainly monochromatic paintings from the sixties and seventies when she was living in Paris; through 9/23. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Richard Long—An outdoor sculpture, *Brownstone Circle*, and photograph and text works; through 8/10. Seagram, 375 Park Ave. (212-572-7379), Mon.–Fri. 9–5.

Robert Emmett Owen—Paintings of the New England countryside by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 9/2. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Betsabeé Romero—New works by the Mexican artist that combine themes derived from Mexican folklore, history, and popular culture, including a Volkswagen Beetle that the artist has transformed into an artwork, a car installation of objects from a junkyard, and a gridlike painting that reproduces Mexico City's historic downtown district; through 9/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Anh Duong—New paintings; through 9/16. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Vanessa Beecroft—Photographs of the artist's staged performances from the series VB39 and VB42; through 9/16. Deitch, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Linda Daniels/Tamara Gonzalez—Paintings of decorative forms arranged on grids/Paintings and installations that use the rainbow as a central image. Through 9/9. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-9215-9424).

Christof Girardet—*No Forever (Golden)*, a ten-minute film by the German artist that depicts the face of the German film star Kristina Söderbaum extracted from the film *Die goldene Stadt*, directed by Veit Harlan in 1932; through 8/11. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Weimin Huang—Abstract drawings on large sheets of Mylar; through 8/18. Fung, 537 Broadway (212-334-6242).

Chelsea

Germaine Brooks/Lori Taschler—Paintings of fanciful figures on monochromatic backgrounds/Paintings on wood panels that depict pared-down images of tables, doors, and swimming pools. Through 8/18. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Hans-Peter Feldman—An installation that combines furniture, clothing, and photographs of views out of hotel-room windows; through 8/11. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Roberto Juarez—New large-scale abstract paintings whose compositions of lines, circles, and squares were influenced by the renovation of Times Square as viewed through the windows of the artist's studio; through 8/18. Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Arsenal—64th St. and Fifth Ave., in Central Park (212-360-3410). "Making Concessions: A Pictorial History of Commercial Enterprises in New York City Parks, 1870–2000," a survey of concessions as documented by vintage and contemporary photographs, renderings, postcards, models, and a vendor cart; through 8/31.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). "Fluid Flow," works that investigate fluid systems by 25 artists, among them Arm, Bolande, Bradshaw, Derges, Fuss, Kalymnios, Obrosey, Parlotto, Siena, Wright; through 8/25.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). "New York-Classicism-Now," works that embody the characteristics associated with the art of classical antiquity—among them harmony, clarity, restraint, and universality—by Akutsu, Collins, Croak, Drake, Gilje, Moore, Parrish, others; through 9/15.

57th Street Area

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205). "Blown Away," ceramic works with a menacing edge by Fekete, Katleman, Krafft, Notkin, Suro; through 8/12.

Cohan—41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171). Works that use the ball or sphere as an object of rumination, by Chiappa, Feher, Hammons, Hirst, Majore, Oursler, Wegman, others; through 8/18.

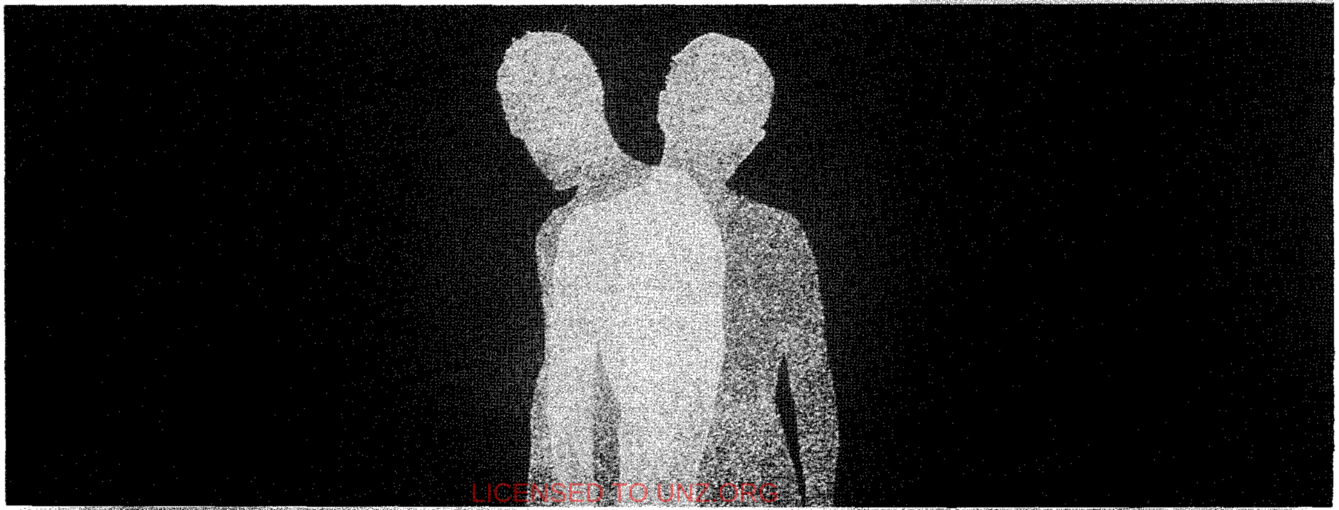
Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345). "Gone Fisching: Selected Paintings of Summer," works that depict images of summer leisure by 27 gallery artists, among them Brown, Dodd, Holland, Kraft, Nick, Rickert, Sullivan, through 8/31.

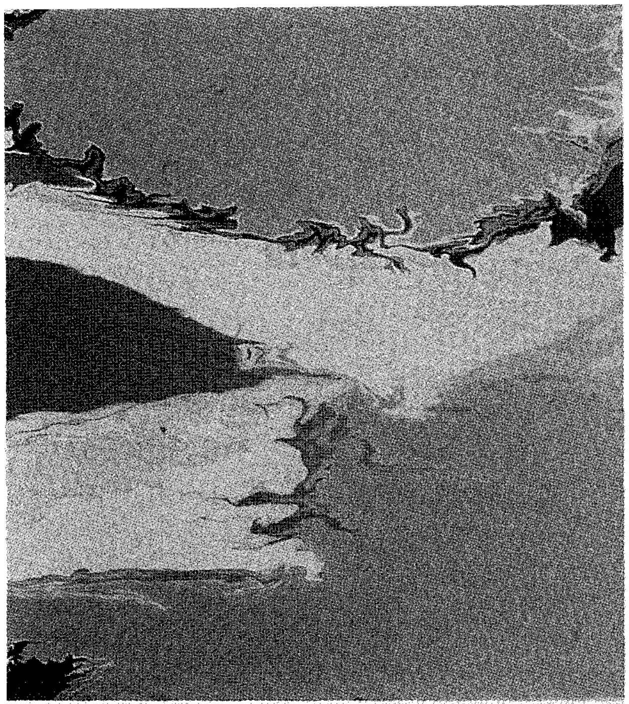
Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545). Drawings by Bluemner, de Kooning, Feininger, Guston, Matisse, Picasso, others; through 9/1.

Littlejohn Contemporary—41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323). "Information, Interpretation, Revelation," works by Heffernan, Hogin, Marten, Moritsugu, Sisto; through 8/18.

Photography
One-Shot Deal

"Unique Photographs" gathers the one-of-a-kind efforts of Christopher Bucklow (below, 'Tetrarchs,' 2000), Susan Derges, Katurah Hutcheson, Suzanne McClelland, Garry Fabian Miller, and Aaron Rose, who make images using such techniques as pinhole photography, solarization, digital output—or even no camera at all. At Paul Kasmin Gallery, 293 Tenth Avenue; through August 18.





Talent **Who knows why—the lingering effects of El Niño, perhaps?—but the current attraction of artists to fluid, swirling, lava-like imagery seems to be an across-the-board affair, judging from the 26 photographers, sculptors, and painters represented in "Fluid Flow," among them John Kalymnios, Dove Bradshaw, and Carolanna Parlato (above, *Perfume River III,* 1999). At James Graham & Sons, 1014 Madison Avenue; through August 25.**

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (212-752-5135). "The Poetic Landscape," images of, or suggesting, serene, summery places, by Avery, de Groot, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, Gallace, Katz, O'Keeffe, Porter, Schueler, Sugimoto; through 9/30.

Pace Wildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292). "Summer 2000," paintings by Katz, Mangold, Murray, Riley, Ryman, Samaras, Tapiès; sculpture by Chamberlain, Judd, Shapiro, Smith; through 9/16.

aineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2000). "The Morris Museum: A Collected Century." Works from the collection of the Morris Museum in Morristown, New Jersey, among them fine and decorative arts, costumes, toys, ethnographic objects; through 9/8.

osenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). Works by 72 American artists illustrating the various movements in American art from 1910 through 1975, among them Burchfield, Castellon, Dove, Gottlieb, Porter, Ryan, Tobey, von Wiegand; through 8/10.

ubin, Greenberg Van Doren—730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444). Paintings and works on paper dating from the twenties through the nineties, including works by Ernst, Francis, Gorky, Gottlieb, Held, Hofmann, Lichtenstein, Louis, Motherwell, Reinhardt; through 8/18.

t. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Recent acquisitions of works by Expressionist and self-taught artists; through 9/8.

SoHo and TriBeCa

eitzel—102 Prince St. (212-219-2863). Works by Beerman, Hammond, Heeks, Hristoff, Lucero, Messer, Mull, Porges, others; through 8/31.

lum—99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441). "Lux et Tenebrae," a selection of print portfolios published by Peter Blum Edition over the past twenty years, including works by Baldessari, Bourgeois, Cucchi, Fischl, Katz, Rabinowitch, Turrell, Yanagi, others; through 9/9.

ridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld—560 Broadway (212-941-6355). Works by gallery and invited artists, among them Bruggeman, Connell, Fitzpatrick, Gerber, Talasnik, Wexler. Through 8/25.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Neo," sculpture, painting, photography, digital printmaking, drawing, and video by emerging artists; through 8/18.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (212-334-1100). Paintings of New York City views by Kelsey, Reist, Sera, Sokolov; through 9/23.

Teller—568 Broadway (212-941-7335). Paintings and works on paper depicting New York's Lower East Side and dating from 1906 to 1993, by Barr, Dehn, Gropper, Harari, Marsh, Sloan, R. Soyer, others; through 8/24.

Chelsea

Art Resources Tranfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Recent paintings by Cynthia Carlson; "conversation show" of paintings by Jenny Scobel and sculpture by Susan Mastrangelo; projects by Birgit Ramsauer, Barbara Westermann, Joe Ovelman, and Steve Spretnjak; through 8/27.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Opulent," paintings and sculpture that emphasize sumptuous textures, physical density, and richness of color, by Benglis, Burton, Cemin, Milhazes, Ofili, Perrone, Taaffe, Uslé; through 9/1.

Generous Miracles—529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2858). Paintings by Bechara, Castrucci, Quiroga; through 8/31.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "OO," drawings by Acconci, Baldessari, Barney, Bourgeois, Celmins, Kapoor, Lewitt, Kusama, Marden, Peyton, Serra, Tiravanija, Walker, others; through 8/30.

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335). Works that make use of the urban landscape, by Arden, J. Craig-Martin, Colson, Ess, Graham, Greenaway, Korty, Maher, Struth, others; through 8/18.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752). Photographs by Boberg and Schabel; an installation of lifelike "weeds" cast in PVC by Matelli; through 8/18.

Senior & Shopmaker—21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767). Works by Armajani, Calle, Lobe, Mapplethorpe, Marsh, Maul, Phelan, Smith, Welling; through 9/15.

Sikkema—530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262). "The Magic City," works that explore cultural identity by Banerjee, Evans, Gray, Hendricks, Mutu, Visani; through 8/18.

Tibet House Cultural Center—22 W. 15th St. (212-807-0563). "Art Treasures From the Land of Snows: Selections From the Tibet House Repatriation Collection," gilt bronzes, *thangkas* (paintings), ritual objects, and photographs; through 9/22.

White Box—508/526 W. 26th St. (212-645-2621). Works that use the flower to form patterns, by Allen, Gregg, Heyman, LoMonaco, Novatny, Schlossberg, Tice, others; through 8/18.

Other

Wave Hill—Glyndor Gallery, 675 W. 252nd St. (718-549-3200). "Welcome," works by eleven artists who use furniture and decorative objects as vehicles to explore ideas of domestic space and the relationship between people and nature, among them Baskin, Newman, Wexler, Yamamoto; through 8/20.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 72nd St. (517-3766). Photographs of interiors by Abranowicz, Alpern, A. Arbus, Casebere, Devine, Imes, Maul, Morell, Polidori, Turyn, others; through 8/31.

Louise Dahl-Wolfe/Firooz Zahedi—Portraits, still-lifes, and fashion work by this photographer (1895–1989) who worked for *Harper's Bazaar* from 1936 to 1958/Mural-sized Iris prints of botanical forms arranged in compositions. Through 9/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482). Images of the sea by Italian photographers, including works by Bernardi, Bruno, Gucci, Migliori, Stravisi, Vasco, Vitaliano, others; through 9/9.

Elliott Erwitt—Photographs of museumgoers from the fifties to the present; through 8/11. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-70070).

Robert Edison Fulton, Jr.—Stills from a film documenting the now 91-year-old inventor's motorcycle trip around the world in 1932; through 8/27. Exhibit A, 160 Mercer St. (212-343-0230).

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010). "Made for America," vintage photographs from the *Time-LIFE* photo archive that were taken for *LIFE*, *Time*, and *Fortune* magazines by Bourke-White, Capa, Evans, Parks, and other photographers; through 8/12.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of works by the video-maker, theorist, photographer, and political activist, being held in conjunction with a related exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art (see Museums); through 10/1. . . . "A Durable Memento: Portraits by Augustus Washington, African American Daguerreotypist." The first exhibition of the work of one of a small group of African American daguerreotypists whose work has been identified; through 9/24.

Kasmin—293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474). Unique photographs by Bucklow, Derges, Hutcheson, McClelland, Miller, Rose; through 8/18.

Klotz—22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211). Works by Atterberry, Denny, Folberg, Halverson, Perkis, Shapiro, Scheer, Tuempling, Tytla; through 8/18.

Masatomo Kuriya—Color and black-and-white photographs of the artist's own flower arrangements; through 8/25. Richardson, 560 Broadway (212-343-1255).

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600). Works exploring personal identity and family by Baden, Guarino, Miesenberger, Millet, Rubinfien; through 8/25.

Miller—20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930). "Alternative Realities," works by Aziz + Cucher, Berger, Campus, Castonguay, Costa, Geerlinks, Taylor, Weiss; through 8/18.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "The Pulitzer Prize Photographs: Capture the Moment," featuring more than 100 Pulitzer Prize–winning photographs taken between 1941 and 1999; through 9/23.

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999). "Photographs for Summer Reading," works that use the written word as a subject by Acconci, Attie, Bourdin, Brassai, Callahan, Cumming, Evans, Frank, Gowin, Michals, Siskind, others; through 8/30.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819). Recent photographs by Chapman, McKenna, Ruiz i Altaba; through 8/18.

Saul—560 Broadway (212-431-0747). Staged and constructed photographs on the theme of architecture by Asymptote: Rashid and Couture, Boberg, Casebere, Groover, Kasten, Nicosia, Voita, Wood, others; through 8/18.

W. Eugene Smith—Vintage photographs from Smith's 1948 *Country Doctor* essay for *LIFE* magazine; through 8/12. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Wilhelm von Gloeden—Portraits of young male nudes posed alongside ancient ruins in Sicily, taken between 1878 and 1914; through 9/9. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). "Cool," works by Anderson & Low, Cratsley, Dugdale, English, Flynt, Halliday, Hawkins, Horst, Van Dongen; through 8/25.

ourtesy of James Graham & Sons

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Judy Chicago: Resolutions: A *Stitch in Time.*" A millennium project that is a collaboration between Chicago and a group of needleworkers using a variety of techniques; through 9/3. . . . "Sandy Skoglund: Breathing Glass." An installation in the museum's atrium space consisting of thousands of miniature, mechanized dragonflies; through 9/3. . . . "Tommy Simpson: Garden of the Heart." The sculptor and furniture designer's own life-size version of an ancient Persian garden; through 9/3. . . . "Peter Chang: A Visionary." Jewelry and sculptural objects by a Glasgow-based jewelry designer; through 9/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Fighting Dinosaurs." Fossils of dinosaurs locked in combat that were recently discovered in the Gobi Desert; through 10/29. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown—"Dancing Demons: Ceremonial Masks of Mongolia." Masks, costumes, headdresses, ritual aprons, and ceremonial implements used for "Devil Dances," the traditional Lamaist Buddist dance ceremonies of Mongolia; through 9/17. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Tues.–Sat. 10–6; Sun. noon–6. $4, $2 students and seniors (free Tues.–Fri. 12–2).

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Good Business Is the Best Art: Twenty Years of the Artists in the Marketplace Program." Works by Tomie Arai, Rina Banerjee, Prudencio Irazabal, Fabian Marcaccio, Sara Sosnowy, and others; through 9/3. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"William Merritt Chase: Modern American Landscapes, 1886–1890." Paintings of outdoor scenes in Brooklyn and Manhattan by the American landscapist; through 8/13. . . . "African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "Urban Glass." A collaboration between Urban Glass, the New York Center for Contemporary Glass in downtown Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, consisting of works by contemporary glass artists that were inspired by objects in the museum's collection; through 9/3. . . . "Passages: Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher." Color photographs documenting customs, rites of passage, and aspects of ceremonial life; through 9/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"In the Footsteps of Goethe: Paintings and Drawings From German Collections." Plein-air sketches and finished paintings of the Italian landscape by Achenbach, Böcklin, Ittenbach, von Schadow, and other German artists who trained at the Düsseldorf Academy between 1826 and 1859; through 8/19. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Frick Collection—"Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney On Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Paintings by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, and Redon that were formerly in the collection of John Hay Whitney and his wife, Betsey Cushing Whitney; through 7/29/01.1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"1900: Art at the Crossroads." An exhibition organized in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London, offering a radical reassessment of artistic cross-currents at the turn of the century, featuring works by Balla, Bouguereau, Degas, Eakins, Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, Picasso, and others; through 9/10. . . . "Project for a New Guggenheim in New York City." Models and other works developed by the museum in collaboration with architect Frank Gehry; through 9/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Eat, Drink, and Be Merry: Wine and Beer in Ancient Times." The history of the two beverages as told through art, artifacts, and paraphernalia from the wine- and grain-producing regions of the Mediterranean and the Near East; through 11/5. . . . "Anni Albers." The first comprehensive New York exhibition of the Bauhaus-trained textile designer's work, including more than 200 works created between 1924 and 1978, among them unique wall hangings and weavings, drapery and upholstery fabrics, wall coverings, fabric swatches, texture studies, room dividers, jewelry, prints, and drawings; through 8/20. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 pay what you wish); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Chardin." A major loan exhibition of works by the French still-life and genre painter Jean Siméon Chardin (1699–1779), known for his lifelike portrayals of animals, birds, and fruit; through 9/3. . . . "Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection." Anonymous photographs dating from the twenties through the sixties; through 8/27. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and Arican Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MoMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition of African art; through 9/3. . . . "The Beginning of Baroque: Carracci at the Metropolitan." Paintings, prints, and drawings made between 1580 and 1610 by Annibale, Agostino, and Ludovico Carracci from the museum's collection; through 9/17. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." A selection of recent acquisitions of early drypoints created by the German artist between 1914 and 1922; through 1/7/01. . . . "Parks and Promenades: Maurice Prendergast in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, and prints by the New England modernist (1858–1924); through 10/22. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "David Smith on the Roof." A selection of stainless steel sculptures displayed on the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/30. . . . "Fireworks!: Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings"; through 9/17. . . . "John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio, Paintings and Drawings From the Collection." Works made by the artist during his travels in Europe and America; through 9/10. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 con-

On View

Up Close and Personal

If the two-volume boxed extravaganza 'African Ceremonies' (Abrams; $150) is beyond your means, don't despair. Many of its startlingly intimate photographs of African customs and rites of passage can now be seen in their full glory at the Brooklyn Museum of Art in "Passages: Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher," an exhibition pairing the team's large-format color prints with African objects from the museum's collection (200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn; through September 17). And the show's catalogue (also by Abrams) is a relatively painless $24.95.

Photograph courtesy of Beckwith/Fishe

tribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library—"Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur." An exhibition organized by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology comprising jewelry, musical instruments, tools, weapons, cylinder seals, human remains, and other objects and artifacts from the ancient Sumerian city-state of Ur; through 9/10. . . . "Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince." A selection of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's original preparatory drawings for *The Little Prince*, as well as pages from his revised handwritten manuscript; through 8/20. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

l Museo del Barrio—"The S-Files/The Selected Files." Works by U.S.-born Latinos and New York City–based Latin American artists who submitted work to the museum for review over the past year; through 9/24. . . . "Ernesto Pujol: Conversion of Manners." A site-specific installation that incorporates photographs and vintage Carthusian, Franciscan, and Jesuit habits; through 9/24. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The historic section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Studio Museum in Harlem (see listing), consisting of crowns, thrones, coronets, necklaces, slippers, and other beaded objects made by the Yorùbá in Nigeria and the Republic of Benin; through 8/27. . . . "Africa by Africans: A Photographic Essay." Images of Africa from the colonial era to the present taken by African photographers; through 8/27. Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Art of William Edmondson." The first major New York retrospective of sculptures by the self-taught American sculptor since 1937, when he was the first African-American artist to have a one-person show at the Museum of Modern Art; through 8/27. Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of science; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dalí, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Freud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings"; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through 8/22. . . . "Graphic-Photographic: The European Revolution in Graphic Design and Photography in the 1920s"; through 8/22. . . . "Anatomically Incorrect"; through 9/26. . . . "Home Movies"; through 9/26. . . . "How Simple Can You Get?"; through 9/26. . . . "Ideal Motif: Stieglitz, Weston, Adams, and Callahan"; through 9/26. . . . "Modern Living 2"; through 9/26. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "The Observer: Cartier-Bresson After the War"; through 9/26. . . . "Paris Salon"; through 9/26. . . . "The Rhetoric of Persuasion"; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Shigeru Ban: A Paper Arch"; through 8/1. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. . . . "Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permanent collection of painting and sculpture; through 1/28/01. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Museum of the City of New York—"Renewing a Block and the Spirit of its People: Photographs of Carmel Hill, Harlem, by Bill Foley; through 11/12. . . . "Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Louise Dahl-Wolfe, The American Image." A full-scale retrospective of the noted fashion photographer's work, including still-lifes and portraits of Mae West, Cecil Beaton, Eudora Welty, and others; through 8/12. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design—"American Spectrum: Paintings and Sculpture From the Smith College Museum of Art." A traveling exhibition drawn from one of the foremost institutional collections of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American art, including works by Albers, Homer, Hopper, Inness, Kline, O'Keeffe, Sargent, and others; through 9/10. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12-5, Fri. 10-6; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of the artist's videos, installations, and photographs; through 10/8. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Manhattan Contrasts: Twentieth-Century Paintings of New York From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Chesley Bonestell, Theresa Bernstein, Colin Campbell Cooper, Martin Wong, and others; through 8/27. . . . "New York Inside Out." A juried exhibition of photographs by New Yorkers documenting their own lives at home; through 8/20. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs, menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. . . . "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America." Photographs documenting lynchings in America from the 1870s through the 1950s; through 8/13. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30/01. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor, Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman; through 9/30. . . . "Volume: Bed of Sound." Works by approximately 80 sound artists presented through headphones and a room designed with speakers for individual and group sound-art presentation; through 9/30. . . . Projects by Jonathan Bepler, Christian Marclay, Pipilotti Rist, and Ugo Rondinone; through 9/30. . . . "Max Neuhaus: Drawings." Drawings that complement the artist's sound works; through 9/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 120 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober, Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others; through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—1 Bowling Green (212-514-3712), 10–5 daily; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The contemporary section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Museum for African Art (see listing), consisting of works by African and African-American artists drawing on the decorative traditions of the Yorùbá of Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, including beaded paintings, banners, and sculpture; through 8/27. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1999–2000." Works by Nicole Awai, Sanford Biggers, and Terry Boddie; through 9/17. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed. and Thurs. 12–6, Fri. 12–8, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Barbara Kruger." The first major museum retrospective of the artist's work, including billboards, photographic prints on paper and vinyl, etched metal plates, installations, and sculptures that use text and image to raise questions about values, taste, and the material world; through 10/22. . . . "The Art of Alice Neel." A retrospective exhibition of paintings by the American artist (1900–1984) known for her unflinching portraits of her friends, family, neighbors, and fellow artists; through 9/17. . . . "Synapsis Shuffle." A project by Robert Rauschenberg that comprises 52 silk-screened paintings intended to be reassembled into compositions of between three and seven panels by longtime friends or colleagues of the artist; through 10/8. . . . "Tony Oursler: *The Darkest Color Infinitely Amplified*." A new work commissioned by the museum that allows three-dimensional projections to appear in free space; through 10/31. . . . "Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas." Photographs of women who perform strip tease for a living taken at rural New England fairs in the seventies; through 9/10. . . . "In Depth: Recent Acquisitions of Prints." Prints by Burgoygne Diller, Louise Nevelson, Donald Judd, and Richard Tuttle; through 11/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Thurs. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pastoral Pop!" Site-specific commissioned works by Katrin Asbury, Rob de Mar, Rachel Feinstein, Peter Gould, Jason Middelbrook, Lisa Ruyter, and Alyson Shotz; through 12/15. . . . "Expanding Horizons: Landscape Photographs From the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works by Gregory Crewdson, Sally Gall, Sally Mann, Richard Misrach, Stephen Shore, and others; through 10/6. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

restaurants

Double Time...Latin in Manhattan...Ping's

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (212-791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

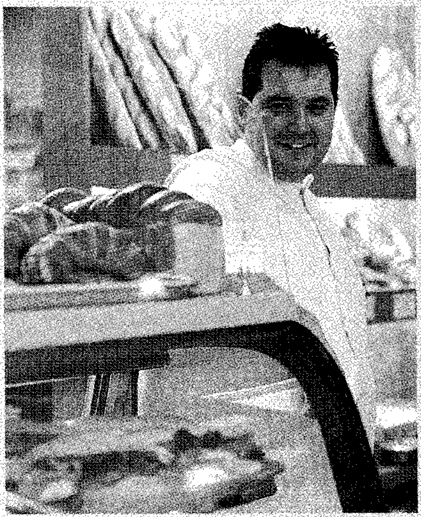
Montrachet—No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, livel and one of the first truly great restaurants i lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—t the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinn Monday through Saturday. The wine list is kille *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777 (E) AE only.*

Underground Gourmet

Pain-do Attitude

When French baker Philippe Gatto sold his Marseilles boulangerie and relocated to a corner of the East Village more accustomed to cannoli than to croissants, he learned a very important lesson about American hunger (and thirst). "If you don't have drinks and coffee, you don't work." Sleepy-eyed customers would amble into Alcazar, which opened five months ago, somehow oblivious to the mouthwatering displays of caramel-chocolate tarts and flaky mille-feuilles. "First, they ask for coffee," says Gatto. "Then they see if there's something to eat." Happily, there is—enough crusty baguettes, peach and pear croissants, custard doughnuts, and fruit tarts to stanch the inexorable eastward advance of Starbucks—at least for the moment. And caffeine fiends who stumbled in for a jolt get another gratifying lift: The traditional French boulangerie-patisserie is an undiscovered source not only for breakfast pastries and elegant dinner-party desserts but for delicious French fast food. Gatto's chewy, flavorful house-baked bread elevates standard sandwich fillings like grilled chicken breast, roast turkey, and salami to new lunchtime highs. Tangy tomato pizza, made with what Gatto calls French dough and adorned with olives and anchovies, rivals our best local brick-oven specimens. And a cult has grown up around Gatto's spinach quiche. "American people," he says, "are very healthy. They want a lot of fresh vegetables." Actually, they want a lot of everything, as Gatto discovered when his first wave of customers balked at the petite serving size of his quiche. It had satisfied his svelte French clientele, but he generously acquiesced to our, shall we say, healthier appetite. The prevailing American philosophy of "the bigger, the better" also accounts for the evolution of Gatto's classic madeleines into American-style muffins, and even seems to have sparked the real-estate ambitions of the baker himself. "I might sell this place," he says, "and get something a little larger." (163 First Avenue, at 10th Street; 212-388-1190.)

Robin Raisfeld



Photographs by Joe Scafur

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Omen—Step off this quiet SoHo side street, and you're suddenly transported to Kyoto—a feeling that's reinforced by the traditional menu and decorative calligraphy and ceramics. *113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M–E) AE.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

elephone Bar & Grill—This East Village fixture was serving classic pub grub like shepherd's pie and fish and chips long before anyone thought of British comfort food as trendy. A youngish crowd gathers here for happy hour (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7p.m.) and for a typically hearty Irish

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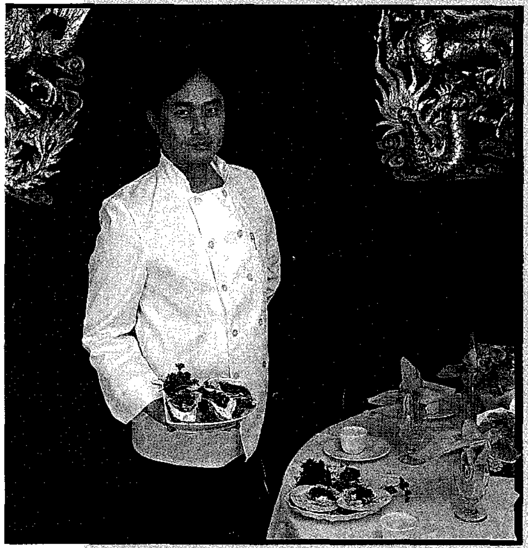
First Taste
Exile's Return



It's safe to come home. Chuen Ping Hui, the prodigy from Hong Kong, has recovered from his Elmhurst wanderlust and is wokking the wok once again at a new Ping's Seafood in the heart of Mott Street. With the shiny technicolor menu photos and wife Nancy speaking English, ordering is as easy as a day in kindergarten. Step down past the pricey Santa Barbara shrimp and a cluster of bass in the bubbling tank. Start with giant Washington State oysters dappled with the chef's *tingling* X-O sauce, Ping-style battered calamari with a crunch of garlic bits, and minced-vegetable dumplings unlike any you've tasted before. Our Chinatown sage introduces us to a luscious whole lobster on soft E-fu noodles with Chinese broccoli, a $45 platter six might share. But for me the thrill of the night is discovering No. 22, my whimsical pick, a savory tangle of tastes and textures: shredded squid and baby silver fish with Chinese celery, jicama, and flowering chives. Hyacinth bulb and bamboo pith in Buddha's delight are a gift for the neophyte. And Ping's masterly shredding of egg in a side as mundane as vegetable fried rice will make you think he invented it. I can't wait to work my way through the menu—quickly, before he gets tempted away again. (22 Mott Street; 212-602-9988.) **GAEL GREENE**

breakfast on weekends. *149 Second Ave. (212-529-5000). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A pioneer of the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses, all night (including Sunday). The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mi—A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. *66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspire to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternu squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454) (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlookin the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, bu even your average demanding New York dine would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heav emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shel crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Magdalena Cari

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

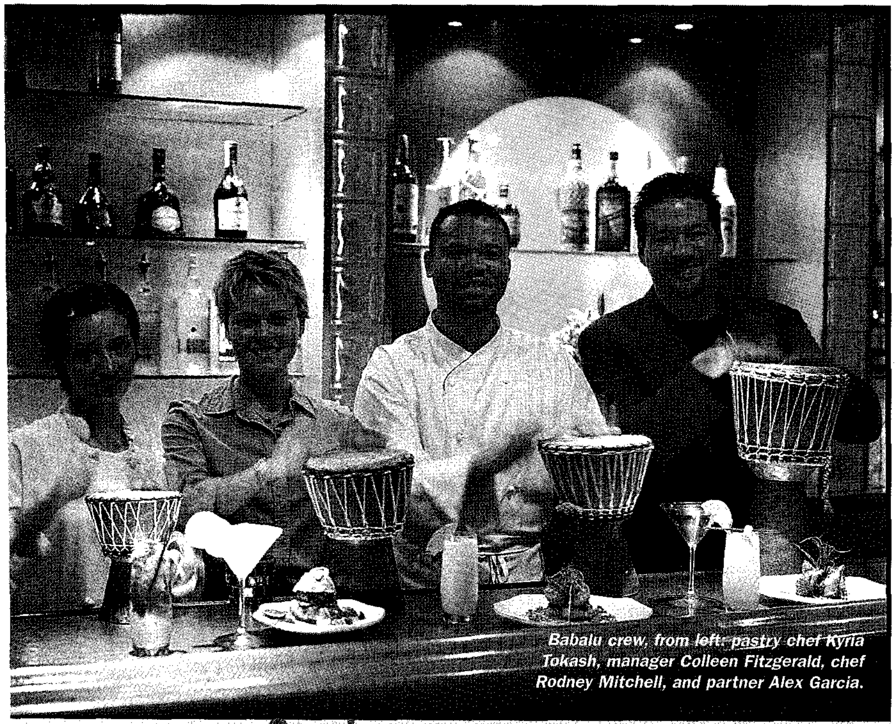
Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hatsuhana—One of Manhattan's pioneering sushi sources, and still an enduring option for a reliable midtown business lunch. All the raw-fish bases are covered, as are the now-familiar realms of teriyaki and tempura. Or sample one of the house specialties, like cucumber-wrapped broiled eel, ostrich carpaccio, and ultraluxurious Kobe beef baked in a salt pouch *and* a bamboo leaf. *17 E. 48th St. (212-355-3345). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St.*



Babalu crew, from left: pastry chef Kyria Tokash, manager Colleen Fitzgerald, chef Rodney Mitchell, and partner Alex Garcia.

Opening
Comida Loca

Latin-music promoter Ralph Mercado and nightlife impresario José Rosado shouldn't have any trouble booking the live entertainment at Babalu, their sprawling new pan-Latino restaurant, lounge, and supper club. And their kitchen crew is just as well connected: Supervising chef-partner Alex Garcia of Calle Ocho has tapped his former second-in-command and Culinary Institute roommate Rodney Mitchell to rustle up an inventive menu of boldly flavored, neo-Latino fare (calabaza tamales, corn arepas with braised oxtail, ancho-rubbed pork tenderloin with fufu and black beans) to harmonize with the South American and Spanish wine list. (327 West 44th Street; 212-262-1111.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italian restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in the food of a certain region, in this case, the south, and Positano in particular. But the menu still manages to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen, with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-buttered asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. Whole roasted branzino is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic as Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bar Code—Good clean fun is the revitalized Times Square mantra, and this 24/7 interactive entertainment arcade targeting adults dishes it out. Those who wish to revisit their childhoods—if those childhoods were spent in a high-decibel-level video arcade—celebrate here with chocolate martinis, Mud Slides, B-52s, and the kind of food (wings, pizza, burgers, pot stickers) that doesn't distract too much from the high-tech games. *1540 Broadway, nr. 46th St. (212-869-9397). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

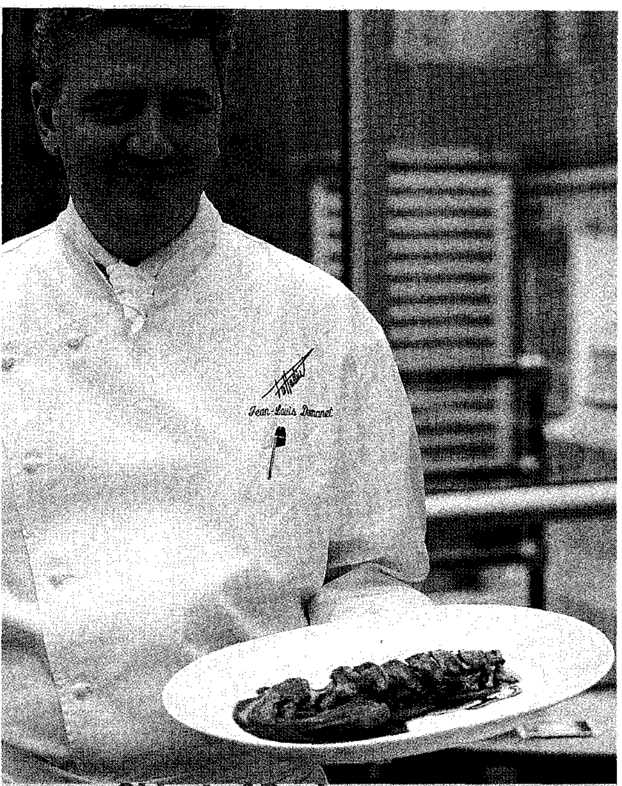
Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restauran specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *12 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jack Rose—Some steakhouses are known for mobsters' having been gunned down outside thei doors; others simply prefer to name themselves after gangsters. Such is the case with this modern theater-district steak-and chophouse with a swank lodge-like feel and a comprehensive wine list Named for the turn-of-the-last-century wiseguy and the cocktail that was also named in his honor the restaurant specializes in prime steaks, four-pound lobsters, and even a take on that puckery drink, which combines applejack, lemon juice and grenadine. *771 Eighth Ave., at 47th St. (212-247-7518). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved th Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of th original location one block east. Modernized with a menu more "American with a French ac



Object of Desire
Perfect Fit

In a move that joins two of the most authentic and talented French chefs in America, Jean-Louis Dumonet (above) has signed on with Jean-Louis Palladin as executive chef at Palladin in the Time Hotel. "I have never been inside another chef's jacket," says Dumonet as he adapts his style to Palladin's. Among their first collaborations, an intense lobster red-wine civet with enoki mushrooms, mousserons, pearl onions, and pancetta. (224 West 49th St; 212-320-2929.) PETER KAMINSKY

Photograph by Carina Salv

cent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

rattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nascimento—This fun, romantic Brazilian restaurant with a supplement of Italian dishes features live entertainment nightly and Brazilian music on Saturdays. Try the authentic Bahian specialties like moqueca de peixe (fish stew made with dende oil) and Brazil's hearty national black bean dish from Rio, feijoada completa. *1068 First Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-755-6875). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shelly's New York—Bronx-born, Brooklyn-obsessed, Manhattan-based restaurateur Shelly Fireman tends to make big, personal statements: the flashy neon façade of his Brooklyn Diner USA, Fireman's of Brooklyn, and this, the latest place made in his own image (in a space that was originally an Art Deco-era Horn & Hardart). Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. *104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

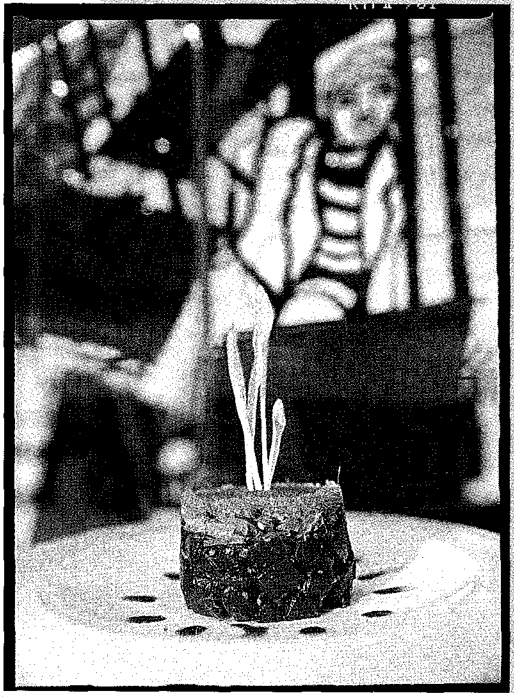
Above 60th Street, East Side

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-

ASK GAEL

I'm seeing an orange blur as I race to Bergdorf's.

That's the unapologetically Sunkist-orange carpet on the spiral stair leading down to Brasserie 8 1/2, where owner Sheldon Solow flaunts his wall of Léger stained glass and a collection of signed Matisse prints. Do your damage at B-G, darling, then rest your tootsies in the deep posh Hugh Hardy has dreamed up for the lounge, or move directly to a table. You'll appreciate chef Julian Alonzo's food, edible froufrou in stunning glass bowls and amusing architecture on ceramic. Given the lively adagio of flavors in the goat-cheese tart with slivers of ham and shallot crisps and in the exquisitely crisp-crusted but wondrously moist Chilean sea bass on wilted spinach in an Asian black-bean broth, you'll even want to show how much a so-called X-ray can eat. I couldn't resist the fromage burger myself. It's a mile-high knife-and-fork tower, even after removing three stories of battered onion rings, with splendid fries and seared, nearly raw meat that's sensational. "Is that cooked?" our waitress asks nervously. Yes; dessert please. Nectarine carpaccio, ripe as can be and sliced see-through thin, with fromage-blanc ice cream. (9 West 57th Street; 212-829-0812.)



hotograph by Kenneth Chen.

like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

in concert

King's College Choir...Bargemusic...The MorganScott Ballet

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Choir of King's College, Cambridge—The crowning achievement of one of England's most ineffective kings, Henry VI, was the endowment of this choir of men and boys, who turn their singular purity of tone to Bach motets, Brahms, and Mozart's *Missa Brevis in D* as part of Lincoln Center Festival's "Mostly Mozart" series. 8/7 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5399); $35.*

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Continue the festival with Mendelssohn's *Violin Concerto,* featuring soloist Gil Shaham, Rameau's Suite from *Les Boreades* with pianist Orli Shaham, and Truls Mork in Haydn's *Cello Concerto in C Major.* 8/8 and 8/9 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5399); $28–$48.*

Bargemusic—The wood-paneled cabin is the scene for traditional chamber concerts on the river. This week the Roselya Quartet plays Haydn, Shostakovich, and Schumann's *Piano Quintet in E-flat Major* with soloist Randall Hodgkinson. 8/10 at 7:30 and 8/13 at 4. *Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn (718-624-1155); $15–$27.*

Opera

The New York Grand Opera Company—Stages the five-act version of Verdi's *Don Carlos.* 8/9 at 6. Rain date: 8/14 at 6. *Central Park SummerStage, Fifth Avenue at 72nd St., (212-245-8837); free.*

Dance

The MorganScott Ballet—Present *L'Air Doré,* a classical piece; *Nocturne,* an intimate duet; and *Love, Karen and the 1970s,* which explores the roller coaster of romantic love in a dance set to six songs by the Carpenters. 8/11 at 6:45. *Bryant Park, Sixth Avenue at 42nd St. (212-439-4615); free.*

Eliot Feld's Ballet Tech—Revives *Circa* (1980), with music by Hindemith, and other signature pieces including *Contra Pose,* set to music by C.P. E. Bach. Mondays through Saturdays, through 8/12, at 8. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

Preview

King of Hearts

A fragment of opera history is made each summer, not at Tanglewood or Glyndebourne but in Central Park, and those who take their arias alfresco can join the tens of thousands who have already watched the New York Grand Opera Company inch closer to fulfilling the vision director Vincent La Selva had in the early eighties. He drew up a plan, on the back of a flyer, for staging every one of Verdi's 28 operas, culminating in 2001, the anniversary of the composer's death. Reviews have been mixed, with weather and sound quality posing perennial problems. Verdi might flinch at a few discordant notes, but he has in La Selva a conductor devoted to the Herculean effort of bringing off a series never attempted before, anywhere. This penultimate season concludes on August 9 with *Don Carlos,* in the original five-act version. The libretto paints the feared and emotionally unstable Don Carlos as the noble protagonist of Flemish freedom and despairing lover of his father's new bride. "Even in his early thirties, Verdi had this ability to depict a lover's anguish, or the father-son relationship in a duet," La Selva says, breaking from rehearsal at Carnegie Hall. "It's an incredible thing, to create a character like that in music. I study the score constantly, and yet I never get to the end of what the interpretation could be." (See "Opera")

TARA PEPPER

nightlife

Jimmy Scott...Eels...Red Hot Chili Peppers

Performance
Great Scott

He just celebrated his 75th birthday, but jazz crooner Jimmy Scott doesn't sound a day over 50. Speaking by phone from his hotel in Paris, where he's currently on tour, Scott enthusiastically praises European architecture ("I get a kick out of playing these fourteenth-century buildings—the acoustics are just outta sight!"), his new trio ("They're just wonderful cats, so studious about their music"), and famous fans like Lou Reed, who features Scott on his *Magic and Loss* ("He's one unique cat! I don't think he even realizes how unique he is"). Such positivity has clearly helped him make it through a more than five-decades-long career, during which he's endured enough record-company drama to make Prince's scrawling "Slave" on his face seem downright silly. "You get tired of people playing with you and having to change labels all the time," Scott says in a rare down moment, "but then you remember the young people coming up, and you've got to be there for them." Of course, Scott doesn't play to young people per se—he's still a passionate adherent of music of the Duke Ellington era, which he captures on his latest release, *Mood Indigo.* But his love for standards doesn't mean that everyone turning up for Scott's latest tour, which stops at Birdland August 10 through 12, has an AARP card. "I'm used to getting people in their fifties and sixties out at my gigs," he says, "but lately the youngsters have been coming out to support me." He pauses and lets out a deep breath. "To see them appreciating an older cat like me is a great thing." (See "Jazz.") ETHAN BROWN

Concerts

'Celebrate Brooklyn" presents Buckwheat Zydeco—"Family Concert!" with The Persuasions. 8/11 at 7:30. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Ninth St. at Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45); $3.*

'Celebrate Brooklyn" presents Hope Clark—With Sarah East Johnson. 8/12 at 8. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Ninth St. at Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45); $3.*

uran Duran—8/9 at 8. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $29.50–$39.50.*

otley Crüe—With Megadeth and Anthrax. 8/11 at 7. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $29–$39.*

ed Hot Chili Peppers—With Stone Temple Pilots and Fishbone. 8/12–8/13 at 7:30. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $39.50.*

Small Stages

rlene Grocery—8/7: Mark Geary; Brenden O'Donnel. 8/8: Modern English; Amy Fairchild. 8/9: Swati; Psycho Charger. 8/10: Standpipe; Ultimo. 8/11: Dave Ellis; Kitty Hawk. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

.B. King Blues Club & Grill—8/7: The Max Weinberg Seven. 8/8–8/9: The Robert Cray Band. 8/10: Kentucky Headhunters. 8/11: Coco Montoya; Charlie Musselwhite. 8/12: Deborah Coleman. *243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).*

ottom Line—8/7: Blue Floyd. 8/10: Ramblin' Jack Elliott. 8/11: "In Their Own Words." 8/14: The Music of Frank Zappa performed by the Ed Palermo Big Band. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

owery Ballroom—8/7: Leona Naess. 8/11: Eels. 8/12: November Project. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Central Park SummerStage"—8/9: New York Grand Opera presents: Verdi's *Don Carlos.* 8/10: "An Evening at Salon Mexico" with Astrid Hadad; Liliana Felipe; Eugenia Leon. 8/11: O Vertigo Danse. 8/12: La Ley; Los Amigos Invisibles. 8/13: Femi Kuti; Mark Anthony Jones; Lamb; Tamango. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (212-360-CPSS). Free, excluding benefit concerts.*

ez—Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays: Kiki & Herb, "Playing for Time." 8/8: Ben Kweller; Jedediah Parish; Mike Viola. 8/9: Michal. 8/11: Life in a Blender; Muckaferguson. 8/14: Birdie; Kings of Convenience. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

udson River Festival presents "River & Blues"—8/10: Christine Santelli Band. All concerts are at 7. *Battery City Park, Wagner Park (212-528-2733); free.*

ving Plaza—8/9: Todd Rundgren. 8/10: Tonic. 8/11: The Dixie Dregs; Steve Morse Band. 8/14: L.A.M.C. Showcase. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

e's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. 8/8: Imani Uzuri. 8/9: Colleen Werthmann. 8/11: Black Rock Coalition. 8/12: Mexican Cabaret. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—8/7: Harvey Bainbridge. 8/8: William Hooker; Dalek. 8/9: Daevid Allen; Dylan Group; Marianne Nowottny. 8/10–8/11: Benefit for Anthology Film Archives. 8/12–8/13: Kristin Hersh. 8/14: Ralph Alessi. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—8/8: Edie Cary CD Release; Mike Plum Band. 8/10: Adrian Legg; Lemon Juice Quartet. *35 W. 67 St. (212-601-1000).*

Maxwell's—8/8: Kick Out the Jams D.J. Series. 8/9: Seeking Homer; Bamm Hollow. 8/10: The Red King; The Brilliant Mistakes. 8/11: The Dictators; Andy G & The Roller Kings. 8/12: Betterfly; Ours; Slushpuppy. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—8/7: Tsar; A. 8/8: Lily Chou Chou. 8/9: Desco Super Soul Revue. 8/10: Helldorado. 8/11: Faith. 8/12: Wheatus. 8/13: Young Turks. 8/14: Red Betty; Friendship. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—8/7: Western Caravan. 8/8: The Rooftop Cowboys. 8/9: Tom Russell. 8/10: The Niagras. 8/11: Cave Catt Sammy. 8/12: The Tarbox Ramblers. 8/13: Jimmy Nations. 8/14: Hugh Pool. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—8/7: Grupo Niche. 8/8: Mutabaruka. 8/9–8/10: Gil Scott-Heron. 8/11: Torrey "TC" Carter. 8/12: Ogans. 8/14: Joe Batan. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 8/11: Jet

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

otograph by John Abbott.

Performance
Hot Boys

They've gone from wearing socks on their genitals to appearing appropriately sober for *Behind the Music*, but the Red Hot Chili Peppers (pictured) still make exuberant funk-rock in (George) Clintonesque style. They'll romp through their wild past and their milder present August 12 and 13 at Jones Beach. (See "Concerts.")

Set Six. 8/12: Veronica Martell & Big City Swing. *240 W. 47th St. (212-921-1940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 8/7: Snake Oil Medicine Show. 8/8: Big Frog; The Toni Brown Band. 8/9: Alvin Youngblood Hart. 8/10: Robert Walters 20th Congress; The Sugarman 3; Ray's Music Exchange. 8/12: The Red Elvises; Gehelio Noncentric. 8/13: Agent Porridge. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Clubland

Centro-Fly—Like Vinyl, Centro-Fly is hopping with big-name D.J. talent nearly every day of the week. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and occasional special guests like Armand Van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega. The second Friday of every month: Long-running house party "N'Ice," which made an exodus from Baktun after more than a year at the meatpacking-district nightspot. Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion," also a refugee from Baktun, with big-name D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and Big Beat with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays" featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. Mondays: Frankie Inglese's retro soul, funk, and R&B party "Soul Kitchen." *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—A tacky, jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

"Destiny"—Saturdays at 10. A great new Saturday-night soulful house party in Brooklyn with a nice roster of guest D.J.'s like Tony Humphries, Nicky Siano, and Fred Pierce. The nightspot's spacious, dancer-friendly floor, no-attitude door policy, and warm, friendly crowd make "Destiny" one of the year's best new club nights. *1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Wednesdays: "Rock Candy" with D.J. and host Steven Blush. Thursdays: "BeavHer," a long-running eighties night. Fridays: Drag queens and gay rock-and-rollers get down at "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock-themed "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. And what a groove it is: On a recent Friday, track-suited break-dancers, baggy-pants-clad dancers, and bare-chested muscle men got down to the ecstatic house of D.J. White Mike with a floor-shaking intensity. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

Fun—This sprawling, bilevel, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese anime, a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. *130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.*

Halcyon—Yet another excellent, unpretentious outer-borough nightspot with an eclectically minded lineup of house, drum 'n' bass, and electronica. Sundays: D.J.'s spin ambient music at "Undercity." Mondays: "THC: Tech-House Connection." Thursdays: The world-beat-minded "World Records." Fridays: Drum 'n' bass with "Acupuncture." Saturdays: "Abductions," where Halcyon takes the best D.J.'s from well-known parties like "Twelve West" and "Hamsa." *227 Smith St., bet. Butler and Douglass, Brooklyn (718-260-WAXY).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spin house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodie go-go boys dance on the bar. 7/10: Georg Clinton and the P-Funk All-stars. *515 W. 18t St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriente nights as well as up-and-coming rock and danc acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with th gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many an varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole' dance-centric "Tremendous." *285 W. Broadwa (212-941-0900).*

SPA—The health-and-wellness theme (white walls bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive and the crowd is thankfully not overly chic thanks to the club's visionar Steven Lewis, who maintains the kind of balanc between office shlubs, club kids, and A-listers h pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco,' with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad' "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Mar Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop an R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." *76 E 13th St. (212-388-1060).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music' biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: Th upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techn with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative t the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-clas D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, an Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas an on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging clu king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. *530 W. 27th St. (212 268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-musi purist's paradise and quite possibly the best clu in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spin at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back o the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which a about seven in the morning becomes the city most adventurous party as Regisford bangs ou everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti t the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Finger Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Dann Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face devastatingly long line at the door. *6 Hubert S (212-343-1379).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in mid town, this classy boîte serves up some fine south ern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sun days: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Ban Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestr Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchest directed by Paul Ellington. 8/9: Carol Fredet Quartet. 8/10–8/12: Jimmy Scott. *315 W. 44th S (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a dece view from every seat in the house, the "jazz cap tal of the world" often presents two top-flig artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 8/7: E ic Person & Meta-Four. 8/8–8/13: Ron Carter Houston Person; Steve Turre & Buster William *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orlea in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–sty Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, cla inetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuc Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompani

Photograph by Jay Blakesberg/Retr

to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).*

ity Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

eanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

etour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 8/7: Larry Corban Trio. 8/8: Heather Bennett Quartet. 8/9: Squawnk with Andrew D'Angelo. 8/10: Matt Hong Quartet. 8/11: Dave Lobenstein Quartet. 8/12: Adam Kolker Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

harma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

ridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 8/8–8/13: Randy Weston's African Rhythms. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

he Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 8/8–8/13: One for All. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

ed Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

mall's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

weet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

nic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 8/7: Dynamic Duos. 8/8: Paul Steven Ray. 8/9: Euguene Chadbourne; Susie Ibarra. 8/10: Ned Rothenberg. 8/11: Ravi Coltrane Quintet. 8/12: Ted Leo; Retsin & Ida. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

illage Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 8/8–8/13: New Directions. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

ston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 8/8: The Tom Shillue Show. 8/9: "The Girl Show." 8/9–8/10: Angel Salazar. 8/10–8/11: Chocolate. 8/12: "The Nasty Show." 8/13–8/15: Mario Cantone. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 8/14: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Greg Giraldo; Godfrey; Billy Burr. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. 8/9: Robert Klein. 8/11–8/12: Pete Correale; Vic Henley; Greg Giraldo. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 8/12: Daryl Sherman & Dave McKenna. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lisa Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11:00: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 8/12: Celebrity impersonator Tommy Femia presents "Judy Garland Live: That's Entertainment!" *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. Through 9/9: Marc Salem. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. Through 8/18: Billy Stritch. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 8/7: "Leer Mondays" with The Lounge-O-Leers. 8/8: Eastern Standard Time in "The Time Is Now . . . The Songs Are Timeless." 8/9: Jon Angransani with Rick Jensen. 8/12: Valerie DiLorenzo with Kevin Connors. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Performance
Eel-ectric

At a time when most alternative rock is cookie-cutter, the Los Angeles–based Eels, fronted by E (pictured), continue to break musical molds with oddball eccentricity. Reproducing the psychedelic flower-punk sound of their album 'Daisies of the Galaxy' at the Bowery Ballroom August 11 should be an intriguing challenge. (See "Concerts.")

otograph by Autumn de Wilde.

the mix

Bob Dylan...Adam Berlin...Vox Pop

In Print
Sharma Chameleon

Dressed in casual-Friday attire, Akhil Sharma is telling a room full of writers at the oak-paneled Temple Bar about a Chrysler executive who began sobbing at the announcement of his company's merger with Mercedes. It's one of several comic digressions during a reading of his debut novel, *An Obedient Father,* as well as a rare glimpse at the part of his life Sharma believes defines him best. "I don't think I'm a writer, I think I'm a banker," says Sharma, who studied public policy and English at Princeton, graduated from Harvard Law School (though he says he skipped class regularly), and now puts in 80-hour weeks for an investment bank. He's also been published in *The Atlantic Monthly, The New Yorker,* and two volumes of *Best American Short Stories.* Narrated mostly by a lazy bribe collector in India who used to rape his daughter, *An Obedient Father* has been praised almost unanimously, except in India, where Sharma says the chief complaint is that "it was too realistic." At Princeton, where he studied with Toni Morrison and other literary stars, Sharma never envisioned the writing life. "I thought I would be a computer programmer or some shit like that," he says. "But I kept being acknowledged as a good writer, so I just kept doing it." Now, he says, his writing isn't a release from work, but a product of the same drive. "It's all logic-driven," he says. "You apply the same rationale to thinking about how a story is constructed as to how many shares a company has to issue." If he weren't writing, he says, "I'd be a better banker." And if he weren't banking? He hasn't considered the possibility. "I like my work," he says. "You're dealing with very difficult, demanding people. People are calling you in the shower and telling you to 'turn off the fucking water' because it's important. There's nothing else as stressful. It's a way of living your life fully."

BORIS KACHKA

an OBEDIENT father
A NOVEL BY
AKHIL SHARMA

John Leonard's TV Notes

Michael Ball Live at the Royal Albert Hall (8/8; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 21), with a predictable emphasis on Andrew Lloyd Webber, but also (be still my telltale heart) achingly schmaltzy renditions of "Memories" and "The Rose," not to mention "Empty Chairs, Empty Tables" from *Les Misérables* and (just to drive a stake through that telltale heart) "My Heart Will Go On" from *Titanic.*

Jonathan Winters: On the Loose (8/13; 5:35 to 6:35 P.M.; Channel 21) lets the comedian tell his own story, with a couple of new bits and a lot of retrospection, between clips of classic television appearances, including his "guest host" stints on the *Tonight Show.* This is where Robin Williams came from—another planet where they've yet to discover water or canals.

Bob Dylan: The American Troubadour (8/13; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E) takes us from little Bobby Zimmerman, who liked Hank Williams, to the high-school boy who discovered Muddy Waters, mimicked Little Richard, and wore a Brando biker jacket; to the college freshman who read Woody Guthrie's autobiography, abandoned rock for Leadbelly and Odetta, dropped out of the University of Minnesota and started calling himself Dylan after the alcoholic poet; to Greenwich Village, Pete Seeger, civil rights, and talking blues in the early sixties; to Newport, where he went electric, the Beatles, Allen Ginsberg, fatherhood, the motorcycle accident, *The Basement Tapes,* Hurricane Carter, and Jesu Christ—all while Todd Gitlin talks to us and Joa Baez doesn't and, shamefully, we hear hardly an music. Do you know what a drag it is to see you?

Shark Week Uncaged (Debuts 8/13; 9 to 11 P.M.; Dis covery), the annual summer splurge of sleek flank and toothy grins, kicks off Monday night wit *Sharks 3-D,* underwater off the coast of Mexic looking among great whites for clues about th bygone Megalodon, thought during its 20 million-year heyday to have been seven times heavier tha a T-Rex, with teeth the size of human hands, fo which maximum wince you will need the plasti filters in the cardboard frames available from th Nature Company, the Discovery Channel Store and a few eye-care shops including LensCrafters.

Jerry Lee Lewis: The Story of Rock and Roll (8/13; 10:1 to 11:15 P.M.; Channel 21), from *Monterey Pop* director D. A. Pennebaker, rehearses the scandal ye again but also gives us full-length versions of suc songs as "High School Hop," "Don't Be Cruel," "You Win Again," "Breathless," "Hound Dog," "Mystery Train," "High Heel Sneakers," and, o course, "Whole Lotta Shakin' " and "Great Ball of Fire," as performed on *The Steve Allen Sho American Bandstand, Shindig,* and at the 196 Toronto Rock & Roll Festival.

Intimate Portrait: Holly Hunter (8/14; 7 to 8 P.M.; Life time) lets us wonder along with host Dylan Mc Dermott how any one actress could be so versatil as to star in *Raising Arizona, Broadcast News, Al ways, Miss Firecracker, The Firm,* and *The Piano,* no to mention two of the best television movies eve made, *Roe v. Wade,* where she was the Suprem Court case, and *The Positively True Adventures of th Alleged-Texas-Cheerleader-Murdering-Mom,* wher she was merely supreme. Steven Spielberg, Kat Capshaw, Richard Dreyfuss, Jane Campion, an Harvey Keitel talk about her behind her back.

Radio Highlights

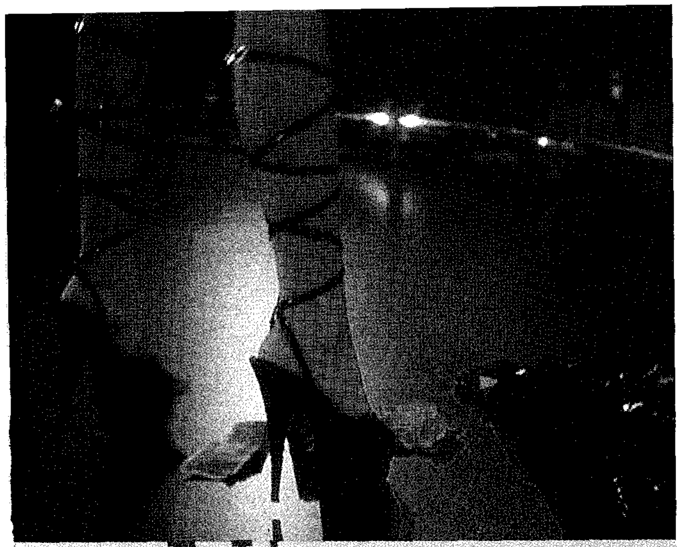
"The Sounds of South Asia"—8/12, 10 A.M., to 8/1 2 A.M.: A marathon broadcast of South Asian music, from Ravi Shankar to Nusrat Fateh Ali Kha and much, much more. WKCR, 89.9 FM.

Lectures and Panels

The Manhattan Rose Society—8/9 at 6:30 P.M.: Th newest chapter of the American Rose Society hos Scott Canning, senior curator of the Cranford Ro Garden at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, as gue speaker at its monthly meeting. New York Horticu tural Society, 128 W. 58th St. (516-759-1435); free

"Images of the Garden: Photographers Sundays"—8/1 at 11 A.M.: At a guided lecture tour, Sarah Ced Miller discusses the challenges of photographi water in the garden, and at 12:30, New Yo Audubon Society photo instructor Steve Feingo shares his bird photography techniques. The Ne York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimir Blvd., the Bronx (718-817-8700); free with $1 admission.

Adoption Information Meeting—8/14 at 6 P.M.: An i formation session about African-American infa adoption, featuring an adoption specialist and adoptive family and including a free vide Spence-Chapin Services for Families and Chi dren, 6 E. 94th St. (212-369-0300); free.



The Tube
TV Show Girls

"It's like being an encyclopedia salesman," says Ginger of her chosen profession—stripping—during a rare fully clothed moment in 'G-String Divas,' HBO's new "adult documentary series" about a Pennsylvania strip club. From Jordan the Brazilian bisexual to Chrissy, who has a Master's in psychology, HBO's ladies seem articulate and well adjusted enough to bring home to Mom—when they aren't slithering around poles or lap-dancing. 'G-String Divas' debuts August 12.

The Written Word

everly Donofrio—8/8 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from and signing copies of her book *Looking for Mary.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

dam Berlin—8/9 at 7 P.M.: Reading from and signing copies of his debut novel, *Headlock*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (212-595-6859); free.

. Olusegun Fayemi—8/10 at 7:30 P.M.: The Nigerian-born photographer discusses *Voices From Within*, a book of social documentary and photography of African children. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

aren Lillis—8/10 at 8 P.M.: Reading from her "self-published, feminist, lit-erotic manifesto," *I, Scorpion: Foul Belly-Crawler of the Desert.* 229 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn (718-302-3751); free.

Tours

ohemia Moves East: From Greenwich Village to the East Village, 1951–1975—8/10 at 6:30 P.M.: An illuminating walk from the old nexus of the avant-garde to a newer, grittier area that only recently began swarming with tourists. For registration and meeting place, call 212-543-1672, ext. 207; $12–$15.

Ethnic Noshing—8/13 at 11 A.M.: Start at Delancey Street and eat your way through every ethnicity that's ever inhabited the Lower East Side and surrounding neighborhoods. Sample fresh mozzarella, bialys, and dim sum without so much as hopping a bus. Meet in front of the McDonald's, naturally, at the northwest corner of Delancey and Essex Streets (212-265-2663); $5, not including food.

Woods and Water Hike—8/13 at 11 A.M.: Touring Central Park's North Woods alone at midnight is inadvisable, but old Revolutionary War forts and some steep terrain make for a refreshing midday tour—outdoorsy as well as educational. Meet at the North Meadow Recreation Center inside the park at 97th St. Registration is required (212-348-4867); free.

Events

Nicole Blackman—8/7, 9 P.M.: The spoken-word artist and author of *Blood Sugar* performs a 45-minute set with guest musician John Van Eaton. Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Brooklyn (718-384-4586); $3.

Vox Pop—8/11 at 10:30 P.M.: Part of the "American Living Room" series at Here; the band of bards performs polyphonic poetry and world music, incorporating West African and Kenyan "bardic" traditions, Cuban "troubadour" singing, and Caribbean, Latin, and Middle Eastern percussion. Here Performance Art Space, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202); $12.

Exhibitions

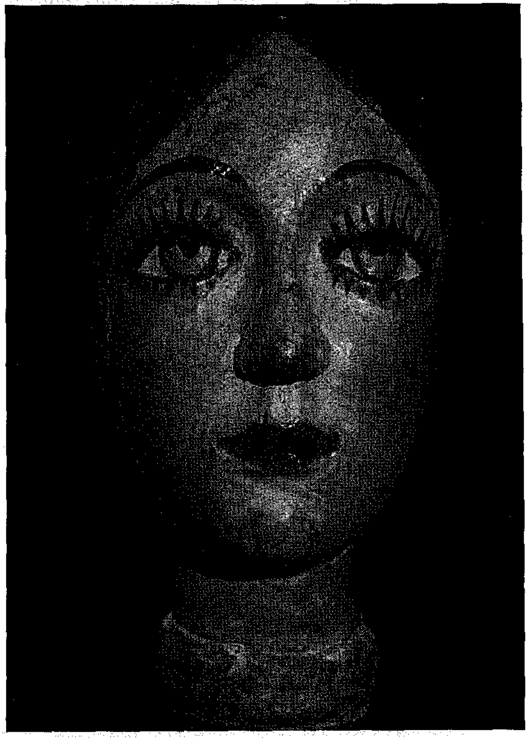
"Forms in Motion"—8/8 through 10/8. The first of a series of events included in the Henson International Festival of Puppet Theater this fall. The exhibit of photographs, puppets, and other material is in two segments: "Collaborative Forms" recalls the 1923 collaboration among puppetmaker Hermenegildo Lanz, composer Manuel de Falla, and playwright Federico García Lorca; "Sculptural Forms" explores the fusion of sculpture, kinetic form, and performance. The Cooper Union, Cooper Sq. at Astor Pl. (212-439-7556); free.

Sports

New York City Marathon Long Training Run—8/12 at 7 A.M.: An eleven-to-twenty-mile run (it's up to you) to help you prepare for the big event. Limited to the first 2,500 entrants. Water, Gatorade, PowerGel, and bananas will be available on the course, which starts and finishes in Central Park, East Drive at 99th St. It's free, but preregistration and membership are required. To register or for more information, call the New York Road Runners Club at 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org.

GHI Bronx Tennis Classic—8/12–8/20: Cablevision and Group Health Incorporated present this USTA Prudential Circuit men's and women's event, one of two local tennis tournaments leading up to the U.S. Open. Qualifying rounds over the weekend start at 9 A.M.; men's first round begins 8/14 at 11 A.M. At Crotona Park in the Bronx; free admission. For more information, call 718-786-7110, ext. 65.

On View **The passionate puppeteer of *Being John Malkovich* was played for laughs, but pre-Muppet theater wasn't always a joke. "Forms in Motion," which opens August 8 at Cooper Union, examines two themes in twentieth-century puppetry through photographs, puppets, and other material. Part one, "Collaborative Forms," focuses on the 1923 alliance of Federico García Lorca, composer Manuel de Falla, and artist Hermenegildo Lanz (below, Lanz's *Cabezas de Títeres*). The second part, "Sculptural Forms," is about the sculpture and performance. See "Exhibitions" for details.**



AME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ░

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
ANKEES	SEA MSG 12:05 P.M.	OAK MSG 7:05 P.M.	OAK MSG 7:05 P.M.	OAK MSG 12:05 P.M.	ANA FOX 10:05 P.M.	ANA MSG 10:05 P.M.	ANA ESPN 8:05 P.M.
ETS	HOU FSNY 8:05 P.M.	HOU FSNY 8:05 P.M.	HOU FSNY 8:05 P.M.	HOU WPIX 4:05 P.M.	SF FSNY 7:10 P.M.	SF WPIX 7:10 P.M.	SF WPIX 1:10 P.M.
ETROSTARS						NE MSG 7:30 P.M.	
IBERTY		CLE METRO 7:30 P.M.	DET METRO 7:30 P.M.			PLAYOFFS TBA	PLAYOFFS TBA
IANTS					JAX TBA 8 P.M.		
ETS						BAL TBA 8 P.M.	
	8/7	8/8	8/9	8/10	8/11	8/12	8/13

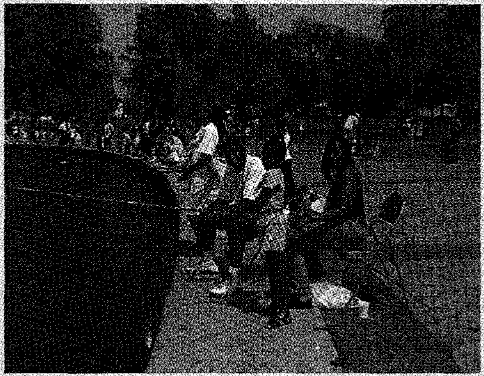
p, photograph courtesy of HBO; bottom, photograph courtesy of Collection Lanz.

kids

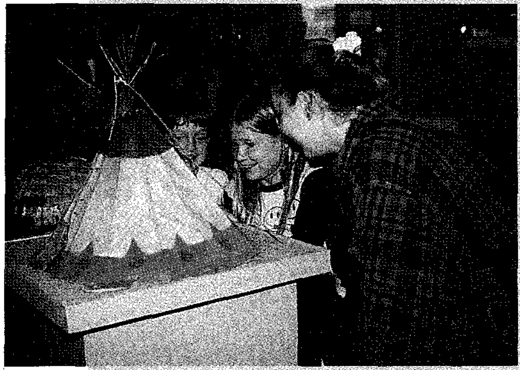
Jack's Back...Brazilian Beat

Happenings

Doin' What Comes Natur'lly



Fishing in the city? Building a tepee in New Jersey? Summer's midpoint is just the right time to get the kids communing with nature. Two programs this week bring such experiences forward in a fun and interesting way. The free Fishing Derby at Baisley Pond Park in Queens draws nearly 200 kids, park rangers, and volunteer fishermen. On August 12, kids will compete in this catch-and-release event that culminates in prizes for the biggest, longest, and most colorful catches of the day. "This is a game of patience," explains Audrey Lucas, derby coordinator. "We're trying to teach the kids to relax and unwind, enjoy the sky, watch the birds, and wait." The Fishing Derby is followed by an ocean-themed floating art show in the 30-acre pond. Hot dogs, ice cream, and fishing rods are provided, but bring your own bait for the fish. Know the difference between a tepee and a wigwam? Find out on August 9 at the Morris Museum in New Jersey. Kids begin with a tour of the American Indian Gallery and explore the "Little Houses" exhibit, crafted in kid size by local artists. (One particular favorite is the birthday house, with colorfully painted cakes, balloons, and presents.) The next part of the day is spent constructing miniature log cabins, tepees, and wigwams using real wood and leather. Asked if she enjoyed herself, Loobie, a 5-year-old who participated in the class earlier this summer, replied, "I liked it from here to Alaska and back; that's how much." (See "Children's Events.")



Susan Avery

Children's Events

Something's Fishy—Learn fish biology, pond ecology, and the how-tos of catch-and-release fishing. At the free **FISHING DERBY**, the Parks Department will provide the rangers, rods, prizes, and free eats. 8/12, from 1 to 5 P.M. At Baisley Pond Park in Jamaica. E train to Sutphin Blvd., then the Q6 bus to Rockaway Blvd. (212-360-2774).●●

Oh, Give Me a Home—Children discover the world of Native Americans with a tour of the American Indian Gallery followed by a session on building their own mini-shelters. The one-hour class will be held on 8/9 at 10:30 A.M. and 1 P.M. Cost is $14 per child. At **THE MORRIS MUSEUM**, 6 Normandy Heights Rd., Morristown, N.J. (973-538-0454).●

The Musical Buzz—A jazz puppet show for children and adults, **THE ADVENTURES OF MAYA THE BEE** is the musical adaptation by Nancy Harrow of a German children's book. Performed in the Village every Saturday at 11 A.M. Tickets are $12 for adults, $6 for kids. Call 212-539-6644 for reservations. At 45 Bleecker Theater, near Lafayette St.

Green Thumbers—Explore the lush six acres of Central Park's only formal garden, the **CONSERVATORY GARDEN**, on a free walking tour by the Central Park Conservancy. Learn about its history and design while discovering a varied collection of flora in the center of the city. Every Saturday, now through October, from 11 A.M. to noon. Meet at the Vanderbilt Gate, 105th St. and Fifth Ave. For more information, call 212-310-6636.●

Chang—The Film Society of Lincoln Center Movies for Kids shows the story of a Siamese family in 1927 as they struggle to farm and survive outside their village confines. The jungle images and family humor make this silent film an award winner for kids. **CHANG** will be shown on 8/12–13 at 11 A.M. Posters for the film will be raffled at each screening. Tickets are $3. At the Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600).●

UFO on SI—Every weekend in August, **THE STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** gives "Unlimited Flying Object" workshops featuring all varieties of floaters. On 8/12–13 from noon to 4 P.M., kids can make their own astronauts from plastic and other materials, then launch them on a special mission. Also on 8/13 from 2 to 3 P.M., balloon-twister Allan Goowin will work his magic. Cost is $2, plus admission. Balloon-twisting is free with admission. At Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060).●

Even If We're Just Dancing in the Park—Get your kids ready for the next set of ice-cream socials and prom nights as they learn, for free, all the steps of the hottest dances every Thursday evening in August. 8/10 is *"Latin/Salsa Night," with the rhythms of the Jimmy* Sabater Orquesta. Lessons go from 6 to 6:45 P.M. and the dancing goes from 7 to 8:30 P.M. At the **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY**, Charles A. Dana Discovery Center at the Harlem Meer, 110th St. and Fifth Ave. (212-310-6636).●●

Camp Shakespeare—In conjunction with the Hamptons Shakespeare Festival, kids ages 8 to 16 can participate in two workshops. **MASKS, MUSIC & MUCH ADO** includes mask design and mime exercises. 8/12–13 from 9:30 A.M. to noon at the Theodor Roosevelt County Park in Montauk and 8/26–27 from 9:30 A.M. to noon at the Southampton Cultural Center. In **WILD WAR OF WORDS** kids will work on improvisation and discover their own interpretations of Shakespearean characters. 8/12–13 from 1:30 to 4 P.M. in Montauk and 8/26–27 from 1:3 to 4 P.M. in Southampton. Both programs have $40 registration fee (631-476-2454).

Fertile Ground—Looking to have another chil added to your brood? **RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT! MUSEUM** in Atlantic City will feature a duo o African fertility statues now through 8/25. A special celebration on 8/10 will honor the mor than 645 children worldwide whose births ar attributed to their magic. Would-be parents wil have the chance to rub the hand-carved, five foot-high artifacts from the Ivory Coast for free General museum admission is $8.95 plus tax $6.95 plus tax for kids 5 to 12, youngers are free At New York Ave. and the Boardwalk (609-347 2001).

Jack's Last Stand—Recently restored to its origina nineteenth-century splendor, the Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre at Central Park is hom to **JACK AND THE BEANSTALK**. This is the last wee to see this updated version of the fairy-tale classic about a boy who trades his cow for a mer handful of beans. The show incorporates musi expert puppetry, and comedy into its modern day performance that shows the giant as a goo guy in the end. Mondays through Fridays a 10:30 A.M. and noon, until 8/18. Tickets are $ $4 for children. Enter the park at 81st St. an Central Park West or 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Ca ahead for reservations (212-988-9093).●

Brazil via Brooklyn—Masters of Brazil's martial art **CAPOEIRA ANGOLA PALMARES** perform flips, twist and handstands at the free Friday family-fun ever on 8/11 at 6:30 P.M. At the Brooklyn Children Museum's Rooftop Theater, 145 Brooklyn Av (718-735-4400).●●

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

cue

Susan Avery
Kids

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Luisa Colon
Online

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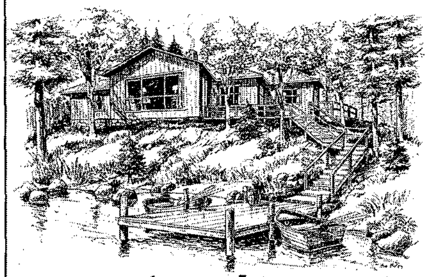

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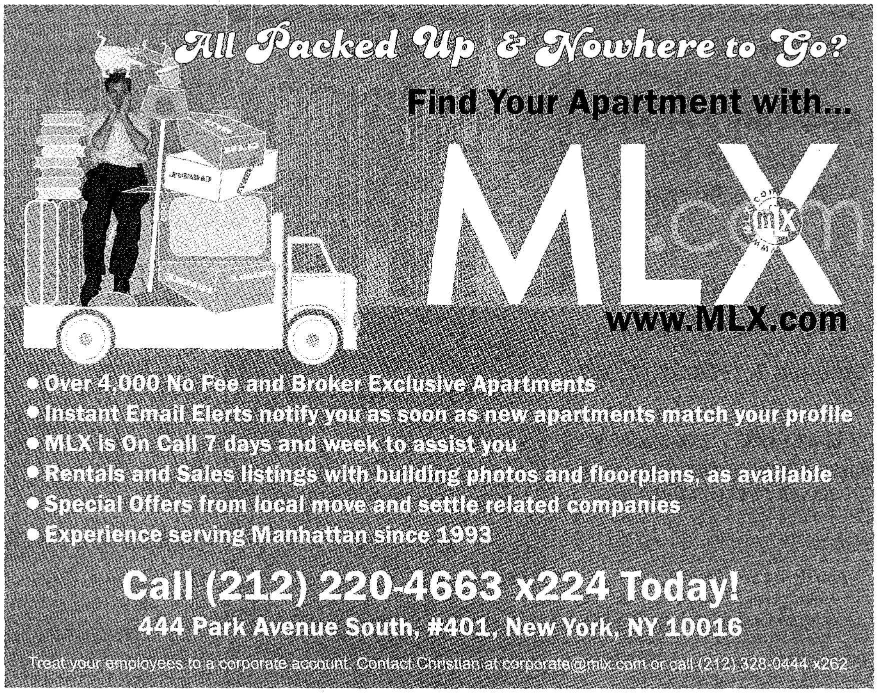

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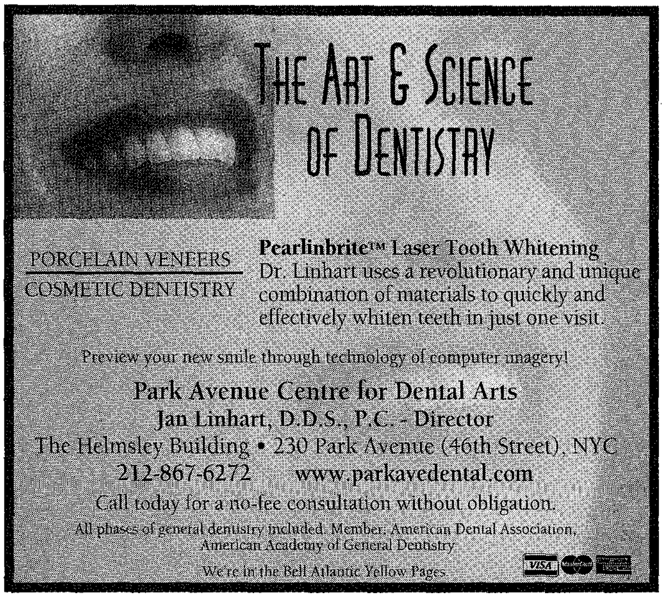
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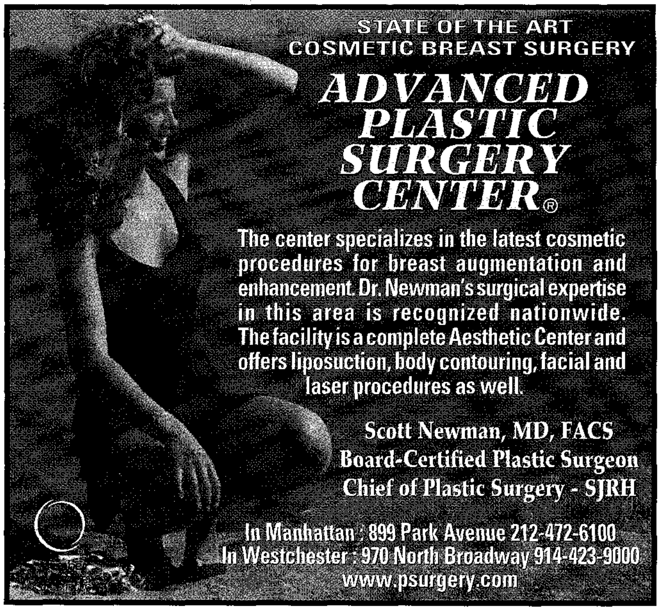
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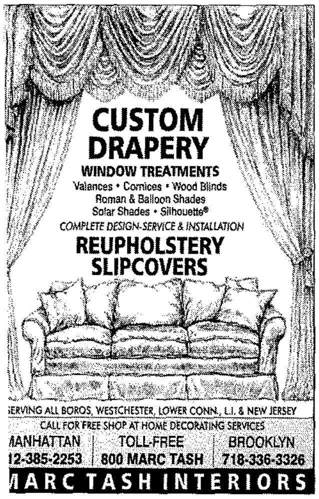

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Teacher—52, 6'2", slim, sincere, affectionate Jewish male seeks caring female for evermore. 4827 ✉

No Ordinary Korean-American Male—Ambitious, idealistic, compassionate, children-adoring attorney (155 lbs, 5'8", 33) seeks kind-hearted, bright, slim, attractive Asian-American (plus if korean), 26-34, to hare quiet times, crazy times and lifetime. Note. NYM77@yahoo.com or 4854 ✉

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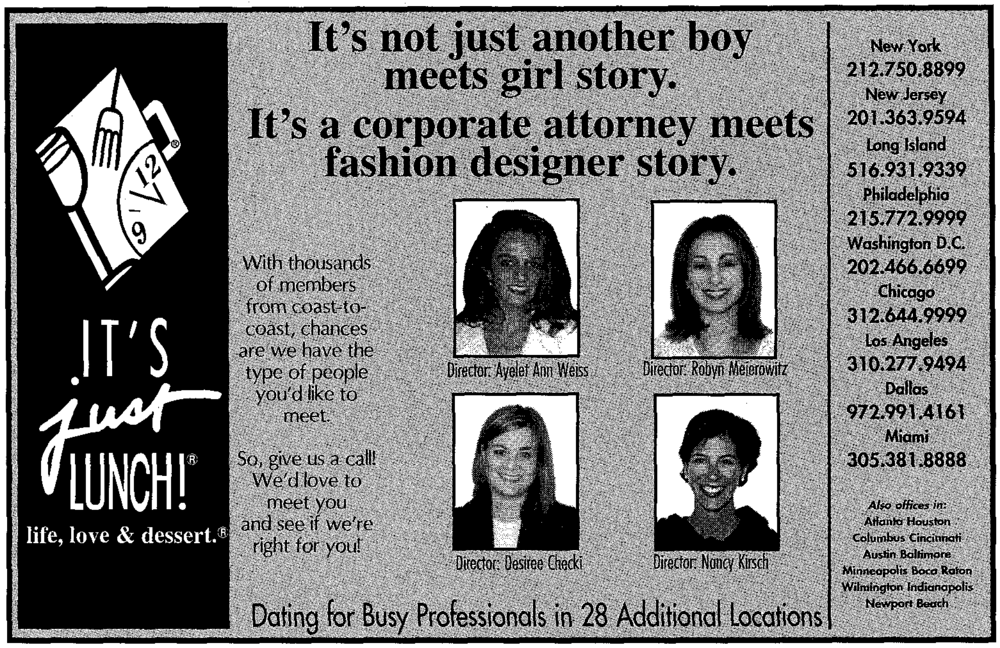
Man Alive—Handsome and honest, wry nd reflective, down-to-earth Ivy in the rts. 49, 5'11", (212). Likes music, books, utdoors, good talk. Seeks bright, warm, ositive, pretty and shapely (212) woman, 0s-early 50s, for the real thing. Plus ughter and hugs. Recent photo, sincere on-form letter for response. 4842 ✉



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Looking For Peace And Harmony?—Sexy country guy, 5'8", brown/blue, fit, secure, owns tux, skis, travels well. Seeks above-average, under-42 woman to synchronize watches and create an affectionate, fulfilled lifestyle. 4771✉☎

Dynamic, Cutting-Edge Surgeon—Handsome, into fitness, 5'10", muscular, mid 40s. Seeks smart lady, under 37, for magic. Phone/photo a must. 4811 ✉☎

Looking For You...—35-year-old single white female, attractive, naturally slim (I walk a lot), educated and sincere seeks a single white male under 45 with a positive outlook on life to share movies, dinner, theater, etc., in NYC. Note/photo/phone. 4852 ✉

Good-Looking Guy—39, attorney, 6', athletic, never married seeks very attractive, slim, 26-36-year-old woman for relationship. Note/photo. 4853 ✉ ☎

Who Said Wall Street Has No Soul?—Successful single male, NBM banker, has ascended high mountains and descended raging rivers, but also loves arts and literature. Photographer, writer and poet; easygoing, family-oriented and loves children. Seeks slim, pretty, athletic, 25-35 soul mate; an aerodynamic woman, willing to soar. Note/photo, please. 4845✉

Most Eligible Bachelor—Extremely handsome, tall, well-built, self-made millionaire, single white male, 40, never married, nonsmoker, seeks selective, sophisticated, seductive, single white female under 33, with high IQ, great body and great looks. Please enjoy working out, travel, intense romance and staying exceptionally beautiful. Photo a must. No children, please. 4822 ✉

Trapped Genie!—Lovely Jewish temptress, 36, 5'6", 120, with long auburn hair, big hazel eyes, professional, former ballerina, fit, artsy, warm, loving, family-oriented, seeks her Aladdin, up to 44. Photo. trapped_genie@webtv.net 4841✉☎

Quintessential New Yorker—Mid 50s, 6'2", more than attractive, dark hair. Desires extremely bright, independent, funny, socially involved counterpart, 50 plus, Manhattan dweller. Honesty counts. Handwritten letter, please. 4847 ✉

Dare To Fall In Love Again—Very attractive female, 53, with full heart, kind soul, avid intellect, seeks male companion for loving, caring relationship. 4796 ✉☎

Male, Early 60s—Seeks enthusiastic, outdoorsy yet cultured lady who likes the independence and doubled possibilities of going Dutch. 4828 ✉☎

Wish List—Woman, 55-65, for off-beaten-track travel - humorous New Yorker. Photo to: 4819 ✉

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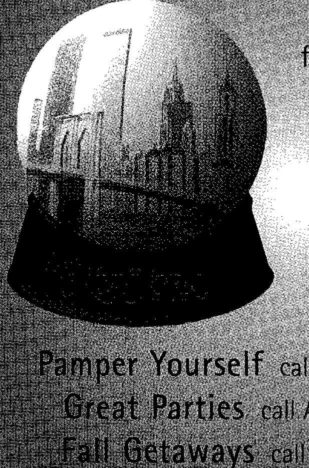

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Issue date September 11
On Sale September 4
Deadline August 18

Unique Millionaire—Self-made, street-smart entrepreneur, intelligent, ambitious, 59 going on 39, 6'3", 230, seeks sexy soul mate, real woman with a great figure, 35-45. Photo. 4802 ✉☎

Japanese Businessman—41, financially secure banker, seeking classy, mature, sophisticated upper East Side woman, 35-55, who can have a chat over sushi and sake. 4815 ✉

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Very Handsome, Divorced—40-plus, educated, successful internet entrepreneur. Favorite things include NY art museums, skiing, tennis, travel and, most of all, just laughing and hanging out with a best friend. Photo a must. 4840 ✉

Classy Lady—49, seeks attractive, smart, athletic man of substance and success, near CT. Photo/note. 4814 ✉☎

Attractive, Divorced, Early-40s Dad—Passionate, affectionate, communicative, family-minded - enjoys outdoors, music, movies, walks, beach, vacations. Lives LI, works *Manhattan. Successful, fun-loving.* Seeks attractive woman with similar qualities. All welcome. Photo. 4844 ✉

Satin And Lace—Pretty, blue-eyed blond, slim, shapely, soft-spoken, lives in LI, 40s. Seeks tall, good-looking, upbeat, fun, romantic male under 55. 4784 ✉☎

Avoid The Hamptons—Spend your *summer with me: Jewish male, 45, seeking* female, 30-40, for fun times and sharing life's traffic jams. Note/photo. 4775 ✉☎

Attractive Blond Widow—Warm, sensual, outgoing Westchester lady, loves having fun and going places. Seeks relationship with warmhearted, romantic, classy, well-rounded gentleman, 57-65, to share good times, dining out, theater, *rides in the country and happy moments.* Photo/phone/note appreciated. 4838✉☎

Incredibly Attractive—Slender Jewish woman, 46. European good looks, long curvy legs. Full of pleasantly intriguing contrasts: sophisticated/down-to-earth, strong/sensitive, sultry/cute, independent/warm. Loves eco-tours and 5-star hotels, the best restaurants/diners, kayaking/crossword puzzles, hiking/mystery books, great conversation/quiet times, good theater/nature. Works hard, plays hard, rests in-between. Thrives on vacations, thinks big, knows how to relax and have fun. Seeks active, 5'9" plus, financially comfortable, Jewish, basic nice guy (44-58) with a brain and interesting work. 4783 ✉☎

Let's Make A Home—I am a divorced, ambitious, successful businesswoman who wants a husband, family and home filled with love. I am domestic, a bundle of fun, full of energy, athletic, pretty and sexy, 40. Let's get together and get to know each other. 4812 ✉☎

Seeking Truly Upscale—68-plus gentleman with all pertinent accoutrements for this tall, slim, very pretty and selective lady with great lifestyle. 4774 ✉☎

***You:* Single White Male**—*Intelligent,* handsome, loving, confident professional. Me: single, white, petite professional, 41, beautiful, romantic, classy. Us: love, laughter, music, sports, friendship, marriage, family. Note/photo. 4821 ✉☎

Professional, Personable Latina—5'2", 41. Enjoys books, theater, travel, and R&B and salsa music. Seeks a self-evolved, tall gentleman with sophistication and finesse, diverse interests, compassion, humor, sincerity and good health. No smokers/drugs. *Photo a plus.* 4799 ✉☎

Share My World—Single white male, 52, 5'10", successful, attractive, fit, with unique life style. I'm seeking a brown-eyed brunette, 25-39, for travel and a quality life together. Letter and photo. 4825 ✉

Cute, Classy—50s professional female with looks, smarts, warmth, wit, seeks significant other, 55-65. 4780 ✉☎

Radiant Smile—Very pretty, 5'10", curvaceous, fit, short blond hair, green eyes, former beauty queen, sweet, classy yet down-to-earth, well-spoken, highly accomplished. Likes sports, boxing matches, music, comedy clubs, black-tie events. Seeks extremely successful, financially stable, well-established, honest and real gentleman with class and high moral character, 40-58, who seeks life partner. 4791 ✉☎

Physically Fit White Male—35, MA degree, Yankee fan, seeks intelligent, well-educated, petite, slim female. 4792 ✉☎

Jewish Prince—Seeks his princess to live happily ever after. 4789 ✉☎

Home Alone Too Long—Very attractive Jewish female in early 50s, petite, blond with blue eyes, very sexy...my children are grown and on their own...looking for a best friend, lover and perhaps a partner for life. If you are sincere, honest and successful, with a good sense of humor, please reply. 4833 ✉☎

Dance With Me—Petite, blond, youthful and good-looking Jewish widow, 68, with class. North Shore LI home owner and country club lady, dancer and golfer. Seeking a financially secure, slim, Jewish male counterpart, 68-80, in Nassau and Western Suffolk only - for companionship. *Phone/letter.* 4813 ✉☎

Let's Be A Couple—42-year-old MD clinician/researcher, romantic, athleti (marathoner), funny, unpretentious, cultured (Shakespeare lover), and hopelessly democratic, would like to meet an honest and sincere Catholic female for love and marriage. 4810 ✉☎

Very Attractive, Intelligent—Blond green eyes, bright smile, slender, sophisticated, elegant, 5'6", well-educated, with a sense of humor, easygoing, financially secure. Likes people and spirited conversation, theater, music, museums, movies reading, walks on the beach and exploring Manhattan, travel and golf. Searching for well-educated, successful, professional financially well-off man with an easy laugh, *similar interests, optimistic* romantic, 5'11" or taller, 57-72, who wants friendship and long-term relationship and to enjoy life with a loving, caring woman. Note and photo a must. 4832 ✉☎

Scandinavian Blond Good Looks—*Tall, toned, slim with long legs and* great smile. Elegant striking, fun-loving successful professional, 40-something *Sociable, independent, international* interested in people. Open and honest with dry humor, a little offbeat. Unwind with hiking trips - Burgundy, Dordogne and above the tree line in Norway Likes running (especially when finished) New Yorker cartoons, Tina Turner Clapton, Chopin, art, northern Scotland St. Barts, biking. Seeks educated attractive, in-shape professiona 5'10" plus, 45-58. A good sense of humo makes all the difference. 4785 ✉☎

Very Pretty, Petite, Successful—NYC orthodontist, 36, Jewish, sharp energetic, athletic, with too many interes to enumerate...seeks a fun, romanti successful (MD/JD/Wall Street type), nic guy with sense of humor and a quick wi 33-42. Note/photo. 4816 ✉☎

NYMessage

We Met Last Summer—I responded to your ad: the hockey player, 33, 5'9", 170. You came to Long Beach, LI, to meet me; we walked on the boardwalk, had dinner, kissed goodbye at the train. I promised to call you, but I had to leave NY for my homeland. I'm back, and want you in my life. This ad is for you **Scott.** 4781✉

Outdoorsy—Never-married Jewish male, nonreligious, 48, 6'2", 205 lbs, attractive, nonsmoker, excellent sense of humor, health care professional. Enjoy working out, hiking, cycling, scuba, astronomy, movies, theater, concerts, all racquet sports, travel, children, animals, etc. Interested in a committed relationship with a late 20s-early 40s, athletic lady. Original note/phone/recent photo. 4846 ✉

Successful, Attractive Jewish Doctor—41, seeks a special female, 27-37, for relationship. Please be kind, attractive and loving. Photo a must. 4849 ✉

Handsome Blond Male—35, 5'10", Ivy-educated, business and home owner in north NJ, close to NYC, seeks never-married, educated woman, 26-34, who's looking for a serious relationship with shared goals. I have everything except someone special to share it with. I'm sophisticated, very real, fun-loving, but serious where it counts. Some of my interests include jazz and blues, Indian cuisine, the Village as well as club row, world events and pop culture. If you live in Manhattan or north NJ, and seek a conscious, aware and caring man, let's chat. 4820 ✉☎

Pleasant And Presentable MD—Mostly retired, looking for long term with white, educated female, late 40s-early 50s, in Westchester, Rockland, north Jersey only. Responses only to close-up photo and direct phone. 4839 ✉

A Snapshot—48, Jewish, dad, pediatrician, enjoys the upper West Side, sultry music, cooking, tennis, etc., etc. Attracted to smiles and curves; connects to wit, values and accomplishments; searching for unrestrained compatibility. Note/photo, please. 4790 ✉☎

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ttractive, Warm, Tall—Educated male, wealthy international financier, mid 40s, seeks pleasant, bright, educated, attractive, lim female, 25-40, with keen sense of umor and adventure, for trip to Far East nd much more. Letter/photo. 4835✉☎

ona Fide Leg Man—Firefighter, boat aptain, 51, would like to meet a lovely dy, 30 years plus, who likes to wear inis and heels, likes pleasant eves of ocktails and dancing, likes to engage interesting and intelligent conversation, nd who enjoys soothing foot massages at e end of the eve. Please send me a photo f you in a mini and heels. 4824 ✉

ery Nice, Attractive Japanese Lady—pper East Sider, young 30s, intelligent, nique, world traveled - loves music, ding out, boating, ballet. Seeks successful entleman (single, sincere, caring, generus, well-educated, pro job, fit, relaxed, o smoke/drugs, financially secure), for appy marriage forever. Serious only. OB/photo. SA, POB 390, NY, NY 10028

Seeking One Wonderful Woman—I am writing to one very wonderful woman. I am 38, divorced, no children. 6', fit, clean cut (dark hair/blue-eyed), handsome, athletic, successful, driven, good person - life is good. You are positive, warm, loving - you have a sweet heart and a sharp mind. Physically, you are naturally pretty, tall (around 5'7"), and definitely fit and slim. You are younger than I (ideally 27-35), and you are ready to meet somone great. You've never had children but would be in awe of the idea when ready. Life is good - let's make it wonderful. Please e-mail or send note and photo. hopefulguy38@aol.com. 4837✉☎

Stay Home, Have Kids—Me: 39, good-looking, Jewish, successful business owner, in shape, blond/green. Likes sports, keeping fit (and Entenmann's, too), music, travel, family. Not interested in the Hamptons, the scene and career-crazy women. You: pretty, thin, younger than 36, and not career-crazy. Pretty nails a plus. Let's talk. 4806 ✉☎

HURRY UP
& CALL!!
PLACE YOUR AD IN THE
FALL FASHION
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High-Energy Professional—(New media exec) woman looking for best friend and life partner. I'm 37, petite with short blond hair, blue eyes, and enjoy movies, travel, exploring and kayaking. Please be intelligent, focused, real and kind. 4817 ✉☎

Latin Beauty—Smart, sophisticated, funny, down-to-earth, seeks single man, 35-50, for committed relationship. 4830 ✉☎

Successful Handsome CEO—Regular guy, very romantic, 5'10", quite fit, mid 40s, seeks sincere lady under 38, for fun/future. Phone/photo a must. 4850 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome, Romantic—Divorced businessman, Fairfield County resident, early 60s, very athletic as well as culturally oriented. Christian background, grown children. Enjoys skiing, sailing, tennis as well as ballet, theater and good films. Seeking nonsmoking woman, 43-53, slender, attractive, with similar interests. Note, photo and phone, please. 4829 ✉

Very Attractive, Athletic—Intelligent Jewish woman seeks honest, fit man, 50s, with joie de vivre, for soul mate. Photo and letter. 4779 ✉☎

Pretty, Slim, Accomplished—Unencumbered Jewish divorcee seeks life-long, passionate partnership with refined, fun-loving, financially secure male counterpart, 48-58. Photo/note. 4851 ✉ ☎

Great Guy Seeking Great Woman—44, handsome, adventurous, educated, athletic, fun-loving, caring professional in search of a loving woman, 30-44, with similar qualities. 4809 ✉☎

Attractive, Cultured, Sporty Minx—Mid 50s, enjoys engaging conversation, candlelight dinners, travel and spontaneity. Seeks educated, fit, witty, worldly, successful, sensitive man. Photo. 4777✉☎

Professional Man—Low key, 60s, Jewish, seeks tall, younger lady who's mentally and physically very strong. 4848 ✉☎

Respond!!

Some of New York's most interesting people can be found on these pages. It's so easy to get in touch with them. Drop them a line and send it to:

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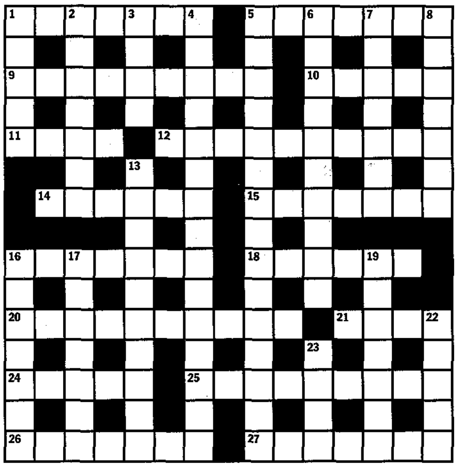
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 The majority of Chinese guides maintain the same sad expression. (7)
5 Make your bows from here, you mumbling old thesp! (3,4)
9 Conservative politics off South for a change of headquarters! (9)
10 Persian ruler unhappy in his work. (5)
11 Hepsom classic deception say. (4)
12 Vehicle needs deceptive oil change without it. (10)
14 Course for those travelling sideways? (6)
15 Ovine type taking little from Custer's Last Stand. (7)
16 Build a monument to the catkin? No, no! (7)
18 Hated losing her comeback role in Wagner. (6)
20 Spanish approval and passkey opening his score On the Road to Mandalay. (4,6)
21 Yours truly has Kent out for a duck. (4)
24 Seal giving no entry to solicitor, usually. (5)
25 "O! I die!" Crux criticorum of Othello's crime. (9)
26 Grease-monkey's assistant; such a one covered in glory. (4,3)
27 Superior watering-hole consumed by thirsty French mistress. (2,5)



DOWN

1 H_2O + CO = the spirit of Al Capone . . . (5
2 . . . Olympian refreshment supplier by the mixed crate in the Big Apple. (7)
3 Info sought from underground operatives. (
4 Go to the races with the Queen Mother to se me run? G——! What a divine finish! (15)
5 Using Borrowdale clay, but not a single knight to build this path of glory. (6,5,4)
6 Much presidential dirty linen aired here? (10)
7 Tear up one-to-one ensemble with the full orchestra. (7)
8 No Scottish soldier training up and down tc earth. (7)
13 Thus Tiresias, I hear, puts Prof Freddy's mind at rest. (10)
16 A low note heartened by a river of sherry. (7)
17 Confront the batsman with "Keep your —— on the ——!" (7)
19 Circumnavigator rescuing Selkirk got rathe wet. That's right! (7)
22 Say and see without scanning reflection. (5)
23 On which a speculator goes out? I'm in for pound! (4)

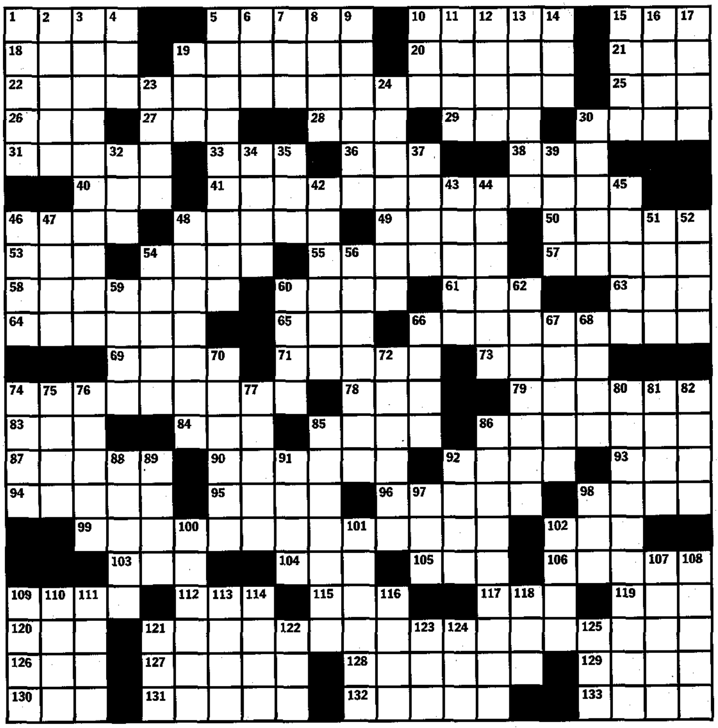
'Make It a Double': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Prophet
5 Domain
10 One-dish meals
15 Extinguished ember
18 "M*A*S*H" star
19 The Duchess of York
20 Avoid work
21 "—— Vadis?"
22 Theological virtues
25 Ball pk. official
26 Ordinal-number suffix
27 —— Lingus (airline to 12-Down)
28 Finale of the "Old MacDonald" refrain
29 Like Willie Winkie
30 Chinese-style jackets
31 Change the clock hands
33 Caveman of the comics
36 Edit out
38 Southwestern Indian
40 Take —— it comes
41 London
46 After Bryn, in a college name
48 Beer brand
49 Sharp-tasting
50 Skillful
53 Bullring bravo
54 Broadway's longest-running musical
55 Gun mounting, on a tank
57 On no occasion
58 Government aid to the needy
60 Required obligation
61 June honoree
63 Period of history
64 Memorable tejano singer
65 L.A. to N.Y. direction
66 Orange, for one
69 Insurance claim
71 High-I.Q. clique
73 Order to the broker
74 Section of lower Manhattan
78 California's Big ——
79 Legally responsible
83 Most of Antarctica
84 Tony-winner Wallach
85 Substandard contraction
86 Marinated in spiced brine
87 Body contour
90 Coral islands
92 Chain segment
93 Start of a birth announcement
94 Area of Austria
95 Ruth's homeland
96 On drugs
98 Noah's eldest son
99 Grammatical no-no
102 Tennis feat
103 Ballet step
104 ——-Cat (winter vehicle)
105 Pod holding
106 Passport permits
109 Trial panel
112 Middle of a game name
115 Doggy-bag item
117 Honor-society letter
119 Golf instructor
120 Plural of is
121 It could be off or on
126 Double this for a Gabor
127 Romance français
128 Benedict or Tom
129 "La Douce"
130 Blast with a laser
131 One of the Flemings
132 Matchmaker in "Fiddler on the Roof"
133 Shankar's instrument

DOWN

1 Morley of "60 Minutes"
2 Exhilarate
3 Dame ——, English author
4 Stadium shout
5 Scoundrel
6 Palindromic "before"
7 Title for a Khan
8 Queue
9 Noted Renaissance family
10 Silencing utterance
11 Defrost
12 Limerick's locale
13 Published review
14 Planetarium vista
15 Bluish green
16 Japanese wrestling
17 School dances
19 No friend
23 Millinery
24 Kind of club or music
30 Victorious general at Gettysburg
32 Sense of pitch
34 Eyes: poetic
35 Peach discards
37 Russian royal
39 Mythical biggie
42 Bring into harmony
43 Cash's opposite
44 Petal extracts
45 Prying device
46 Trims the grass
47 Not windward
48 Leech
51 Andes republic
52 Characteristic
54 Hiawatha's transpc
56 Any kitchen implement
59 Took a spill
60 "Umbrellas of Cherbourg" director
62 Engaging in swordpl
66 Shopper's push
67 Having an oily surfa
68 Anti-aircraft fire
70 Deli buy
72 Toddler's summer we
74 Santa's paperwork
75 Feeling the need to scratch
76 Eye drops
77 Happened to think
80 Noël Coward play
81 Word with majesty
82 Dutch cheese
85 Overly white ones
86 Hawaiian export
88 Flanders Field flowe
89 Memorable scat sing
91 Louts
92 In person
97 Sample a beverage
98 Biol., e.g.
100 "—— to call it a day
101 Where Harald V rul
102 Hertz rival
107 Wine quality
108 Sub detector
109 Basin Street special
110 Constellation bear
111 Bring in the harvest
113 Awestruck
114 Engine sound
116 Chemical solution strength: var.
118 Bricklayer's carry-al
121 Circuit of a track
122 Attempt
123 Cable news channel
124 Peppery
125 Gleason's "How sweet ——!"



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page

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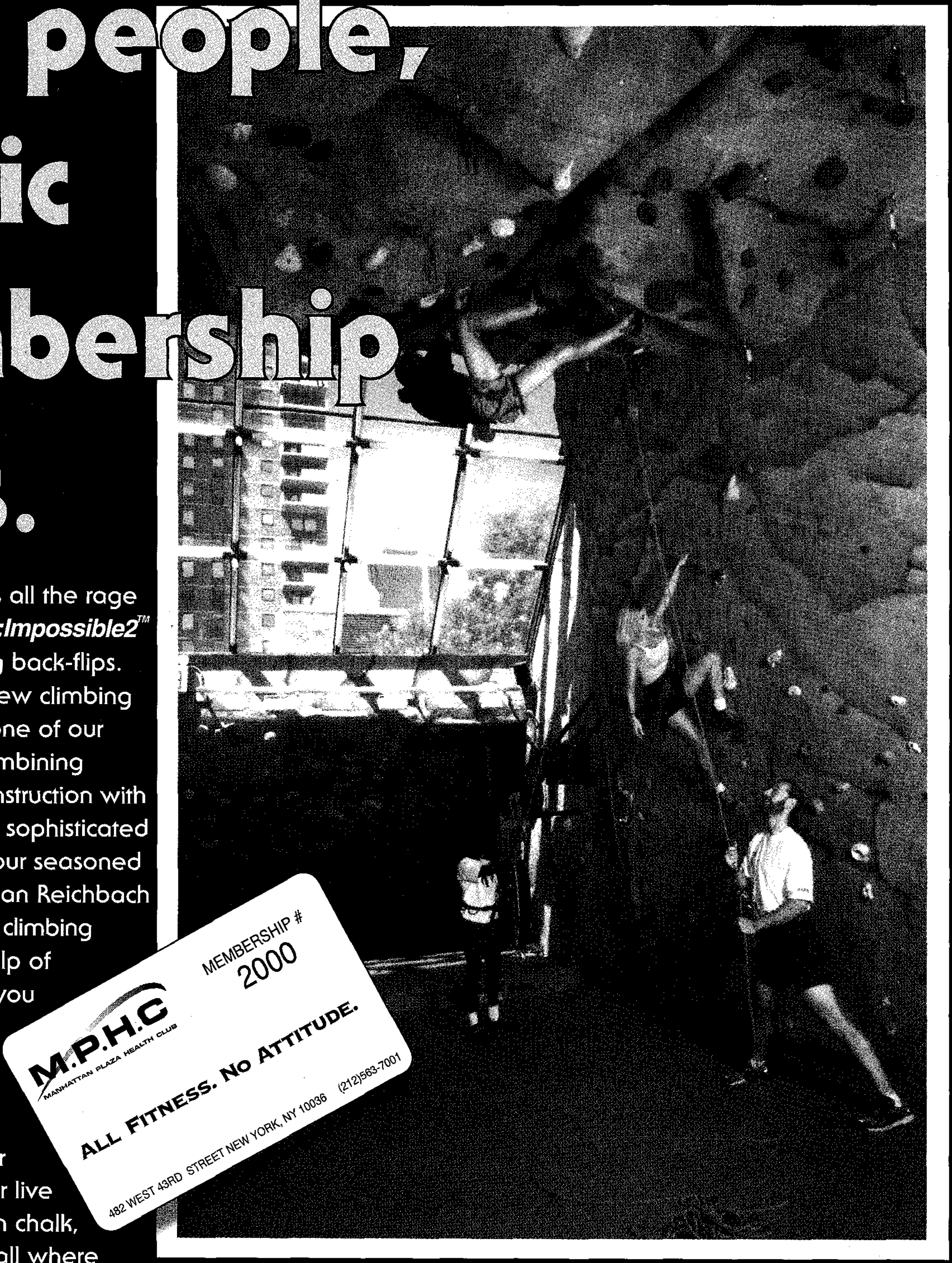
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